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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLI.—FEBRUARY, 1862.—VOL. XXIV.



DEPARTURE FROM BEAR HARBOR.

## THE COAST RANGERS.

A CHRONICLE OF EVENTS IN CALIFORNIA.

### V.—THE LAST HUNT.

**N**EVER shone the sun more brightly than it did on Bear Harbor on the morning of July 20, 18—. I am particular about the date, because this was the third day after our memorable adventure with the grizzly bear, and this

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was the exact day on which occurred the last and one of the most remarkable and tragic events with which the records of our Association have ever been darkened.

"He who has not enjoyed the inspiring influences of camp-life in California can scarcely form an idea of a fine morning in camp, when the swallows are twittering in the trees and the field-larks wooing the sleepers out of their chapadens with their merry roundelays. There is a freshness in the air, a fragrance in the dewy sod, a warmth and brilliancy in the rays of the sun as they come pouring over the hill-tops, through the glittering trees, to which the rarest beauties of nature in other lands are tame in comparison. In no part of the world is there such a climate, so bright and beautiful are the atmospheric tints; so clear, pure, and healthful is the air, whether by night or day; so exuberant is animal life under the stimulus that is absorbed from all the rich surroundings of elements, where the mere luxury of living, breathing, and seeing is a blessing enjoyed as it never can be elsewhere. It is a land of promise, of youth, vigor, and rejuvenescence; a land where men may rush for health and inspiration as well as money, where

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,  
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,  
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care—  
O'er plains of mischief till their souls turn gray."

Thus spoke His Honor the Judge, on the glorious morning of the 20th, as one by one we rolled out of our chapadens, exuberant with life and spirits. A crackling fire sent up wreaths of smoke from the centre of the camp; the sweet odor of stewed venison and boiling-hot coffee mingled gratefully with the charming breath of Nature so pleasantly referred to by the Judge; and when Captain Toby rolled out of his blankets, raised his pewter flask high in the air, and called around him a merry crowd, and all burst forth into that magnificent glee,

"A pie sat on a p'ar tree!  
A pie sat on a p'ar tree!  
A pie sat on a p'ar tree!  
Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho!"

I am free to declare it was enough to make grave men dance like boys, and melancholy men shout for joy like little children.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Captain, "as we are soon to depart from this delightful region, where the game is abundant and the company select, I propose that we have one



TOM FRY'S RECOLLECTIONS.



grand and general deer-hunt, that every member may enjoy an opportunity of carrying home some trophy of his skill in the chase."

A general shout greeted this proposition, in which all united except our esteemed friend Tom Fry, whose recollections of a recent chase were not of the most agreeable kind. The loss of his clothing had been in some measure remedied by contributions from such of the party as had any extra apparel to bestow upon him, and at this period his costume was singularly variegated and striking. A small smoking-cap, presented by Mr. Phil Wilkins, barely covered the crown of his head; a red flannel shirt, the gift of Captain Toby, scantily adorned his body; a pair of slender-legged pantaloons, belonging to "the undersigned," were fitted to his ponderous limbs as beautifully as the natural skin, but utterly failed to reach more than half-way round his waist, and had to be fastened by means of various straps and leather thongs; stockings he had none, and for shoes he wore a pair of moccasins hastily constructed by the Doctor out of a raw deer-skin.

When Captain Toby proposed a general deer-hunt, therefore, it is not a matter of surprise that Mr. Fry hesitated to hail the proposition with that degree of enthusiasm with which it was greeted from other sources. He had not yet forgotten the chowder; nor were his recollections of the hazards of life and limb in this region calculated to inspire him with a desire to leave camp again upon an uncertainty.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Fry, as soon as the cheering had partially subsided, "you will pardon me if I suggest that it would scarcely be prudent for all of us to leave the camp at the same time on this proposed expedition. There are Indians in this vicinity, as I know by sad experience, and if they discovered our camp without a suitable guard, they would be sure to rob us of our remaining property. Since it has pleased Providence to furnish me with more flesh to carry than usually falls to the lot of one person, though I can run with considerable speed when unencumbered by clothing, it would be advisable for me perhaps to remain here with Doctor Campbell and assist in the preparation of a venison stew, for which I have no doubt you will all have acquired an excellent appetite by the time you are done killing your game."

This proposition seemed so reasonable that it was at once accepted. Mr. Fry was furnished with a spare rifle with which to keep guard; and all the rest of the party forthwith set about their preparations for the chase. As soon as breakfast was over, and the rifles, powder-flasks, hunting-knives, and all necessary accoutrements in readiness, Captain Toby laid down the programme of routes. The General was to take up a certain cañon; Colonel Jack was to choose his own route, but to avoid a certain ridge upon which Mr. Phil Wilkins was to enjoy the pre-emption right; two of the lawyers, Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers, were to follow the line of the coast, in a southerly direction, and the remain-

der were to scatter about over the hills. Captain Toby himself was to take rather a more extended range on the back of his Broncho, and drive the game in toward the valley from the high ridges. The whole plan was admirably contrived, and was in every respect worthy the genius of our excellent friend and associate.

With three cheers that rang merrily through the encampment, and many expressions of gratitude toward the Captain, the whole party were about to start off, when Mr. Wilkins stepped from the ranks and begged permission to say a word.

"You will bear me witness, gentlemen," said he, "that I am not usually mistaken in my views respecting the Phenomena of Nature. This is a very uncommon day, and likely to be more so before night. I feel it in the atmosphere. Something remarkable is going to happen. Many of you doubtless are under the impression that you are going to kill a deer; but I utterly deny the vulgar theory of extinguishing life by means of lead. The two material substances of flesh and lead may by sudden contact change their relative forms, but such casual change is no proof that the vital principle has been touched. When we satisfy the cravings of a carnal appetite by means of venison, I hold the doctrine that the venison is still alive, only the material or muscular system is deprived of motion. Hence I reverse the theory of the Banyans and other Oriental races who believe in the translation of men's souls into the bodies of animals, and candidly confess that at this moment I believe myself to be partially composed of cows, sheep, chickens, snipe, rabbits, bucks, quails, and grizzly bears, not to mention hen-eggs and the larvæ of fish!"

This proposition was so monstrous and astounding that the Judge could not refrain from expressing his surprise that any gentleman could be found to maintain such heathenish doctrines in an enlightened age. "Doctrines," said his Honor, with considerable asperity, "which, if generally accepted by mankind, would strike at the very foundations of society. The abominable systems of Plato and Aristotle were nothing to this. The very worst features of Paganism could not compare with it. What, Sir! do you undertake to tell me that because our friend Mr. Fry, for example, has just breakfasted on a pound of bacon, two pounds of venison, the leg of a rabbit, the breast of a quail, half a dozen mountain trout, and a can of sardines, that he is to that extent hog, deer, rabbit, quail, trout, and sardine? That the divine creature whose charms have given inspiration to the character of our noble friend the General, and rendered his life a dream of poetry and romance; of whom he so often says, with equal justice and propriety,

'I see no fault in her whom I adore,  
Or if I do her beauty makes it none.  
Behold a man abandoned o'er  
To an eternal lethargy of love!'

—that she, one of the choicest pieces of God's handiwork that ever captivated the heart of man, is merely a broiled duck, or a squab, or



an oyster? That because our friend Captain Toby yesterday dined on Bologna sausage, the component parts of which are uncertain, he ought to-day to be barking like a dog, neighing like a horse, or braying like a jackass? That in now addressing you, gentlemen, and refuting these abominable heresies, I am merely uttering the sentiments of a clam, or a bull-frog, or a mountain grouse, having recently partaken of all these luxuries? That our cook, Dr. Campbell, is merely a large sturgeon with hind-legs, because he happens to be fond of sturgeon? Out upon such monstrous and absurd doctrines! I hope, gentlemen, the good sense of this Association may never again be insulted by views so unworthy the age of civilization in which we live!"



MAN, ON THE JUDGE'S THEORY.

This rebuke was so unlike the general tenor of the Judge's remarks, which were almost invariably characterized by great courtesy; it was so sudden, warm, and unexpected, that for a moment Mr. Wilkins was taken aback and rendered quite speechless. It was only for a moment, however, for his resources were too prolific, and his spirit of too unyielding a character, to permit of such an easy victory. He was about to indulge in a very sarcastic retort, bearing with great severity upon those incredulous members of society who never believe in any

thing which is not susceptible of proof by the double rule of three, when Captain Toby, who was a little impatient to proceed on the hunt, interfered to preserve peace. The proposition submitted by the Captain gave an entirely new turn to the argument.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question, as I know by personal experience. I am intimately acquainted with all the trails that lead to the great citadel of Truth, having been there on several occasions. The very best of them, in my opinion, is a little NOURISHMENT. I propose, therefore, that we all take a pull at the blue keg, and consider the matter amicably decided in favor of both parties."

This proposition was greeted with a shout of approval, in which both his Honor and Mr. Wilkins heartily joined. The blue keg was brought forward, and every gentleman present became fully satisfied that Truth lay at the bottom of it, for all seemed to be in search of it in that direction. In a few minutes more the party had scattered out in the various directions suggested by Captain Toby. The only occupants of the camp were the old black Doctor and our friend Tom Fry.

As the day advanced the popping of rifles and shot-guns all around on the hill-sides became absolutely inspiring. It was evident that the hunters were enjoying an extraordinary amount of success. Mr. Fry began to feel lonesome. There was something rather depressing and inglorious in his position. Besides, what would be the result if the hunters should happen to drive all the grizzly bears in the country in toward the camp? Mr. Fry reflected for some time, and at length thought he would like to go out and kill a deer also.

"Campbell," said he to the Doctor, who was engaged in stirring up the venison stew, "a thought has struck me!"

"Golly, das bad!" answered the Doctor, looking up a little incredulous. "Did he struck you in de stomach?"

"No—I say a thought has struck me."

"Oh, das it, eh? D-d-did you hit him back agin?"

"Campbell, what would you say if I were to go out and kill a buck within three hundred yards of camp?"

"Oh, gway fum here, Mass'r Fry!" said the Doctor, laughing, "you jest want to fool d' ole nigger."

"Not at all, Doctor; I am perfectly in earnest. Our friend Captain Toby has informed me that if I dress in a deer-skin and wear the head of a buck it will be a sure method of attracting all the deer in the vicinity, and driving away the bears. He says he has often caught a dozen fawns a day by assuming that costume and throwing a little Scotch snuff in their eyes as soon as they came near enough."

The Doctor opened his eyes very wide at this information, but merely remarked that Captain Toby "know'd a heap of funny things."



The more Mr. Fry considered the matter the more determined he became to carry his project into execution.

"Campbell," said he, after a pause, "I believe I'll do it. With your assistance I can arrange one of these deer-skins. It will be a grand triumph if I can kill a fine buck within a few hundred yards of camp."

The Doctor was rather tickled at the idea, and readily offered his assistance. A large deer-skin was selected from a lot that hung on a tree close by. The head and

antlers of another deer were then procured, and, by means of a little labor in cutting out the jaw-bones and brains, rendered sufficiently light for the purpose. A sail-needle and piece of twine answered to sew this to the neck of the skin, which the Doctor then fastened around the body of Mr. Fry with strips of raw hide. In a very short time the deception was complete. As Mr. Fry walked up and down before the camp-fire in a stooping posture the Doctor could not forbear some expressions of admiration.

"Golly, Mass'r Fry! you's de 'spress image of a big buck I seed de oder day—all 'cep de hind-legs!"

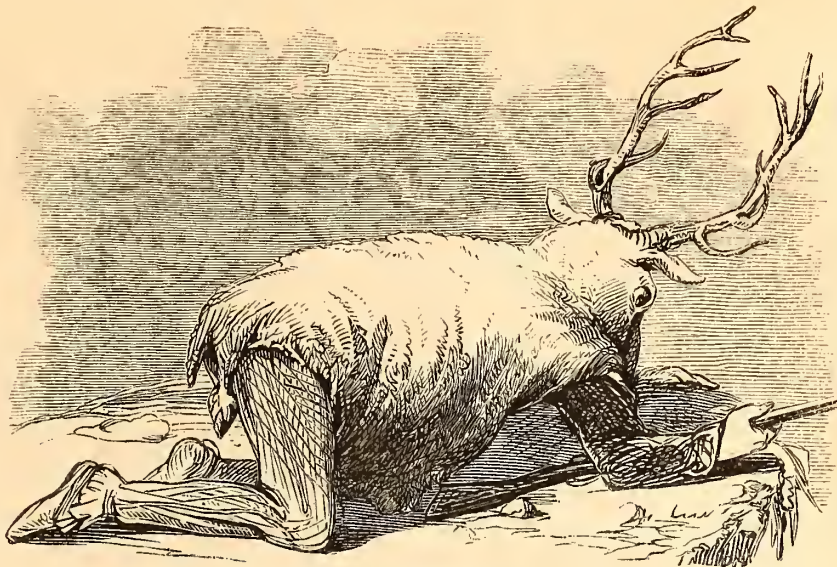
Mr. Fry looked at his ponderous legs, and thought they might be a little thinner without disadvantage to himself or the character he had assumed. However, it would not be necessary to show his hind-legs unless in case he should encounter a bear. By turning his back toward an animal of that description, he thought there would be rather an advantage in the legs than otherwise; and he accordingly turned in the proposed attitude, and said, triumphantly,

"Campbell, what do I look like now?"

"Golly!" exclaimed the Doctor, starting back as if quite astounded, "you's de 'spress image of a ghost I seed one night! If dat doesn't scare away de grizzly bears de debbil himself couldn't do it!"

Mr. Fry was quite charmed with the results of his experiment. With a few words of caution to the Doctor not to suffer any accident to happen to the stew, he took his rifle and proceeded toward a little eminence about three hundred yards from the camp. This spot was partially concealed by bushes, and was admirably suited for the purpose. It overlooked a ravine in which several deer had been recently seen, and where it was likely there were still a few bucks lurking in search of the does which had been killed.

Mr. Fry had not proceeded very far when he heard a crackling sound in the bushes on the opposite side of the ravine. It was evidently a



TOM FRY'S DEER HUNT.

deer, and now was the time to test the experiment of the mask. With some difficulty, and a few misgivings that it might possibly turn out to be a bear, he got down on all fours and crept cautiously up toward the edge of the bank, keeping his rifle pointed backward, so that there would be no danger of an accident, and breathing very heavily to keep his courage up.

Here I must pause to explain the true nature of the sounds which had attracted the attention of our hunter.

It appeared that Mr. Phil Wilkins, after becoming separated from the party, took it into his head that this thing of cruising around the edges of chaparral patches and deep ravines was somewhat dangerous. He would therefore cruise in toward the camp. Still it would not do to return too soon; so he sat down and waited a few hours, during which he devoted himself to the preparation of an argument in defense of his peculiar theories, that would perfectly annihilate the Judge. About the time he had entirely extinguished his antagonist he heard a rustling among the bushes on the opposite side of the ravine, and looking up in that direction, perceived, to his extreme surprise, the head and antlers of a splendid buck! Mr. Wilkins was seized with a sudden ague. He was not frightened. By no means. Nobody ever is frightened on such occasions. It was only the prodigious and astounding character of the fact that took him aback. There stood a live buck before him within forty yards! It was enough to give any gentleman not accustomed to such sights the worst kind of an ague. I once had an attack myself that caused me to drop the rifle and run away; but then that was a bear ague. Still the buck ague is very nearly as bad, because there is no telling whether the animal may not take a sudden notion to make use of his horns, and thus become the attacking party.

Mr. Wilkins had fired by way of practice several shots at crows, stumps, and rocks on the way down to his present station, and not expecting to see any thing more, had failed to load his





THE BUCK AGUE.

rifle. He now did so, however, very rapidly, and under such terrible shocks of ague that it was with the utmost difficulty he could find the muzzle of the rifle, or get the powder into it after he did find it, or put the cap on the nipple after that was done. Without waiting to draw out the ramrod—of the existence of which he was perfectly ignorant at the moment—he hastily placed the barrel on the limb of a small tree, drew the stock somewhere about the top of his right shoulder, took a general average of the space in front of him, shut both his eyes, turned his head away, and—fired!

Mr. Wilkins, to his extreme surprise, found himself immediately lying prostrate upon his back with the rifle about three paces from him. He rubbed his eyes, got up, felt his arms and legs, walked a few steps, and became satisfied that he had suffered no material injury. It was a very remarkable case! The rifle must have kicked! No matter; he had effectually disposed of the buck, for he could see it across the ravine kicking on the top of the bank in the agonies of death!

Mr. Wilkins hastened toward the spot. He drew his knife as he ascended the bank. Bucks sometimes make battle. It would be well to cut the poor animal's throat, at all events, and put it out of misery: not that this was any argument against his theory. On the contrary—

“What in the name of the Seven Wonders

is that?” exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, starting backaghaast. “A buck with human legs!”

There was certainly no mistake about that fact. There were the legs—and a very substantial pair they were too. Mr. Wilkins turned ashy pale, shook from head to foot, and cried out desperately,

“Help! help! I’ve killed a man! Come here somebody! Murder! fire!”

Fortunately Captain Toby happened to be charging down the hill at that moment on his Broncho. Attracted by the cries of help, he hastened to the spot, and there saw, to his intense astonishment, the prostrate and writhing form of Mr. Fry, habited in the skin of a deer, the unhappy Wilkins running about frantically calling for help. The Captain saw at a glance what had happened, dis-

mounted from his Broncho, raised up the head of the dying man, felt his pulse, and carefully examined his body.

“He’s mortally wounded,” said the Captain, gravely. “You’ve shot him in the bowels! Here’s the hole in the deer-skin where the ball struck him.”

“But there’s no blood,” said Mr. Wilkins, wringing his hands; “at least I don’t see any.”

“Of course not. No man ever bleeds when he is shot in the bowels. The injury is internal.”

“What’s to be done?” cried Mr. Wilkins, piteously. “What’s to be done, Captain Toby?”

“Done?” said the Captain. “Why, carry him into camp at once, and give him some nourishment. Nothing else will save him?”

Here the Captain set up a yell for help that must have been heard at the distance of half a mile. Almost at the same moment the two lawyers, who had taken down the coast, appeared over the brow of the hill. By the united efforts of all four the unfortunate victim of Mr. Wilkins’s skill was lifted up and borne toward the camp.

In the mean time the Doctor had heard the unusual cries, and was rejoiced at the success of the experiment in which he had taken part.

“Golly!” said he, as the party approached carrying their heavy burden, “das a whopper! Mass’r Tom has killed a big buck, sure enough!





BRINGING GAME INTO CAMP.

Whew! it takes four of 'em to carry it into camp!"

But just at this moment the Doctor got sight of the legs, and turned the color of lead with fright. Visions of murder, arrest, jails, and the gallows flashed through his brain. Not more than half an hour had elapsed since he had helped to manufacture that very buck. Throwing up his hands he fell back in a paroxysm of terror, roaring out with all his might, "Gway fum here! Oh! gway fum here! I had nuffin to do wid it! Gway! Somebody else done it! I'm nuffin but a poor ole nigger! Let me be! Oh, let me be!"

"Shut up!" said the Captain, sternly. "Nobody accused you of it, you old reprobate! Bring the blue keg here, quick!"

The Doctor gathered himself up as fast as possible, and did as commanded. Captain Toby then directed that the wounded man should be laid on a blanket, which was also done. He then took the keg, extracted the bung, and held the orifice directly over the mouth of his patient. The remedy operated like magic. After a few gulps Mr. Fry slowly opened his eyes, and, in a feeble voice, demanded, "Where am I? What has happened? Is the stew all safe?"

Captain Toby answered, "Keep quiet, my dear Sir, as you value your life. You are in camp among your friends. An accident has happened. You have been shot in mistake for a deer, and mortally wounded. Fortunately, however, there is a remedy at hand which would bring the deadiest man that ever died to life if he

were only capable of trying it—and the stew is all safe."

Mr. Fry groaned and turned over. He was aware that he was mortally wounded—there could be no doubt about that. He had felt the ball strike him. It must have hit him in the pit of the stomach, for there was where he had first become sensible of the concussion. To die, however, and leave that stew! Here he groaned again, and begged to be helped to a plate of stew, that he might at least know how it tasted before his departure from this world. The Doctor quickly supplied the necessary aliment.

"Perhaps, after all," observed Mr. Wilkins, hopefully, "he may not be mortally wounded, though I am certain I took dead aim on him."

"Not mortally wounded!" cried Captain Toby, sternly. "Was ever a man shot through the pit of the stomach without being mortally wounded? I am astonished at you, Mr. Wilkins! Permit me to ask, Sir, if you shot this unfortunate man in illustration of your peculiar theory? If you did, it was certainly a very striking illustration! Besides, Sir, I am too well aware of your skill with the rifle to suppose for a moment that you could have missed so large an object at the distance of forty paces."

"No," said Mr. Wilkins, mournfully, "I never could have missed him—that is impossible. There was a very heavy load in the rifle. It kicked me over the moment I pulled the trigger."

"Ha!" exclaimed Captain Toby, "then you shot him with the ramrod! That is still worse."



No man ever yet recovered after a ramrod had passed through his bowels. You must be prepared, Sir, for the worst consequences. I once shot three bucks with a ramrod, and killed every one of them instantly. Indeed, there was an unfortunate Indian stealing upon them from the opposite side, and he was killed also. The ramrod entered his skull and passed out through his left heel. He never spoke a word after receiving the wound; but turning coolly around, picked up the ramrod, fixed it in his bow, and fired it back at me. By a mere miracle my life was saved. The pewter flask which I usually carry hung in front of my stomach. The ramrod struck it and glanced, merely carrying away two buttons from my vest. The Indian, in the mean time, rolled over and died."

This fearful example of the dreadful effects of ramrods caused Mr. Fry to drop the stew and resume his groans. It was truly pitiable to behold him as he lay tossing and groaning on the blanket, calling for help and protesting that it was impossible for him to live fifteen minutes longer.

At this melancholy stage of affairs the Judge and several other members of the party returned to camp, having been unsuccessful in the chase. A large buzzard was the only game that resulted from the united skill of the party.

The nature of the dreadful catastrophe which had occurred was quickly explained by Captain Toby; and it is doing no more than justice to his Honor to say that he was profoundly moved and distressed. In a voice almost inarticulate with grief he said:

"Nothing can be farther from my intention, gentlemen, than to take advantage of so sad an occasion for the purpose of enjoying a petty triumph over a fallen adversary; for I most deeply sympathize with our unfortunate friend who has been the cause of this terrible disaster. It is but reasonable and humane to suppose that he was laboring under some extraordinary hallucination of intellect when he undertook to sustain his peculiar theory of Material Substances by shooting a fellow-being through the body with a ramrod. I have never known precisely such a case in the whole history of medical jurisprudence. Yet there are several examples on record somewhat analogous in their nature. The famous case of *Barnes v. Boggs*, 4th Howard, p. 6547, and Chap. VIII., verse 14, p. 972 of Coke upon Littleton—"

"If the Court please," said Mr. Tompkins, one of the legal gentlemen who had assisted in carrying the body of the unfortunate Fry into camp, "this case is recorded in Chap. X., 6th verse of Chitty upon Evidence—"

"Exactly," continued the Judge, "and a very remarkable case it is too. Barnes and Boggs were friends. One day, in the course of an argument, Boggs contended that the human skull was composed of gum-elastic—"

"Gutta-percha, if it please the Court," interrupted Mr. Podgers, the other legal gentleman who had rendered assistance in the present case.

"—That the human skull was composed of gutta-percha. Barnes denied this proposition as absurd and contemptible, and quoted the evidence of the most renowned medical men of the age to prove that it was formed of calcined magnesia and oxygen gas."

"Hydrogen, if it please the Court," said Mr. Tompkins.

"—Of hydrogen gas and calcined magnesia. Boggs became excited, and said that the question was susceptible of mathematical demonstration. Barnes dared him to prove it, upon which Boggs immediately struck Barnes a smart blow on the head with his walking-cane. Barnes dropped—"

"If the Court will excuse me," said Mr. Podgers, "Barnes did not drop. He staggered and fell."

"That is immaterial to the point at issue," continued the Judge; "at all events, his skull was cracked—"

"Fractured, is the reading of the case in the books," said Mr. Tompkins.

"—His skull was fractured by the blow. Boggs still contended that it was made of gutta-percha, which Barnes being unable to deny at the moment, Boggs retired triumphantly. Suit for damages was brought by Barnes immediately upon his recovery. The Court decided that no man had a right to maintain the doctrine of gutta-percha at the expense of another man's skull—"

"Cranium is the expression used in the decision, if the Court please," said Mr. Podgers.

"—At the expense of another man's cranium. The jury having rendered a verdict of Guilty, Boggs was sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand dollars—"

"Eleven hundred," said Mr. Tompkins; "that was the exact amount—eleven hundred."

"—A fine of eleven hundred dollars, and suffer imprisonment for the term of two years—"

"Three, if your Honor please," said Mr. Podgers. "'And likewise sentenced to suffer imprisonment for the term of three years'—such is the exact reading of the Reports."

"Very well," said the Judge, "three years. It was long enough, at all events, to enable him to reflect upon his error, and become convinced that the human skull is not made of gutta-percha but of Porcelain—"

"French China," suggested Mr. Tompkins; "if I remember correctly, Boggs ever after contended that the skull, or rather cranium, is composed of French China."

"Terra-cotta is the material mentioned in the Reports," said Mr. Podgers; "for I remember very well when the case was tried much discussion took place as to the meaning of the words. It was finally agreed that they signified baked or cooked earth."

"Precisely; you are right, Sir." And ever after contended that the human skull is not made of gutta-percha, but of terra-cotta or cooked earth; a doctrine which, however untenable in the present state of medical science, is, never-



theless, much less dangerous to society than that originally maintained by Boggs."

"A very remarkable case," said Mr. Tompkins; "strikingly analogous. Many others might be cited, in all of which the strict rule of law is laid down that pending the issue of death the accused party can not be held to bail."

"Moreover," suggested Mr. Podgers, "it is required, and becomes the duty of all good citizens, in the absence of the Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, or other legally constituted officer of the law, to seize and hold in custody the guilty or accused party until he can be delivered over to the proper authorities for trial. For my own part," added Mr. Podgers, "I have very little doubt that in the present case a plea of self-defense can be maintained; yet in the absence of proof, and under the peculiar circumstances, where there is a strong probability of a fatal issue, it appears to me that our duty is plain. It is certainly a very unpleasant one to seize and confine a fellow-member of this Association, but the authorities are imperative on the subject."

"Besides," suggested Mr. Tompkins, "as the unfortunate gentleman in question is satisfied, through his peculiar system of reasoning, that he is composed chiefly of cows, sheep, chickens, snipe, rabbits, bucks, quails, and grizzly bears, not to mention hen-eggs and the larvæ of fish—I quote his own words—no possible injury can result to him if we secure him to a tree, pending the issue of this sad affair. And, moreover, should it be his misfortune to expiate his offense according to the extreme penalty of the law, it will doubtless be a subject of consolation to him to know that the contact of Material Substances produces no radical change."

Mr. Wilkins, already confused by the conflicting emotions of grief and anxiety that filled his breast, was so completely overcome by this adroit application of his own theory, that he was incapable of uttering a single word in his own defense. He merely expressed his willingness to abide by the law, whatever it might be.

The Judge, whose sympathies were deeply moved by the unfortunate position of his adversary, expressed the hope that it would not be necessary to proceed to such extreme measures. He had entire confidence in the honor of the accused. "If he [Mr. Wilkins] would at once retract his dangerous doctrine of Material Substances—during the existence of which there could be no safety in camp—and pledge his word as a gentleman not to run away—"

"Never!" cried Mr. Wilkins, firmly; "never, Sir! The truth is dearer to me than life itself. Bind me hand and foot, gentlemen. I am ready to abide by the law."

"In that case," said the Judge, gloomily, "I can interpose no obstacle. The gentleman may at any moment kill half a dozen of us, to prove that there is no such thing as death. He had better be securely bound."

Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers immediately volunteered to perform this unpleasant duty, but as no resistance was made it was not difficult.

In the course of a few minutes the unhappy Wilkins was bound by the arms and securely fastened to a tree; and Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers rejoiced in the belief that they had at the same time secured a very important case.



FAST BIND, FAST FIND.

In the mean time Captain Toby was actively employed in administering copious doses of "nourishment" to his patient, the beneficial effects of which soon became manifest.

I must here digress a moment to speak of the peculiar kind of nourishment which the climate of California seems to demand. Every body is aware that the climate of California is peculiarly dry; but it is not generally known that the effect of this exceeding drought is to evaporate all the juices out of the physical system. Hence it becomes necessary constantly to renew the supply, in order to keep from withering up. Water is not always to be had; and, consequently, many very temperate people are obliged to drink whisky, of which there is never any scarcity. I am acquainted with several excellent stage-drivers on the Sacramento, Mud Springs, Hangtown, Murderer's Bar, Grizzly Flat, and Devil's Gulch routes, who, by reason of constantly riding in the sun, evaporate so rapidly that they are compelled to stop for a drink every half hour. During the intervals they become highly irritated





CALIFORNIA STAGE-DRIVER.

lest any unforeseen circumstance should have occurred to cut off the supply at the next tavern, and begin to swear horribly in about ten minutes after the last drink, and keep on swearing at a frightful rate of progression till it becomes absolutely shocking to hear them. Stages filled with passengers are often turned over during these intervals of raging thirst, and legs and arms broken without regard to the owners. These drivers are very clever sort of fellows in their way, but not proverbial for their civility, unless you furnish them with an extra treat, which immediately operates on their organs of benevolence, and, in extreme cases, secures a top-seat, when they will be pleased to entertain you for many hours during the day, with an elaborate account of each team, and of every other driver, and every pretty girl, and every fight, and every frolic, that ever was seen or heard of on the route.

But this process of evaporation is by no means confined to stage-drivers. The climate of Sacramento during the sessions of the Legislature is wonderfully calculated to absorb all the moisture in the legislative body. No measure of any importance can be passed without a large expenditure of whisky; and the election of a Senator is so thirsty a business that I have never known one to be elected until a majority of both houses had inquired into the true merits of the case under the table.

Nor is San Francisco exempt from this prevailing epidemic. I do not pretend to say that people are any more thirsty there than they are in New York, Boston, New Orleans, or any other

great city in the Union; but I think the water is not usually considered so wholesome as it is elsewhere, and consequently a smaller amount of it is mixed with the whisky. Indeed I am acquainted with many competent judges who say that it weakens good liquor to put any water at all in it.

Nor is the peculiar effect of the climate of the western coast confined to the whites. The Indians are also strongly affected by it. A few years ago, when I had the misfortune to be in public employ (and for no disreputable act that I can now remember), it became my duty to inquire into the condition of the Indians on Puget's Sound. In the course of my travels through that interesting region I visited a little village, not far from the Straits of Fuca, consisting of some half a dozen Indian wigwams and a few rickety frame shanties, in which white people lived. The principal articles of commerce, I soon discovered, were whisky, cotton handkerchiefs, tobacco, and cigars, and the principal shops were devoted to billiards and the sale of grog. This was in 1857. I was introduced by the Indian Agent to the "Duke of York," the chief of the Clallam tribe, who inhabited that region, and still disputed the possession of the place with the white settlers. If the settlers paid him any thing for the land upon which they built their shanties it must have been in whisky, for the Duke was lying drunk in his wigwam at the time of my visit. For the sake of morals, I regret to say that he had two wives, ambitiously named "Queen Victoria" and "Jenny Lind;" and for the good repute of Indian la-



dies of rank, it grieves me to add that the Queen and Jenny were also very tipsy, if not quite drunk, when I called to pay my respects.

The Duke was lying on a rough wooden bedstead, with a bullock's hide stretched over it, enjoying his ease with the ladies of his household. When the Agent informed him that a Hyas Tyee, or Big Chief, had called to see him with a message from the Great Chief of all the Indians, the Duke grunted significantly, as much as to say "that's all right." The Queen, who sat near him in the bed, gave him a few whacks to rouse him up, and by the aid of Jenny Lind succeeded, after a while, in getting him in an upright position. His costume consisted of a red shirt and nothing else, but neither of the royal ladies seemed at all put out by the scantiness of his wardrobe. There was something very amiable and jolly in the face of the old Duke, even stupefied as he was by whisky. He shook me by the hand in a friendly manner, and, patting his stomach, remarked, "Duke York belly good man!"

Of course I complimented him upon his general reputation as a good man, and proceeded to make the usual speech, derived from the official formula, about the Great Chief in Washington, whose children were as numerous as the leaves on the trees and the grass on the plains.

"Oh, dam!" said the Duke, impatiently; "him send any whisky?"

No; on the contrary, the Great Chief had heard with profound regret that the Indians of Puget's Sound were addicted to the evil practice of drinking whisky; and it made his heart

bleed to learn that it was killing them off rapidly, and was the principal cause of all their misery. It was very cruel and very wicked for white men to sell whisky to the Indians, and it was his earnest wish that the law against this illicit traffic might be enforced and the offenders punished.

"Ugh!" muttered the Duke of York; "him send any 'baeker?"

No; on the contrary, he has also heard with deep regret that the Indians of Puget's Sound were addicted to the use of tobacco, a vile and nauseous weed, affording no nourishment, and highly injurious to health. The bad example of white men in using this noxious stimulant, and teaching Indians how to use it, who perhaps never saw it before, was greatly to be deplored. How much better it would be for the Indians to spend their earnings on wholesome food, which would strengthen their stomachs, and enable them to do a great deal more heavy work.

"Ugh!" grunted the Duke of York; "him send any cigars?"

No; all the objections which applied to the use of tobacco were applicable to the use of cigars, which were frequently manufactured out of tobacco. The Great Chief thought it entirely unnecessary that his red children should make chimneys out of their mouths like foolish white men, and never encouraged the practice by sending them presents of cigars.

"Ugh!" said the Duke of York; "him send any rum?"

No; rum was worse than tobacco, and very nearly as bad as whisky. It was the policy of



THE DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN VICTORIA, AND JENNY LIND.



the Great Chief to do all in his power to prevent his red children from drinking rum; hence the Agents appointed to show them a good example were men selected by his subordinate chiefs on account of their temperate habits.

"Ugh!" muttered the Duke of York; "him send any muck-a-muck?"

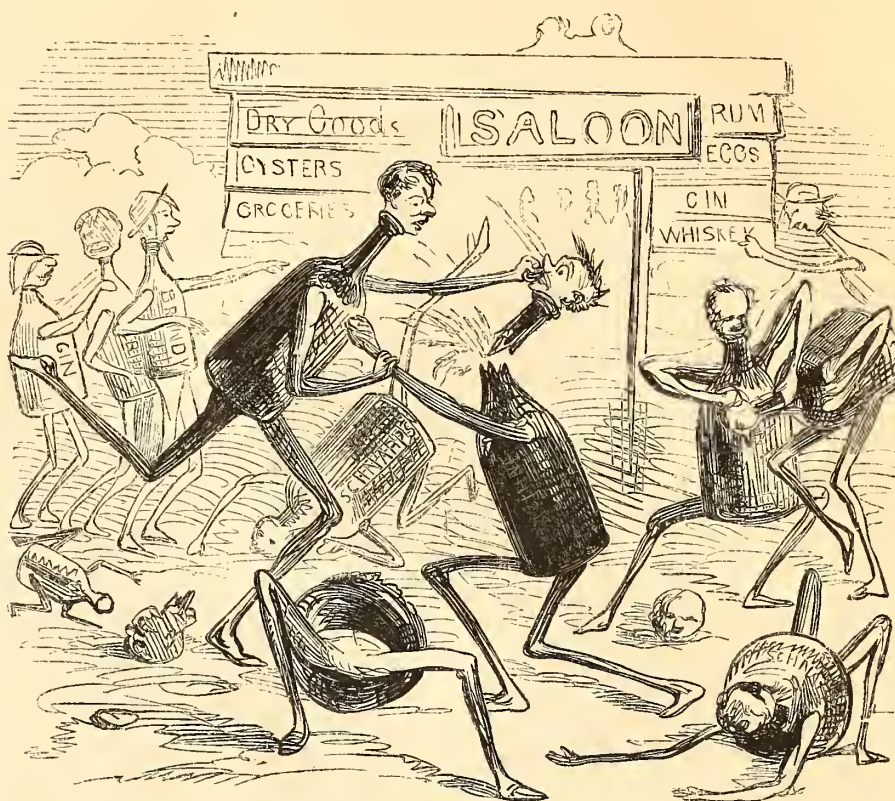
"No; there was a liberal fund appropriated by Congress every year for the purpose of relieving the urgent necessities of the Indians, and it was expected that in seasons of great scarcity, when their own efforts to procure a livelihood failed, and starvation was likely to result, the Agents would furnish them with a little muck-a-muck occasionally out of whatever money there might be to spare.

"Oh, dam!" said the Duke, turning over on his bed, and contemptuously waving his hand in termination of the interview—"dis Tyee no 'count!"

While this wa-wa, or grand talk, was going on, the Queen put her arms affectionately around the Duke's neck, and giggled with admiration at his eloquence. Jenny sat a little at one side, and seemed to be under the combined influence of whisky, jealousy, and a black eye. I was subsequently informed that the Duke was in the habit of beating both the Queen and Jenny for their repeated quarrels, and when unusually drunk was not particular about either the force or direction of his blows. This accounted for Jenny's black eye and bruised features, and for the alleged absence of two of the Queen's front teeth, which it was said were knocked out in a recent brawl.

As I was saying, when led into the foregoing digression upon the dryness of the climate of California, the effects of the nourishment administered by Captain Toby to Mr. Fry very soon became manifest. He began to grow quite warm and red in the face. Upon being divested of his deer-skin, which in the confusion had hitherto remained on him, he rose up from his blanket, looked around the camp, took another pull at the blue keg, and burst into a wild roar of laughter.

"Look a-here, genlem!" said he, staggering forward a few paces, and endeavoring to balance himself in an oratorical attitude—"my name's Tom Fry! A jolly old oyster is Tom! My sen'ments are in favor of Free trade and Con-



EFFECT OF THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

sischool rights! Any body that wants Tom Fry, he's on hand! For

'I won't go home till morning!

Oh, I won't go home till morning!

Tol derol deraddy! Ri tol derol deraddy!"

Genlem, I propose three cheers for Free trade and Conshooshinal rights—Ri tol derol deraddy!

'No: I won't go home till morning!

Who says I killed a man? Bring him out! Bring him out! I can whip any man of my weight in camp. If he says I killed a man, he says wot ain't true. I can whip him with one hand. Don't care if he is Tom Sayers. I can whip him and Heenan too. For my name's Tom Fry, and I'm in favor of Conshooshinal rights; and

'I won't go home till morning!

Ri tol de rol der addy!

No: I won't go home till morning!"

The astonishment caused by this happy turn of affairs may well be conceived but can not be described. Had the dead risen from the grave it could scarcely have been greater. Indeed that such was the case was the momentary impression of many, and the absolute conviction of the old black Doctor, whose eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets.

"How'r, old boy!" cried Tom, staggering toward him; "wha's the latest news from Africa?"

"Gway fum here!" roared the Doctor, retreating—"gway! Gol a mighty, I wish de gemmen ud let me go home! De debbil's in dis camp sure!"

Upon the suggestion of Captain Toby the prisoner, Mr. Phil Wilkins, was now released, to the great disgust of Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers, who contended that the "intent" was just as criminal as if the man had died, and



that such a proceeding was contrary to all the precedents within the range of their legal experience. Mr. Wilkins was also in favor of remaining under arrest, unless every gentleman present would come forward and acknowledge that he (Mr. W.) was perfectly correct in the premises which he had assumed from the beginning. The Judge considered that to indorse such doctrines would be to shatter the very foundations of government; upon which Mr. Wilkins retorted with great severity, and the matter was again assuming a hostile attitude, when Captain Toby suggested that a general pull at the blue keg would do more toward sustaining the great fabric of society than all the law and all the arguments ever devised.

"A little NOURISHMENT, gentlemen, is all we want to enable us to see into the bottom of the whole affair."

It affords me unfeigned pleasure to add that all agreed to this very reasonable proposition. The "nourishment" was produced, and passed around so freely, and with such a good-will, that before two hours had elapsed Captain Toby, the Judge, Mr. Phil Wilkins, Tom Fry, Messrs. Tompkins and Rodgers, with the old black Doctor in the rear, were marching around the camp, arm in arm, singing in stentorian voices,

"We won't go home till morning!  
Oh, we won't go home till morning!  
No: we won't go home till morning!  
Hi oh! hi oh! hi oh!"

But in the morning we did start for home, bidding a final farewell to Bear Harbor. Of the adventures by the way, and the cordial reception which we received at San Francisco, the History of the California Coast Rangers will at present be silent.



WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING!

## THE CAVALRIST.

THERE is something glorious in being mounted upon a fine horse—something exhilarating, and as suggestive of high deeds of courage and of daring. What horseman but has felt that indescribable thrill which courses like fire through one's veins when mounted upon a spirited charger, and which seems to bid defiance—nay, to even court the danger which he otherwise would seek to avoid? Does not a proud independence take possession of the soul; for have we not always found that those nations who are naturally *horsemen* are ever the most

tenacious of their liberties? Can we wonder, then, that the cavalrist clings with love—ay, almost idolatry—to his particular corps? Can we wonder that he looks down upon the mere foot-soldier as one who can not comprehend the emotions which sway *him*; and although we may not agree with him, can we not pardon the feeling which dictates the thought? There is a little corner in every man's heart in which romance and knightly pride have stowed themselves; we can easily, then, understand how popular must be a corps embodying so much of both.



This ever-pervading shroud of romance and knight-errantry feeling stimulates and ennoble almost all the duties of the cavalrist. Oh! the romance of a night-patrol, when the moon beams serenely down, bathing every thing in a flood of mysterious radiance; moulding the slightest impediment, the most familiar objects of the landscape, into strange and weird forms of fancied dangers. Or, when the sky is overcast, the clouds sweeping like the eddies of a river across the beauteous moon, bathing each time her face anew, and adding redoubled brightness to her smile; while her rays, touching here and there some parts of the accoutrements, betray, by its deadly gleam, the ready sabre! It is on such a night as this that the soul, touched by the silence and the time, awakens to a thousand new and mysterious influences, and listens with a lover's ear to the sweet whisperings of romance and of peril.

These perils are often illusionary, and lead to rare recrimination and sport; while oftener their reality is untold—for "dead men tell no tales!"

I remember a story of the fate of an Austrian patrol, during the late war in Italy, which may not here be out of place, while it will serve to illustrate the guerrilla style of warfare adopted by the Garibaldians.

A small patrolling party of Austrian dragoons were proceeding cautiously along a road leading from the little town of Lognato. They had no sooner passed a lonely part of the road than the trees on either side swarmed with dark and unusual objects; men, men elambered and dropped down the trees like monkeys. They were the Austrians' deadly enemies, the "Cacciatori"—the Hunters of the Alps. Scrambling down, they proceeded to tie a strong rope across the darkest part of the road, and about a foot from the ground; then further down the road they tied several more ropes across—thus cutting off the retreat of the fated Austrians. They then ascended to their strong hiding-places, to await the reappearance of the Austrians. Soon firing was heard in front, and after a pause the Imperial dragoons came clattering down the road, when, fired at from the trees and from every side—their horses stumbling over the rope—their retreat cut off—assailed in front and rear, but *one*, a sergeant, escaped to tell their fate, and prove a warning for the future. Ever after that lancers formed a part of all patrols, thrusting their lances into every thing—tree, bush, and hollow—before proceeding a step.

In regard to the position of the cavalrist in the scale of warlike precedence military authorities have varied much—he naturally claiming for himself a superiority, more impartial judges giving him a lower rank. Mahan says, "In all countries where military art is justly appreciated the cavalry arm is placed in the *second rank* to infantry; and gives, as the proper proportion, *one-fourth* of the infantry for a campaign, and *one-sixth* for a broken or mountainous country." Charles XII. of Sweden, on the

contrary, not content with making his cavalry perform all the duties of horsemen, led them also against intrenchments and batteries, and always with success. "He knew," says Count Bismark, "that by the rapidity of motion the natural vivacity of the majority of mankind is increased, and, often mounting to a blind fury and fool-hardy enthusiasm, leaves no time for consideration or calculation of danger; that at such a moment death loses its terrors, and Victory—but with luring colors—presents itself to the soul of the wildly-rushing warrior."

"The use of cavalry," says Halleck, "is probably nearly as old as war itself. The Egyptians had cavalry before the time of Moses, and the Israelites often encountered cavalry in their wars with their neighbors, though they made no use of this arm themselves until the time of Solomon." The relative proportions of cavalry to infantry were at that time extremely small; they continued to increase, however, in different nations and under different reigns, until they reached the average of one to ten of the other branches, which continued the proportion for many centuries. The rise of that knightly spirit which afterward illumined the whole of Christendom, led to the greater increase of this particular arm of the service, until, at the battle of Tours, we find that the cavalry and infantry were in the proportion of one to five. Later, we find their numbers nearly equal; and still later, under Charles the Bald, cavalry superseded all the other branches, and formed the composition of armies to the entire exclusion of infantry. "And during the Middle Ages," to quote from Halleck again, "the knights disdained the foot service, and fought only on horseback."

Upon the introduction of gunpowder as the principal agency of war, it became evident that the whole construction of armies must undergo a change; and in no respect was that alteration more perceptible, when that change, though not immediate, *did* take place, than in the increase of foot-soldiers at the expense of the cavalry. The picturesque knight, with his tapering lance, gave way to the more commonplace foot-soldier, armed with his heavy arquebuse. As the whole dependence had been placed in mounted corps, the other extreme was now adopted—extremes being the failing of nations as well as mere individuals. The great utility of horsemen, however, did not allow of their being long so underrated and soon led to their increase.

By training footmen to the duties and armament of horsemen, at the same time reserving to them their fancied advantages as foot-soldiers, they sought to fill the want which was already felt, and at the same time avoid clashing with the still existing prejudice. Certain it is, that toward the end of the reign of Charles V. we find a corps answering in every respect to our modern dragoons, established on the principle that they were to fight as readily and well on foot as on horseback. And though such a thing as a corps of dragoons leaving their horses to fight on foot is in modern warfare a feat unheard of, this su-



perstition of the past has so clung to us that even at the present day a knowledge of infantry tactics is interwoven as part of the instruction of every dragoon; thus doubtlessly taking up much valuable time that might be much more profitably occupied by the *manège*, in which there is not much danger of the recruit becoming too proficient. Indeed, many think it is time for this obsolete idea, as they term it, to give place to the dictates of common sense; for independent of the present interpolation of infantry with cavalry duties, being, owing to reasons before given, extremely unpopular with the men, they have not been called into use for the last forty years, and probably never will be; and further, if they were, would most likely, owing to the distaste of the men for learning them, be found futile, while they greatly injure the efficiency of the corps as a cavalry arm of the service.

*Proficiency*, not mere *capability* in horsemanship, can not be too strenuously insisted upon; it is upon it that the efficiency of all cavalry must depend. The celebrated Marshal Marmont has it that "*L'équitation est tout.*" Certain it is that a cavalrist must be firm in his saddle, and have a perfect confidence in his weapon, to be really efficient.

The desired proficiency in horsemanship should not, however, be the mere perfection of a school of equitation; the idea should be to ride naturally, and by association with horses and unmitigated practice, to obtain that confidence which, while it is the prompter of that noble enthusiasm of which I have already spoken, makes such a thing as an accident next to impossible.

Within the precincts of a monarchy, where reviews by crowned heads are continually taking place, an artificial system of riding is more excusable than here in our own country, where soldiers are paid for fighting and not for show.

Let us, then, form our own Cavalry Manual, and our own School of Equitation; or rather, let the aim be to create a body of natural or real horsemen, in contradistinction to the stiff and artificial system of a school. Let such men be selected only as have a perfect knowledge of horses and horsemanship from their childhood (there are thousands such, doubtlessly, now serving in infantry corps), and instead of attempting to break these men, as is almost always attempted, into a certain *school*, be content with teaching them the usual tactics and a perfect reliance in their peculiar arm.

An old Prussian riding-master once said to me, "I would rather have a raw recruit, who had never seen a horse, to instruct, than a man who had already learned to ride. The first we break in readily, but the last we have any quantity of trouble with." How erroneous the idea, yet it is a very prevalent one in all European armies!

The difference between a natural and an artificial rider has been most clearly and correctly defined by Captain Nolan—one whose love of his corps was only equaled by his zeal for its improvement. "The difference between a school

rider and a real horseman," says this writer, "is this: the first depends upon the guidance and managing his horse for maintaining his seat; the second, or real horseman, depends upon his seat for controlling and guiding his horse."

The plan for selecting men for our cavalry service should be, to address a circular order to the colonels of the various infantry corps, with instructions to find out the best horsemen, whom they would be willing to permit, and who would be themselves willing to enter, the cavalry service. Or better still, send a cavalry recruiting officer to select, with the permission of the colonel, such men as are most accustomed to horses and desirous of exchanging into a cavalry corps. Then fill up the vacancies thus created by transferring to the respective infantry corps out of the men already recruited, those who show the smallest amount of ability or aptness for horsemanship, and who already lumber up the ranks of the cavalry arm of the service, depreciating the efficiency of their comrades by their awkwardness as well as being worse than useless themselves.

That such a system is better than the present practice, where "good horsemen are preferred," as the recruiting hand-bills have it, can not be doubted. Besides, you may thus make a very good infantryman out of a bad horseman, and a splendid cavalrist out of a bad infantry soldier.

Another great advantage in selecting men who have grown up among horses, is, that they understand better the habits, nature, and whims of their animals, and at the same time feel a greater love for, and are kinder to, them than men who learn to ride merely because it is part of the work for which they enlisted; and better than all, men accustomed to the stable possess that confidence in the management of horses which habit alone will give, and which must be sustained under all circumstances—for horses are not always docile—"even the most docile and best-tempered horses are difficult to manage in battle," says Captain Nolan. They sometimes go mad with excitement, and then they prove the most dangerous enemy the horseman has to contend against. At the battle of Minden two whole French regiments were entirely destroyed by the horses taking fright and bolting in a charge. The men fell off and were trampled to death.

Athletic exercises and feats of horsemanship should also be encouraged, and some prize instituted for those men who should take the best care of their horses and preserve them fit for service for the greatest length of time.

As to the proper armament for cavalry corps there has been much variance of opinion. Frederick the Great positively forbade his troops to use any arm but the sabre, while Napoleon thought that all cavalry should be provided with fire-arms. Montecuculi was strongly prejudiced in favor of the lance, which he terms the "Queen of weapons;" and certain it is, that if squares of infantry are to be broken by cavalry, it must be through the aid of the lance: consequently, the



continual augmentation of lancers in European armies is a marked feature in military history. But in a *melée* a short weapon must always have the advantage over a long one, which besides being unwieldy is liable to become shattered; and where a charge of lancers is contemplated, a part should charge with lances slung and sabres drawn.

Cavalry is divided into Light, consisting of lancers, hussars, and mounted riflemen; Heavy, consisting of carabineers, cuirassiers, and sometimes lancers, where they are heavily mounted; and dragoons, which are a kind of go-between or mixture.

Light cavalry, according to Marmont, ought to be the eye and the ear of the army. To it appertains the outpost and detachment duties; it must form vanguards and convoys; it must watch over the safety of the field artillery as well as guard the heavy cavalry against surprise, and at the same time be prepared to pierce with the rapidity of thought wherever, through oversight or the changes of battle, the enemy has thrown himself open to attack. With light cavalry celerity is a primary requisite, and it should possess such alertness and dexterity as to enable it to envelop and harass the enemy "like a swarm of wasps—perpetually stinging, but never to be caught."

The duties of heavy cavalry are usually confined to the field of battle, where it is held in reserve until some decisive opening shows itself, when it is launched like a thunder-bolt, sweeping all before it.

Many a battle has been won by a vigorous dash of cavalry. Eylau, Rossbach, Zornsdorf, Borodino, Wurtsburg, and Marengo, were decided by the cavalry taking advantage of the enemies' infantry being engaged by their own, to charge and overthrow them. At Leipsic also the Austrian Cuirassiers "covered themselves with glory:" they overthrew the lancers and dragoons of the French Imperial Guard, and even broke several squares.

It is the duty, too, of cavalry to pursue and demoralize the retreating foe. Jena and Waterloo may be selected as examples where this duty was skillfully carried into effect. "Cavalry may also be very efficacious against infantry in wet weather, when the rain or snow renders it impossible for the foot-soldiers to use their fire-arms to advantage." This was the case at the battle of Dresden.

Of the cavalry corps of the different European armies the superior composition and organization of the Austrian cavalry—more particularly the *light* cavalry, place it perhaps at the head. To the great elements at the command of the Austrian Government is to be ascribed much of this perfection; for the Hungarians and Poles, who form the greater mass of her mounted troops, are, as it were, *born in the saddle*; and this natural aptitude the Austrian authorities have wisely abetted by allowing them to retain their own accoutrements and peculiar national saddles. The Austrian hussars are, beyond cavil, the

finest body of light horsemen in the world. They are mounted upon lithe and wiry Hungarian barbs of such intelligence and affection that their riders not unfrequently owe their lives as much to their horses as to their own exertions. It can be readily understood that to bring about such a desirable state of affairs, the utmost sympathy must exist between horse and rider; and such is indeed the fact, as numerous touching instances of mutual devotion show.

What the Zouave is to the French infantry these Hungarian hussars are to the Austrian cavalry; they are the *élite*, and, as a consequence, feel a corresponding pride. This *esprit de corps*, which is undoubtedly one of the principal prompters of gallant deeds of daring, often leads to highly amusing incidents and fully as many "rows." At Mayence, where a mixed garrison of Austrians and Prussians is kept, a Hungarian hussar was hailed by a Prussian, who, decked out in all the fancied requisites of a hussar uniform, doubtless imagined himself to be its fitting type. "Good-morning, comrade," said the Prussian. "Comrade!" muttered the Hungarian—"comrade?" "Why, yes, certainly, are we not both hussars?" "You a hussar—you!" exclaimed the Hungarian with rage—"why you're only a jackanapes." Then with pride indescribable, "I am a *hussar*!"

The Hungarian hussar is as much a part of his horse as any part of the accoutrements; and the horse, with a pliancy of disposition and intelligence truly amazing, encouraged by loving and animating words, is as ready for and capable of noble deeds as is his rider.

The wonderful skill at which these horsemen arrive is sometimes startling to those accustomed to the humdrum school routine displayed in other European armies. Few but can use the lasso, when in full career, with as much dexterity as is displayed by the rancheros of the South American plains; and in the Revolution of 1848 the "Honveds," who were armed with this formidable national weapon, showed the Austrians how terribly expert they were in its use—frequently dragging with it the Austrian officers from off their horses, capturing them or involving a frightful death, and striking universal terror through a weapon as novel as it was terrible. The Poles, too, are unusually expert with the lance, which is their national weapon. I have frequently seen them, seated bare back on horse, leap in full career a five-barred gate, and at the same moment launch with Herculean force the lance at a target, the bull's-eye of which it seldom failed to find.

There was a beautiful instance of fine horsemanship displayed at a late review held at Vienna, upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the military order of the Maria Theresa, when some thirty thousand cavalry were in line. A little child in the front row of the spectators, becoming frightened, rushed forward just as a squadron of hussars were charging at full tilt—swooping down with maddening velocity, nay, almost *on* the child.



Terror paralyzed alike the spectators and the mother of the child, while the lovely and amiable Empress almost fainted with horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable. The little one was almost under the horses' feet—another instant would have sealed its doom—when a hussar, without lessening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself along his horse's neck, and seizing the child, placed it in safety in front of his saddle, without so much as changing the pace or breaking the alignment in the least.

A hundred thousand voices hailed with pride and joy the deed, while *two* voices could but *sob* their gratitude: the one a mother's, the other that of her sympathizing and beloved Empress. A proud moment that must have been for the hussar when his Emperor, taking the enameled cross of merit, attached it to his breast—a proud moment alike for the sovereign and the man!

The heavy cavalry corps of the Austrian army are also splendidly mounted and equipped, but have not that "esprit" possessed by the light cavalry. The men are thick-set, heavy Bohemians or Moravians, while their horses correspond. There are a good many anecdotes told of these brave fellows, who are sometimes a little thick-headed, grasping an idea with difficulty.

At the battle of Solferino a captain of a cuirassier regiment espied two of the enemy carrying off one of his favorite men. At the same moment the cuirassier spied his officer, and, with a voice full of exultation, cried, "Captain! captain! I've got two Frenchmen prisoners!" "Then why don't you bring them in?" asked the captain, highly amused. "Why, the tarnal critters won't let me go!" answered the sturdy fellow, to whom the idea had not yet occurred that *he* was the prisoner. The captain, of course, rescued him, but from that day to this the poor fellow has thought that he was badly treated by his officer, who wouldn't let him alone when he was getting along so well.

When it comes to money matters, however, these fellows are cute enough, as I had reason to know from the following injunction which I once overheard given by an old corporal to his troop, who were about setting forth to buy provisions: "Take your carbines with you, children," said he; "the people always sell cheaper when they see us well-armed."

These fellows are accused of being naturally light-fingered; how truly I am not prepared to say.

A stupid-looking dragoon once asked of another, during the campaign in Italy, "I say, Nicholas! how do you manage to do when you want to ask for provisions—do you understand this infernal Italian?" "Oh, yes; well enough to get along." "Well, how do you ask for meat, and bread, and wine?" "Why, I just takes them, and doesn't say another word!" "Ho!" exclaimed some one, "that fellow learned the rudiments of *his* Italian in his cradle!"

But to leave anecdote, and return to the history of cavalry. It would scarcely be proper

to pass over without mention the magnificent charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and which—though originating in a mistake—did more to throw a lustre about the English arms than more plausible and more successful deeds. Of all the gallant exploits and glorious achievements performed by cavalry which the world has ever seen this has been the most lauded, the most blamed, the most commented upon. Even Americans have lingered over the thrilling accounts of the survivors of the daring charge, and, inspired by the heroic strains of Tennyson, have wondered if the world could show another such example; overlooking the fact that our own cavalry, though in its infancy, has done deeds as great, performed exploits as brilliant even as the famous charge of the Six Hundred; thus creating a splendor which (all unsung as are its deeds) will yet illumine its history for ages to come.

Who but must remember the glorious charge of Captain May's dragoons at Resaca de la Palma? Who but can see that brave band, headed by their gallant leader, his long hair streaming in the wind, sweeping like the dread vengeance of Heaven down upon the fated Mexicans, leaping upon them, hewing at them, dashing—in that dreadful storm of blood battling, as it were, with the elements of death—like demons in their daring, like gods in their nobleness and courage?

Then look at Puente Morena; why, to use the words of Tennyson, "All the world wondered." Five men in all—Lieutenants Lowry and Oaks, and three men of the immortal Second Dragoons—pursuing a party of thirty lancers, and actually sabring or dismounting all but five! Show me any thing to surpass this, search where you will.

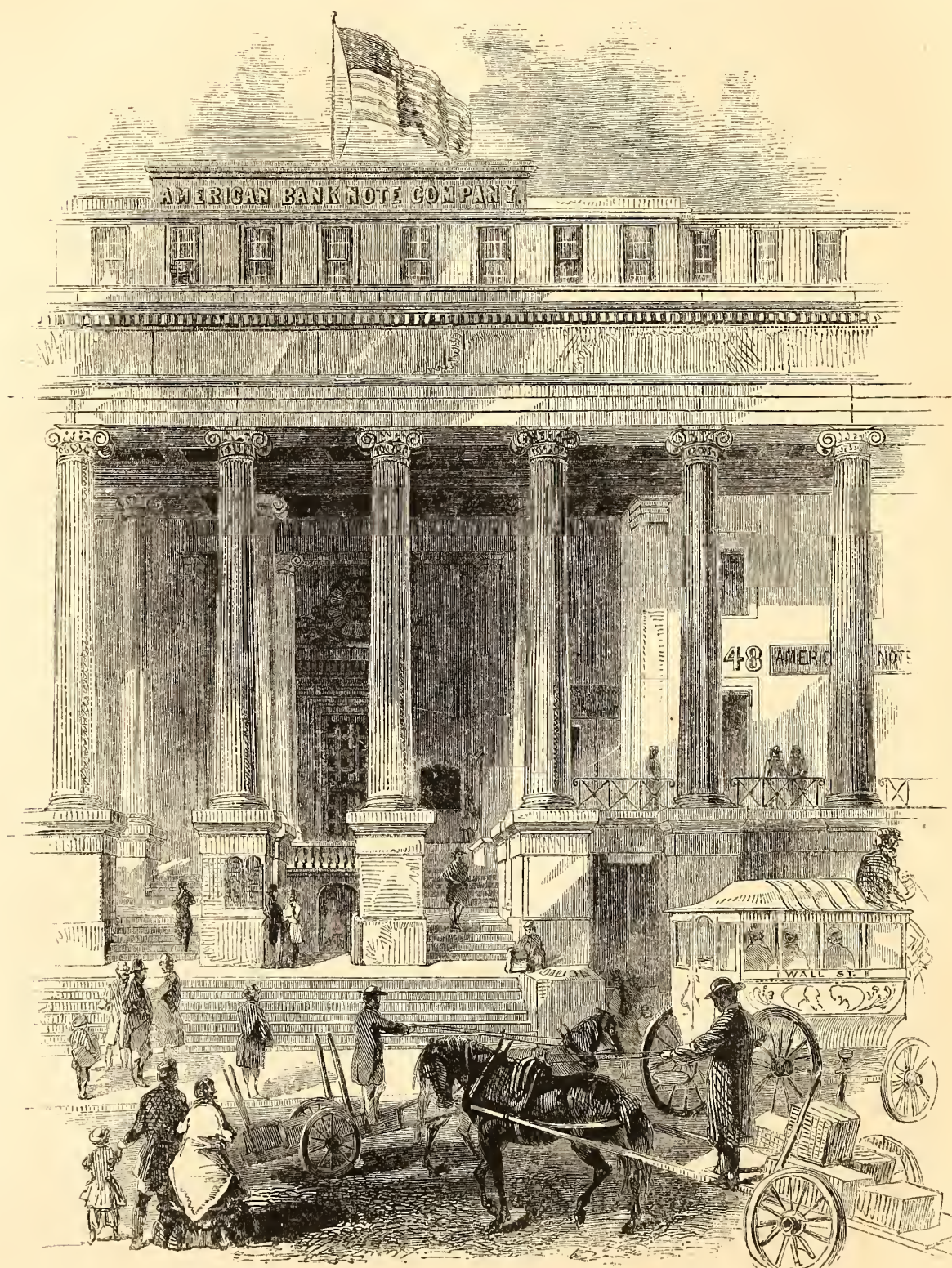
Remember, too, the gallant dash of Lieutenant Tompkins, at Fairfax Court House, and be thankful to the Divine supporter of the honor of our country, that there still exist men by whom the glories of the past shall be transmitted and upheld by daring as great as that with which they were won.

Already at the earliest period of its existence did our cavalry, by its ceaseless deeds of daring, gain from one of its bravest opponents the title of the "best cavalry in the world"—praise which, it may be said, was brought out, like the fire-spark from out the flint, in spite of itself.

Yes, already, in those gloomy days of the Revolution, in our nation's very infancy, did the iron-handed Lee wring from the unwilling Tarleton the high praise which was his due; nor has the corps since then proved itself unworthy of its ancient fame.

Proud indeed, then, may the American cavalrist be; for the sprig of laurel which he has helped to entwine in our wreath of National Glory, freshened by the dazzling deeds of the present, shall throw a refulgence about our country's name that, while it strikes fear and terror into the heart of the enemy, will light us on to greater deeds of glory and of fame.





ENTRANCE TO THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, NEW YORK.

## MAKING MONEY.

### III.—THE AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY.

THE "Bank Note Reporter" is a suggestive if not a very entertaining work, brim-full of facts. The lists of this financial *Index Expurgatorius* are headed with the significant warning, "Refuse the Notes of all Banks not found here," branding in a phrase a crowd of broken and fraudulent concerns. There are in the United States and the British Provinces, as we

count, about 2000 banks whose notes are worth something—say from 20 to 100 cents on the dollar. Upon quite four-fifths of these fraudulent notes have been detected, usually several kinds upon each. Thus, of the 57 banks in the city of New York not one has escaped, the total number of fraudulent issues being about 350. The same ratio would give 12,000 for the whole country; but this is too large, since banks in the commercial parts of the country offer the greatest temptations to forgers. Still there are



noted about 6000 different issues of spurious notes. Theoretically every man is liable to be defrauded by any one of these. At first view this would shake our confidence in the genuineness of any bank note. But the fact is, that in nineteen cases out of twenty a bad bill is detected almost as soon as its circulation is attempted. The number of "dangerous" counterfeits is very small. Not one person in a hundred has ever lost a dollar in this way.

For this almost complete immunity from loss we are indebted to the artistic and mechanical skill which is lavished upon our bank notes. This perfection has been attained by slow degrees. Nothing can be more rude than the Massachusetts notes issued in 1690, the first American paper money. Hardly better are the Continental Bills, first issued in 1775. These were engraved by Paul Revere, the best of the four engravers then in the country. A comparison of these with a United States Treasury Note of 1861 will show the progress of the art during the interval.

When our financial system began to assume its present form banks were multiplied, each of which demanded distinctive notes. Demand creates supply, and the best artistic talent in the country was attracted in this direction. At first a single artist engraved an entire plate, and not unfrequently printed it with his own hands. Afterward several combined to produce a plate, each doing that part of the work in which he excelled. Various machines were also invented, some of which, as Perkins's Transfer Press and Spencer's Geometric Lathe, contain the germs of the complicated instruments which, as we shall see, perform such an important part in producing a bank note of the present day. Subsequently private companies were organized, each containing artists excelling in some partic-

ular branch. Each of these companies produced excellent work, but as no one had all of the best talent, and as each had the exclusive control of some valuable mechanical invention, which the others could not use, no one note could combine all attainable perfection. Banks meanwhile demanded the most perfect notes that could be produced.

In 1858 the leading Bank Note firms, nine in number, united themselves into an Association, which was incorporated under the title of the "American Bank Note Company." The plates prepared by them are decidedly superior to any ever before executed. More recently another Association for the same purpose has been organized under the name of the "National Bank Note Company." The generous rivalry for artistic perfection between these two companies affords a sure guarantee that bank notes executed in America will continue to be, as they now are, superior to any others in the world. No other country has yet any thing to compare with them. The notes of the Bank of England and of the Bank of France are rude in comparison. Russia will soon have notes equal to our own, for the necessary plates are now in process of execution by the American Bank Note Company.

We propose to describe the various processes employed by this Company, and incidentally to give information which will aid in distinguishing a genuine from a spurious note. The operations of the Company are conducted in the noble "Merchants' Exchange" building in Wall Street, New York.

Passing through the fine portico, with its three ranges of pillars, each shaft, composed of a single piece of granite, 50 feet in height, and so large that three men clasping hands can hardly embrace it, we turn to the right, and enter the



CONTINENTAL BILLS.





MODELING AND DESIGNING ROOMS.

business office of the Company. This is by no means our first visit. Our present purpose is to revise our memoranda, so as to be sure that our entire account shall be strictly accurate. By a very necessary regulation no person can go through the establishment unless accompanied by some officer of the Company. On this visit we are, by appointment, to be guided by the President of the Company. We find him at the moment engaged in conversation with a couple of gentlemen. One of these we recognize, from published portraits, as Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury; the other is Mr. Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer in New York, whom we have met before in this series of papers. The Company, as we know, are performing a large amount of work for the Government, and the execution of the Demand and  $7\frac{3}{10}$  per cent. Treasury Notes with the requisite speed has for months tasked to the uttermost all the facilities of their establishment.

Awaiting the disengagement of our escort, we pass up to the "Modeling and Designing Rooms," a handsome suit of apartments with a lofty

groined roof. The walls are covered with original drawings by Darley, Casilear, Edmonds, Herrick, and others. Port-folios filled with such drawings are opened for our inspection. A connoisseur in art could nowhere spend a more pleasant day than here. Some of the most curious of these drawings are those sent from Russia, which are to be reproduced on the Russian notes. These drawings have been used as designs for vignettes. They are made much larger than the engravings from them. A favorite size for the drawings for elaborate vignettes is about twice that of a page of this Magazine. When an engraving is to be made after one of these drawings, it is photographed in the exact size desired upon a plate of steel; the outlines are cut faintly upon the plate, which is then given to the engraver to fill up.

There are three general methods of producing pictures by engraving.

1. *Lithography*.—This is based on the chemical law that oil and water will not mix; or, as it is sometimes expressed, that "you can not wet grease or grease water." A drawing is



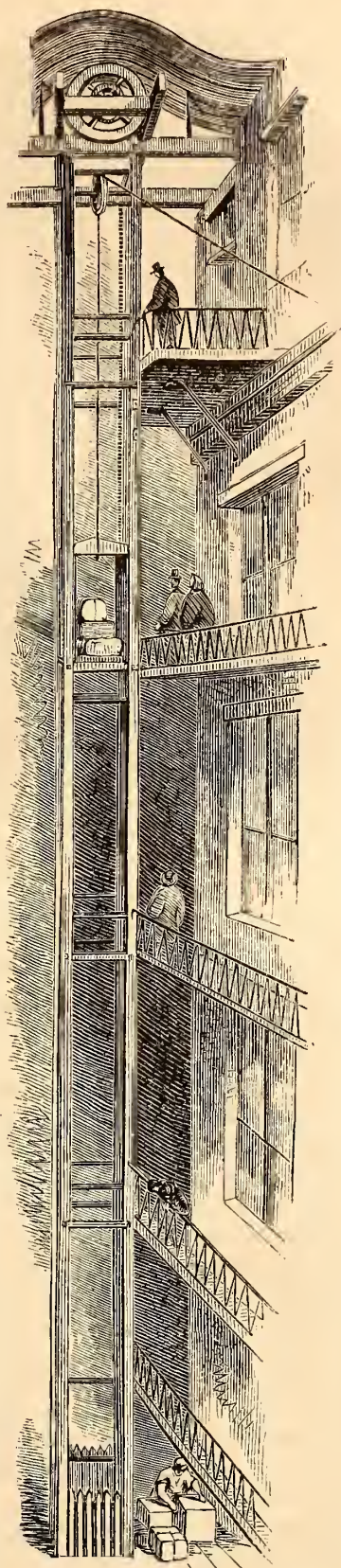
made, with pen or pencil, upon a kind of fine-grained porous stone. The pencil or the ink is of an oily composition. To print this drawing the stone is rubbed over with a moistened sponge; the water will not adhere to the lines of the drawing, but will to the parts of the stone not covered. Then a roller charged with an oily ink is passed over the stone; the ink adheres to the lines of the picture, but is thrown off by the moist portions. A sheet of paper is then laid on the stone, and a heavy roller passed over it. The ink is taken off by the paper, and a facsimile of the drawing is produced. This process of wetting, inking, and rolling is repeated for every impression.

2. *Copper-plate Engraving.*—In this the lines and dots which make up the picture are cut, one by one, upon a plate of metal. To print from this, the whole plate is covered with ink, which also fills up the engraved lines and dots. This ink is carefully wiped off from the surface of the plate, leaving only that which fills the engraved lines. Then the paper is laid on the plate, which is passed under a heavy roller, which forces the surface of the sheet into the lines, taking up the ink. This process of inking, wiping, and rolling must be repeated for each impression.—Engraving on steel is precisely the same as on copper. Copper, being a soft metal, wears out rapidly in printing, so that but few perfect copies can be obtained from a copper-plate; steel, being much harder, furnishes a greater number of copies.

3. *Engraving on Wood.*—This, in most respects, is the precise opposite of copper-plate engraving. A piece of box-wood is cut off across the grain. The surface is polished, and upon this the artist, with an ordinary lead pencil, makes a drawing, precisely as though he were making it upon paper, giving every line, just as he wishes it to appear. This block is then given to the engraver, who cuts away every part of the wood not covered by the artist's lines; these are left standing in relief. The printing of a wood block is performed in the same man-

ner as from types. The essential point of difference between copper-plates and woodcuts is, that in the former the parts which appear are cut by the engraver; in the latter the parts which do not appear are cut away. To form an idea of the relative difficulties of the two processes, let any one, with a black pencil and white paper, try to make a copy, line for line, of any of our engravings. If he succeeds, he will do just what the copper-plate engraver might have done. Then let him try, upon a black slate with a white pencil, to make a perfect facsimile of his other drawing. He must mark around all lines which he wishes to appear, leaving them black, and covering the interspaces with white. If he succeeds, he will have done just what the wood engraver has accomplished.—Wood engraving has within a few years been brought to a high degree of perfection. Without

it no illustrated publication of large circulation could be produced, because it is the only means by which copies can be produced with the necessary rapidity. But there are certain effects within the reach of the copper-plate engraver quite beyond the reach of the engraver on wood or of the lithographer. These are just the things which are demanded in a bank note. Thus, the copies of the United States Treasury Notes, which will be found in this article, are engraved on wood

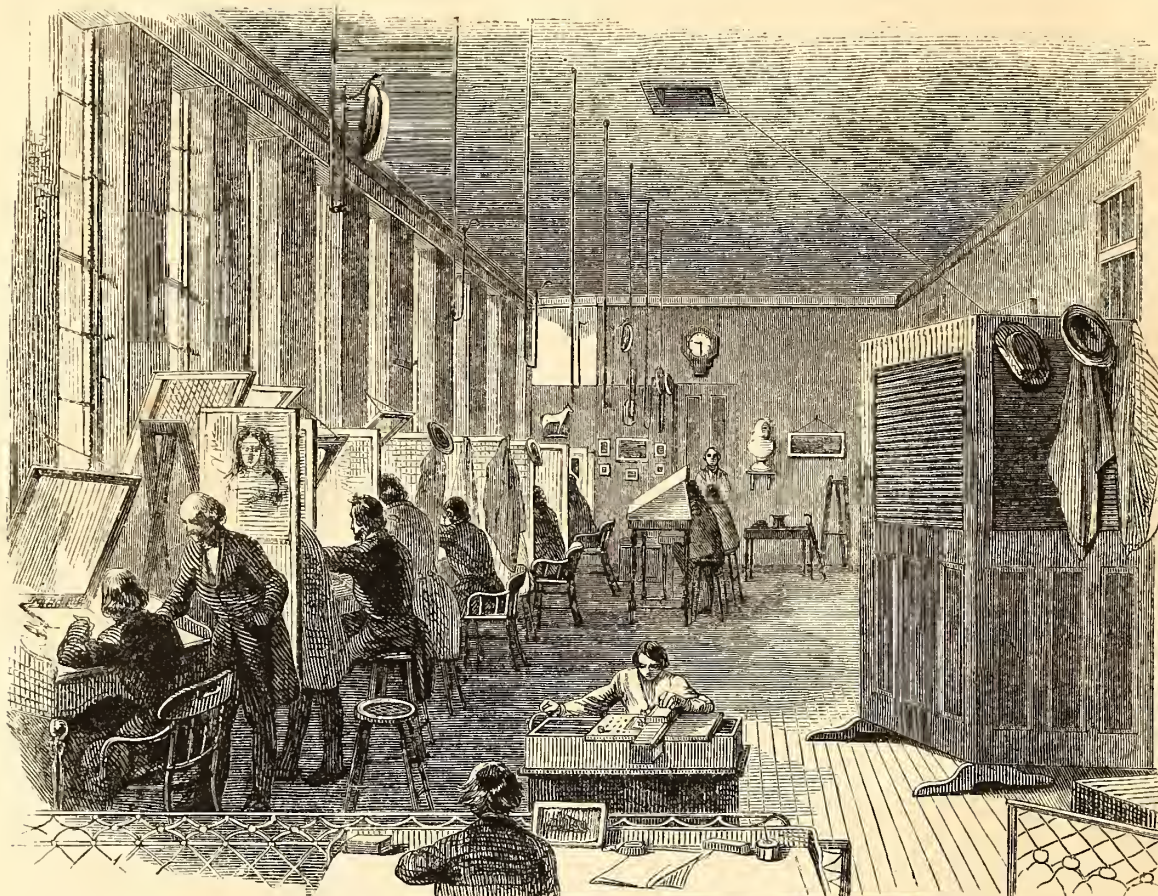


GALLERIES AND ELEVATOR.



THE DAY WATCHMAN.





PICTORIAL ENGRAVING ROOM.

in the best manner possible. Let any one compare these with the notes themselves, and the difference will at once be apparent. Engraving upon copper or steel is the only style used for bank notes.

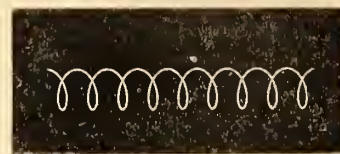
We shall have occasion, in following up our subject, to visit the Modeling Room again. At present we will accompany the President, who has joined us, on a tour through the establishment. We follow a passage, and ascend a half flight of stairs, where we find ourselves confronted by the day watchman. We note, here as elsewhere, the massive construction of the building. The floors and stairs are composed of massive blocks of granite; the walls are of solid stone or brick; the railings are of iron. From this point passages and stairways diverge to the various working rooms, and no person unless an employé can pass without a special order from the heads of the Company. The employés even can only go to their own department, engravers taking one way and printers another. A man may have been for years employed in one department without ever having visited the others.

We ascend first to the Pictorial Engraving Room. Here the steel-plate, with the drawing photographed upon it, is placed in the hands of the engraver, who proceeds to fill out the outline. The position, shape, and size of every line and point must be carefully considered; these are cut, one by one, in the hard metal. Sometimes a single person executes the whole of a vignette; but more frequently several are suc-

cessively employed upon it, one engraving the figures, another the landscape, another the animals, and so on, each performing the part in which he excels. From one to four months' constant work is required to produce a single portrait or vignette. This plate, which is called a die, is not used directly for printing, but as a mould, so to speak, from which perfect copies are made upon the note-plate, by a process which we shall presently see.

First, however, we must pass to the Lathe Room, where certain parts of a note are executed by machinery, with a delicacy and precision altogether unattainable by the human eye or hand. These we may designate by the general name of "checks." A check, with large letters or figures denoting the denomination of the note, is usually placed in one or more corners of the note. These are technically called "counters."

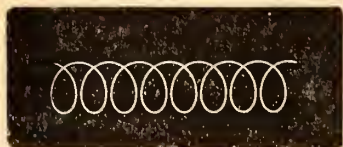
Some of this machine work is executed by the "Cycloidal Engine." The principle of its operation may be readily understood. A graver is arranged so as to cut a circle upon a plate fixed beneath it. Now while the graver is revolving, let a forward movement be given to the plate, and the line cut by the graver will assume a form like this, which is called a "cycloidal line," and may



be described as that line produced by a point revolving about a moving centre. The particular curve will depend upon the relative velocities of



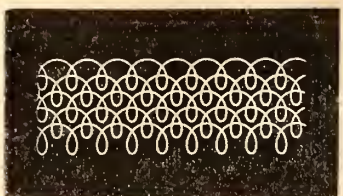
the two motions—the circular one of the graver, and the forward one of the plate. Thus, if the



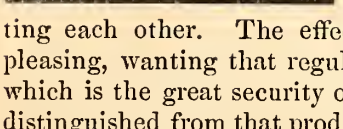
instead of nearly touching. the plate is comparatively



be given to the plate, in which case the line will follow the circumference of the circle. A suc-

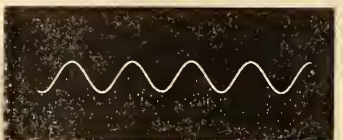


cession of cycloidal lines, cutting each other, is sometimes printed over the whole, or a part of the face or back of a note. If, instead of a circular motion, an elliptical one is given to the graver, the figure will assume a quite different form, as in this example, which consists of two irregular cycloidal lines, cutting each other.



The effect, however, is not pleasing, wanting that regularity of appearance which is the great security of machine work, as distinguished from that produced by hand. The Ruling Machine, which produces parallel lines far more accurately than can be done by hand, and the Medallion Machine, which, by a series of lines, gives the effect of a medal, are also used upon bank notes; but their work does not at present form a distinguishing feature.

Machine work, especially on a small scale, of a far more intricate character is produced by the "Geometrical Lathe." We will endeavor to explain the theory of this machine. Let a graver be so fixed as to cut a single curve of a waved line upon a stationary plate. Then let the plate



be moved forward, and a continuous waved line, like this, will be produced; this curve may be



made of any size or shape which is desired. Now, parallel with this line, let another of different pattern be cut over it, and the two will cross and re-cross each other in this manner. A third, and fourth, or any number of additional waves may be added, each additional one varying and complicating the general pattern. If the waves bear a regular relation to each other, the interstices will present a regular succession of forms. Now, instead of a forward motion, let the plate have a circular one, and these

lines will all describe a waved circle. By means of "cams" and "eccentrics," instead of a circular motion, an elliptic or any curved motion may be given to the plate.

Here is a skeleton check, showing some of the forms which may be given to a single waved line. Any conceivable form—an oval or square, an oblong or shield, a rosette or shell, may in like manner be produced. The following diagram shows at one view some of the effects of which the lathe is capable.



The smaller central figure is a star, outside of this is a circle, beyond this a rosette with sharp points, and outside of all an altogether different rosette, with a curved outline. These diagrams have all been

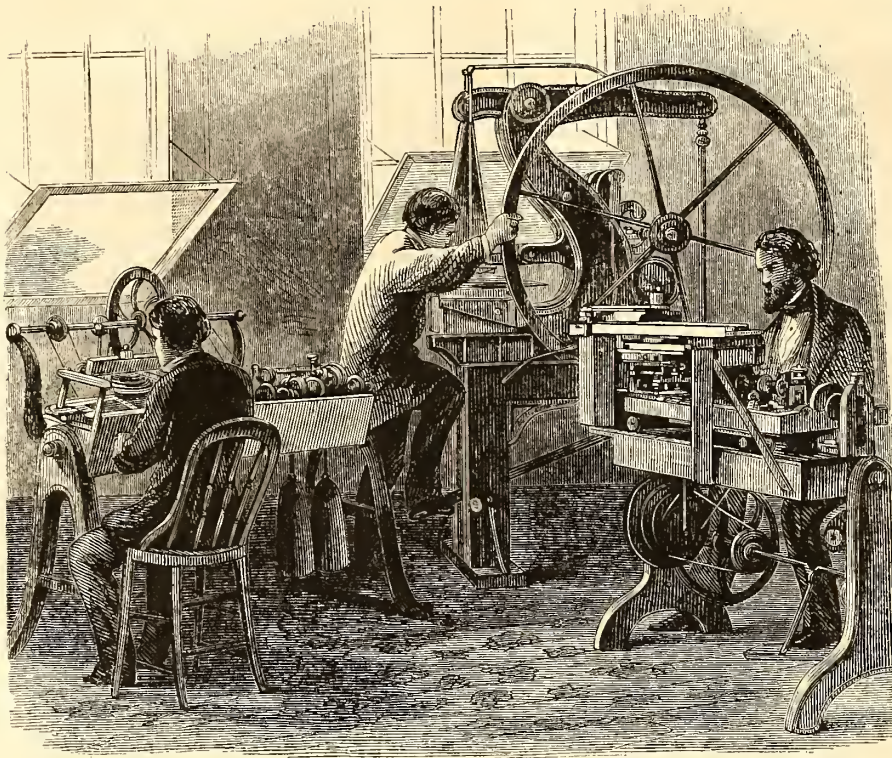


engraved for us by the machine itself. They have been purposely made much more simple than the checks actually used on bank notes, in order that the general form may be more readily distinguished. Any one with a glass and a sharp needle may follow the lines which compose these figures.

One additional thing must be noted. We said in a former paragraph that in a steel-plate engraving the line cut by the graver is black when printed. In our diagrams, as well as on the notes themselves, the line is white, the interspaces being black. The reverse would be the case if these checks were printed from the dies themselves, or from a copy taken in the ordinary manner by the transfer press. This reversal—making that sunk on the plate which is raised on the original die, and *vice versa*—is effected by a process which we will not describe. Its effect, however, is evident. We may suppose, for instance, that a very careful engraver might possibly cut upon a plate a tolerable imitation of the white lines forming the figure in our last diagram. But what eye or hand could cut the black interspaces, and leave the white lines so regular and uniform? Yet this is just what the engraver must do who would reproduce on steel this figure; yet, we repeat, this is far less elaborate than those actually used on bank notes.

The United States Five Dollar Demand Notes, which are now familiar to most persons, present some good examples of lathe-work, which may be profitably studied. The counter in the right upper corner presents an oval with a waved outline, inside of which are successive patterns. The green checks in the centre are oblong, filled up with a wholly different pattern. The two large counters on the back are still different; while the small ovals which cover the greater part of the back consist of a border of delicate white lines crossing each other, within which is a green oval line, then a white one, then a solid





LATHE ROOM.

green centre, containing a "5" in white, all within a space not as large as a grain of coffee. By the aid of a glass every one of the lines whose crossings and recrossings constitute the pattern may be distinctly made out. The graver which has cut each of them in hard steel has passed many times over each, for at one stroke it will not cut sufficiently deep. At each passage it cuts about  $\frac{1}{3100}$  part of an inch; about twenty cuttings are required to give the line its required depth. The machine must work with mathematical precision. A deviation of the half of a hair's breadth would destroy the whole work.

The "Geometrical Lathe" which produces this work is perhaps the most ingenious piece of machinery ever invented. Its general principles are, of course, familiar to all educated machinists. It is the combination of all of them so as to work together with un-

ing accuracy which constitutes the marvel. We have watched it for hours, and at each moment have found something new in its working, when explained to us by its skillful operator; for after all the machine itself, to produce the required effect, must be under the direction of human intelligence. It will do the work which is set for it with unfailing precision, but its work must be laid out for it. The turn of a screw, the substitution of one wheel for another, with the variation of a single cog, the shifting of the axis of an eccentric, will produce an entirely new effect; it may

give distortion where perfect regularity is demanded. This lathe was built by the Company at a cost of more than ten thousand dol-



HARDENING ROOM.



lars, three years having been employed in its construction. It is the only one in existence, and its counterpart is, of course, wholly beyond the reach of counterfeiters; and yet, without it we can not see how they can successfully imitate its work. Notwithstanding its multifarious movements and complicated parts, its bearings are so accurate, that it is moved by the foot of the operator pressing upon a treadle, with the exertion of less force than is required to work an ordinary sewing machine. We have dwelt at length on this machine and its work, because we consider it a most important security against counterfeiters; not exceeded in value even by the artistic perfection of the vignettes, portraits, and lettering.

The machine work of the die having been performed, the letters and figures appearing upon it are engraved by hand, and the finished "check" or "counter" is ready to be transferred to the bank-plate.

These dies, whether engraved by hand or by machinery, are made upon softened steel. They are hardened by placing them in crucibles which are filled up with animal carbon, hermetically closed, and placed in a furnace. The carbon, volatilized by the intense heat, combines with the steel, making it as hard as the finest razor-blade. They are then brought to the Transfer Room, and by means of a powerful press a roller of softened steel is passed over them. The pressure is regulated by the foot of the workman acting upon a system of compound levers. In the largest machine he can give a pressure of 35 tons. Under this pressure the softened roller is

made to revolve over the hardened die, and receives the impress of every line. This rolling must be repeated over and over, in order to make the impression of the required depth. The machine must therefore work with perfect accuracy, each line falling at every revolution in precisely the same place. The roller is then hardened; and when the particular design impressed upon it is wanted for a bank note, it is in the same manner passed over the plate, which thus receives a perfect copy of the original die.

These rollers are in a sort the types from which a portion of a bank note is "set up." The selection and arrangement of them for any particular bank belongs to the Modeling Department. When a person wishes a note or series of notes prepared, he must first show that the bank is legally established, and that he is authorized to procure its plates. Without this precaution the Company will not undertake the work. In designing a note there are several points to be considered. The various denominations must all be different in appearance, and none of them must resemble any note of any other bank. Each must combine the various kinds of work adopted as securities against frauds, and must, moreover, present a handsome appearance. Then a bank frequently wishes its notes to have some special adaptation to its title or location. A "Farmer's Bank" will naturally wish an agricultural scene to appear on its notes; a "Merchant's Bank" will wish a commercial; an "Artisan's Bank" a mechanical scene; and so on. Then there will be prepossessions in respect to portraits. If the directors are Demo-

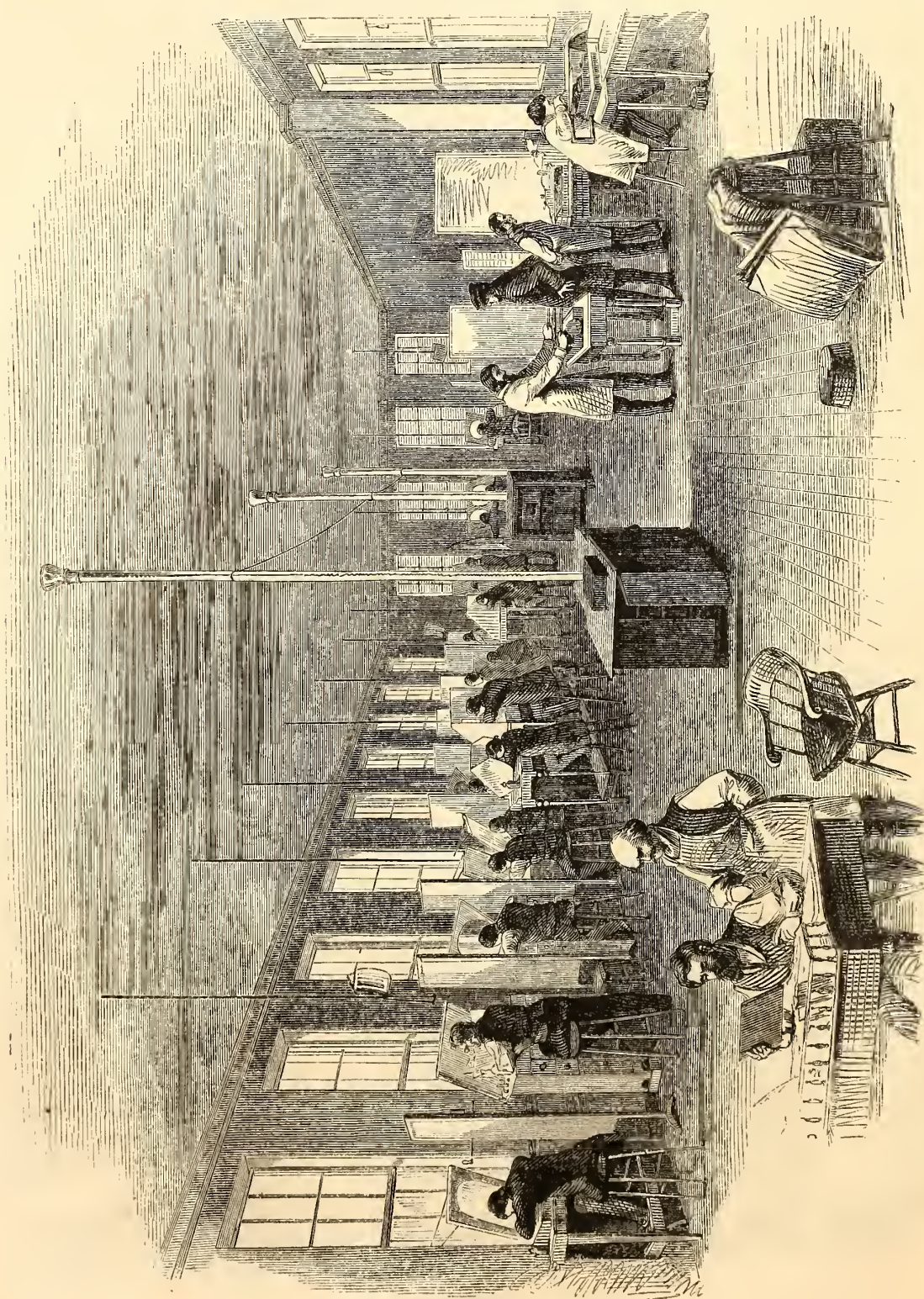


TRANSFER ROOM.



crats, they will probably wish Jefferson or Jackson, Douglas or Wright; if Republicans, Lincoln or Seward, Scott or Chase. An Eastern bank will likely wish Webster, a Western one Clay, a Southern one Calhoun. The agent examines the port-folios containing proofs of the dies in the possession of the Company. He has ample scope for choice, for there are some 20,000 of them. Of these probably 5000 are vignettes, 5000 portraits and emblematical figures, and 10,000 checks and counters. Aided by the officers of the Company, who take care that in combination and arrangement the notes of each bank shall be easily distinguishable from those of any other, this part of the plate is agreed upon.

Then the general style and arrangement of the lettering is settled, and a sketch of the note is made. The vignettes, portraits, checks, and counters are now put upon the plate in their proper places by the transferring machine, and the plate is passed to the Letter Engraving Room, where the lettering is performed by hand. Here also is room for the display of artistic talent, for a good and bad lettered line differ almost as much as a good and a bad vignette or portrait. The Lettering Room employs a much larger number of artists than the Pictorial Room, because the lettering of each note must be to a great extent peculiar to it, while vignettes or portraits may be used, in different combina-



LETTER ENGRAVING ROOM.



tions, upon any one of a thousand. Here also the principle of division of labor comes in. One man's forte is German text; that of another is ornamental letters; that of a third is script. Each executes that part in which he excels, and the combined result of their skill appears on every note.

Our plate is now finished: the main one, that is, which is to be printed in black; for most bank notes now have the back and a part of the face in colors, for which separate plates are used. This complicates the process, and renders the work of the counterfeiter more difficult. But its special object is to afford security against photographic imitations.

At one time it seemed that photography and kindred arts would destroy every guarantee against counterfeit notes. Give the photographer a camera, a few dollars' worth of chemicals, and a quire of paper, and he could produce fac-similes of any note without limit. No matter how perfect the engraving, or how elaborate the machine work, he could in a few minutes make a copy exact to the minutest point. Science was invoked to remedy the evil which it had occasioned. Now photography can not, as far as we know, reproduce colors. Red, yellow, blue, and green, act like black upon the photographic plate. A red-haired man, for example, when photographed, wears a head of unimpeachable raven hue; the yellow of a footman's gorgeous plushes appears black in his photographic picture. So parts of bank notes were printed in red, blue, yellow, or green. These parts when photographed appeared black, as well as the part which were so in the genuine notes. But unfortunately all the colored inks in use were of such a nature that they could be discharged, with more or less facility, without disturbing the black ink. The counterfeiter would remove these colors, photograph the remainder of the note, and then print in the proper colors an imitation of the colored parts. An additional process was thus rendered necessary for the manufacture of a photographic counterfeit, but this was an easy one, and the labor was more than repaid by the security which was supposed to be given to any note printed in colors.

The production of an indestructible colored ink thus became a desideratum. This has been held impossible. Absolutely it is probably so. We presume no ink can be devised which may not be removed by chemical or mechanical means, or by a combination of both. Thus the coloring matter of the black ink used by printers is carbon finely pulverized. Put this dry upon paper, and it may be brushed off with a feather; mix it with water, and when the liquid evaporates the powder can be rubbed off. In printer's ink the carbon is mixed with oil, which binds it to the surface of the paper. Now an alkali combined with oil produces soap, which can be washed away. Let a piece of printed matter be saturated with alkali; wash it carefully with water and the oil disappears, leaving the carbon free. The problem, however, was to produce a

colored ink, not indeed absolutely indestructible, but one which could not be removed from a part of the note without, at the same time, discharging the black ink of the remainder. Even this was pronounced impossible. "The New American Cyclopædia" says: "No tint has yet been discovered which may not be chemically removed from the paper."

This important desideratum has, we believe, been attained in the "Green Ink," for the use of which the American Bank Note Company holds the exclusive patent. Four years ago it was submitted to the examination of the most eminent chemists. Among these were Messrs. Hunt of Montreal, Gibbs of the New York Free Academy, Torrey of the Assay Office, Horsford of Harvard, Silliman of Yale, Henry and Hilgard of the Smithsonian Institute. The composition of the ink was explained to them, and they were requested to apply to it the most searching tests known to chemistry, with such new ones as they could devise. They all replied, in substance, that they knew of no chemical means by which the green ink could be destroyed without, at the same time, destroying the texture of the paper on which it was printed; and it could be removed mechanically only by means which would, at the same time, remove the black carbon ink combined with it on the same note. Most of these eminent chemists have recently been asked whether in the interim any new discovery has been made which would lead them to change their former opinion. They all reply in the negative. We may therefore assume that the green ink which appears so largely upon the Bank Notes and United States Treasury Notes prepared by this Company, affords a perfect security against photographic counterfeits. The public must learn just what parts should be in green: If they do not in any bill appear of that color, or if they do appear in any other, the note may be assumed to be a photographic counterfeit.

The finished plates are now deposited in the Plate Room, from which they can only be re-



NIGHT WATCHMEN.



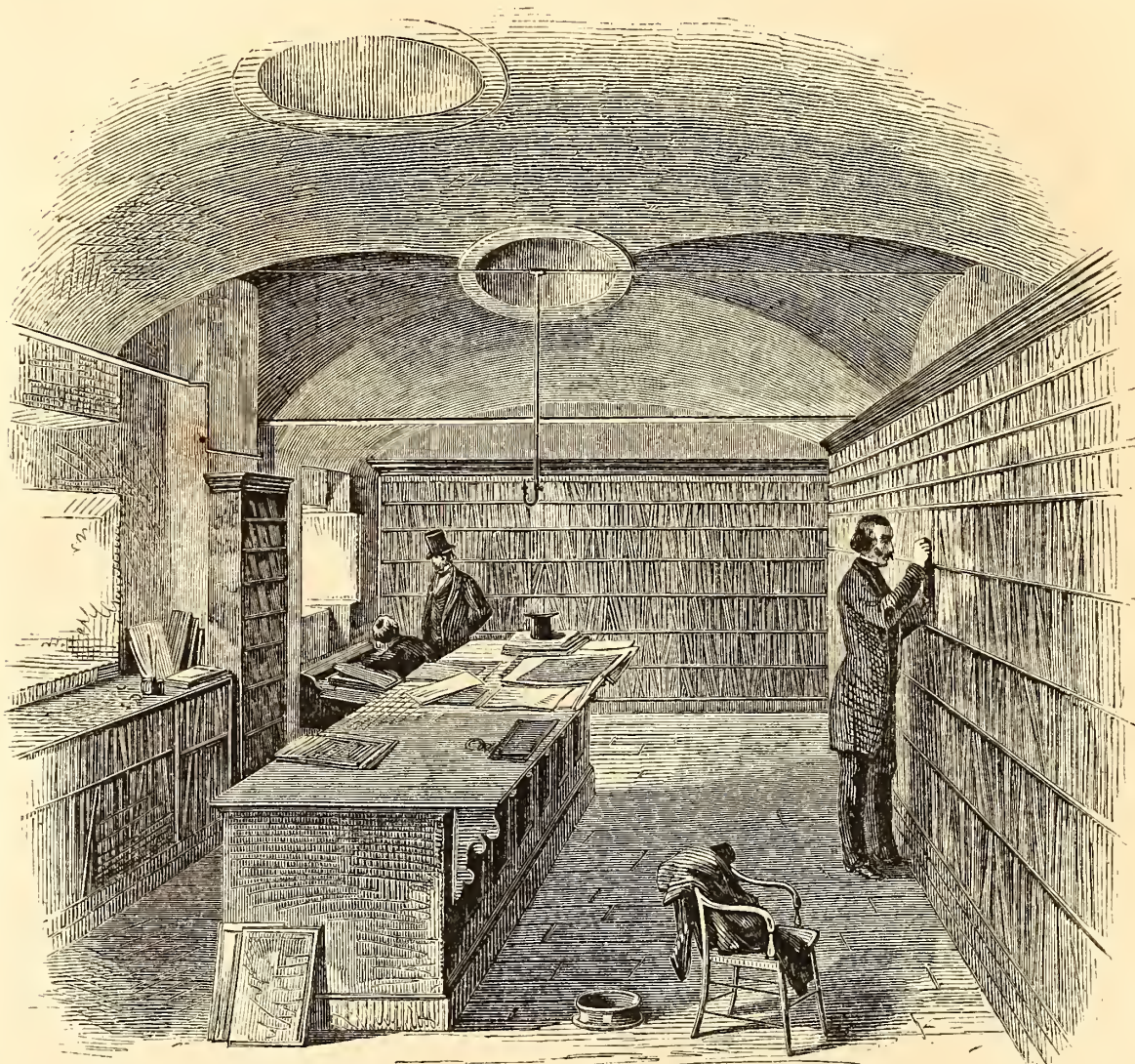


PLATE ROOM.

moved when actually wanted for printing, and never except by a written order from the Secretary of the Company. The importance of this room is shown by the care taken for its security. It is in the fourth story of the building, and can be approached only by narrow passages communicating with those leading to the various departments. At night these are patrolled by armed watchmen, who have duplicate keys to every room except this. Just before the door, and at the point where the passages converge, is the room of the Janitor, a gray-headed, jolly Hibernian, who seems to be always at his post. Through the half-opened door of his den we catch sight of a formidable brace of blunderbusses, a discharge from which would effectually sweep the narrow passages. He points out to us also a series of cunningly devised "peep-holes," as he calls them, through which he can watch every thing going on without himself being seen. Long habit has made him so watchful that he can not sleep comfortably without getting up half a dozen times in the night to take a peep through these holes to assure himself that all is right, and that the watchmen are duly performing their rounds.

The entrance to the Plate Room is secured

by double doors of "chilled iron," with burglar-proof locks. These doors are never unlocked for a moment unless the keeper is within. Entering, the room looks like the casement of a fortress. Walls, roof, and floor are all of solid granite. The two windows, which look out upon the street, sixty feet below, appear like embrasures, showing the massive structure of the edifice. All around the room are cases with numbered compartments, in which the plates are deposited. An alphabetical register, comprised in several mercantile-looking volumes, tells the place in which every plate is deposited, so that it can be found at a minute's notice. Here are stored away plates for the entire issue of more than fifteen hundred banks in the United States; those for the Treasury Bonds of the United States and the Government of Canada; for the National Bank of Greece; for banks in Costa Rica, Guayaquil, Panama, and St. Thomas; for Swiss Railroad Bonds, and Postage Stamps of the British Provinces; besides those for Bonds, Drafts, Certificates, Bills of Exchange, and other Commercial Paper. In all, there are about 8000 plates deposited here. The falling of any one of these into improper hands would involve serious loss to the community. Well may every



precaution be employed for the security of this room. It is really a "safe," more secure than any which we have seen, unless, perhaps, that in which the Assay Office keeps its bars and cheeses.

Passing onward, we glance into the Paper Wareroom, where a large stock is always kept in store. This is of no small importance; for the quality of the paper is one of the points to be considered in judging of the genuineness of a bank note. In the English notes this is the principal security, the engraving being of less importance. With us the quality of the paper is of less account. Still, as the paper used

for bank notes is of a peculiar character, made for this special purpose, by only a few manufactories, it is essential that it should be closely watched.



PAPER WAREROOM.

Not a sheet can leave this room without being accounted for.

We now pass to the Counting and Packing



COUNTING AND PACKING ROOM.



Room, where a variety of operations are performed. Here the work is given out to the printers. Each man in the morning receives the plate which he is to print, and the necessary paper. These are charged to him. At night, when he has finished his day's work, he brings back the plate with his printed sheets, which are credited to him on the books. Here also the printed sheets are dried, pressed, counted, and sealed up for delivery to the persons authorized to receive them.

We now ascend a flight of stairs, and reach the Printing Room. This room, or rather series of rooms, present a busy aspect. They occupy three sides of a hollow square, of which

the Rotunda of the Exchange forms the centre. Our illustration shows only a half of one of these three divisions. Turning around, a similar scene is presented to the view, which will be repeated at each of the three sides of the square. Rows of presses are ranged through each division. On some are being worked the black plates of a note; on others the green backs and checks; on others the red patterns which appear on various parts of the notes. According to our count there are in this room about 100 presses, giving employment to nearly 200 persons. The necessity for this large force will appear when we remember that each note, as now produced, requires at least three separate printings: First the black,



PRINTING ROOM.





NUMBERING PRESS.

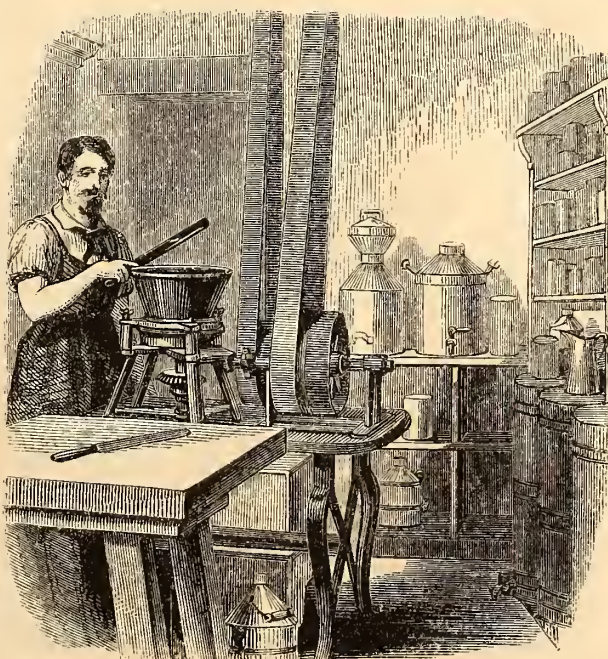
secondly the green upon the face, and third the green check upon the back. A fourth printing, usually red, is frequently added upon some part. Notes also wear out more rapidly than is generally supposed. A curious table, compiled from the records of the New York Banking Department, has been prepared by Mr. Gavit, showing that the average "life of a bank note" is about three years. That is, taking one with another, notes in three years become so worn and defaced as not to be fit for circulation. When such a note comes back to the bank it is destroyed, and is replaced by a new one. This period might be shortened with advantage to the public. The Bank of England never re-issues a note. If one was paid out yesterday, and comes back to-day as fresh as when issued, it is put away to be destroyed. We can not see the necessity of this; but we think a bank should never re-issue a note which has become at all indistinct.

A portion of the colored work of a note is printed from raised plates, like type, upon the ordinary hand-press. But the greater part of the printing is "copper-plate." The plate is laid on a brazier containing fire, for it must be warm to keep the ink in a sufficiently fluid state. The ink is applied with a roller all over the plate. The workman gives it two or three dextrous wipes with a cloth, and one or two more with his bare hand, removing all the ink except that which fills up the lines of the engraving; then places it on the press, lays the sheet of paper upon it, and by turning a winch passes it under the roller, which gives the impression. The whole operation is one of great nicety, for if the plate were not wiped perfectly clean the whole note would be blurred over; the paper also must be laid on in exactly the proper place, otherwise, when the colored pattern is added, it will not fall exactly in its right position. The presses must therefore all be of the most accurate description.

Bank notes were formerly numbered with a pen. The numbers are now usually printed in red, by means of a very ingenious little press, so arranged that the action by which one number is printed changes the type for the next impression to the number immediately succeeding, without any possibility of error. Thus, if 666 has been printed on a note, the figures for 667 are presented for the next. The machines are arranged to present any number up to 7 figures. That is, they will give any number from 1 to 999,999. No two notes of the same "letter" can have the same number; so that a record of the "letter" and "number" is sufficient to identify any note numbered by the machine.

Not only are skillful workmen and accurate machinery requisite for the mechanical perfection of a bank note, but all the materials used must be of the best quality. Much depends upon the ink. This is all made by the Company, of much finer materials and more carefully prepared than is requisite for ordinary purposes. For black ink a carbon of the purest quality and deepest color is required. Formerly that made by burning the refuse of the wine-press was considered superior to any other. Now, however, an article quite as good is made from sugar. This is calcined in an air-tight iron vessel, and the result is a powder of intense blackness, capable of the most minute pulverization. It is carbon almost absolutely pure; chemically, as far as science can detect, this black powder is identical with the diamond. The black figures "500" on a bank note, which one gives for a diamond, by our most accurate analysis, differ nothing from that of the precious stone which is received in exchange.

In a small room we find a machine, for the invention of which almost every one has daily cause to be thankful. It is used to perforate those little holes in a sheet of postage stamps which enable us to separate them so readily. It consists of a couple of cylinders revolving to-



INK MILL.





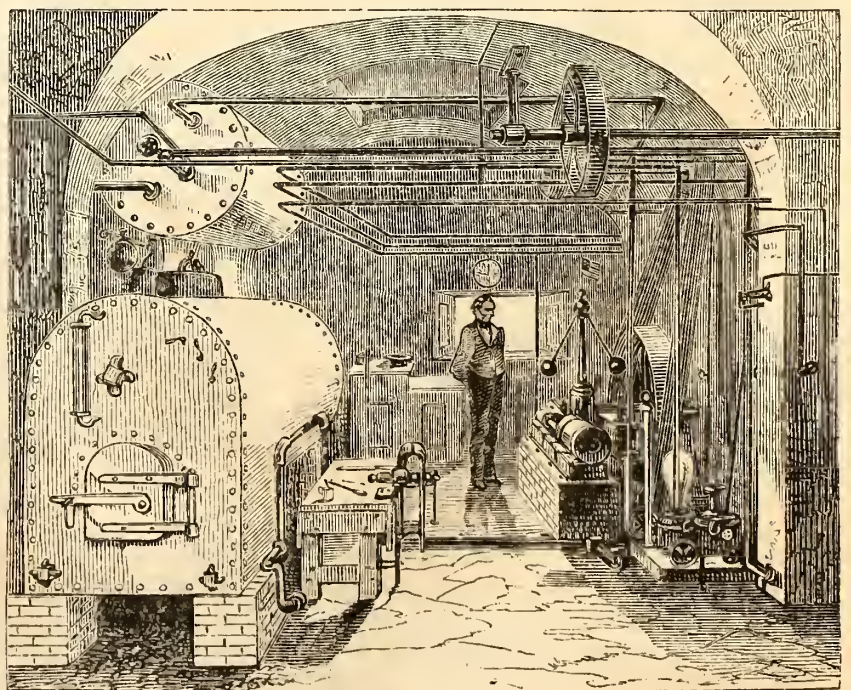
PERFORATING MACHINE.

gether. The upper one is studded over with little punches which fit into holes in the lower one. A sheet of stamps—already gummed, dried, and pressed—is passed between these cylinders, and each punch cuts out a piece; the lower cylinder being hollow these pieces fall into it, and do not clog the punches. A hundred stamps are usually printed on a sheet, and 250 of these sheets can be perforated in an hour. Simple as this machine is, no one hit upon it for years after the introduction of stamps. A statistician might make a curious estimate of the number of years of human life that would otherwise have been expended in searching for knives and scissors, and then cutting stamps apart, which have been saved by this machine. Thus: It took so many seconds to cut off a stamp; so many hundreds of millions have been used; multiply these figures together, and reduce the product to years or centuries, and we have the saving. The cylinders are made in sections, like a row of wheels, so that the points may be adjusted for stamps of any size.

In all the American Bank Note Company employs about 350 persons, of whom more than 100 are females. There are about 60 artists and engravers; 250 are employed in the Printing and Counting Rooms; the remainder being superintendents and clerks in the various departments. As we have seen, the presses and lathes are all worked by human power. Still there is employment for a steam-engine of 20-horse power. It

pumps water, moves the elevator, works the hydraulic presses, turns the ink mills, heats the building, and makes itself generally useful in a variety of ways. As may be readily conceived, in so large an establishment savings small in detail amount to large sums in the aggregate. Thus, the cloths with which the plates are wiped formerly consisted of rags from the paper-mill. But the supply from this source adapted to the purpose has of late fallen short of the demand, and it has been found necessary to have a fabric made for this special purpose. It is thin and soft, costing about six cents a yard. Formerly these cloths, when saturated with ink, were burned up; but as each printer will use about six cloths containing a yard each in a day, the entire cost for 100 amounted to a large sum. We saw a single bill of \$2500 for this cloth paid by the Company. Now these cloths are all washed out by the steam-engine, and are used over and over until worn out. Then of the

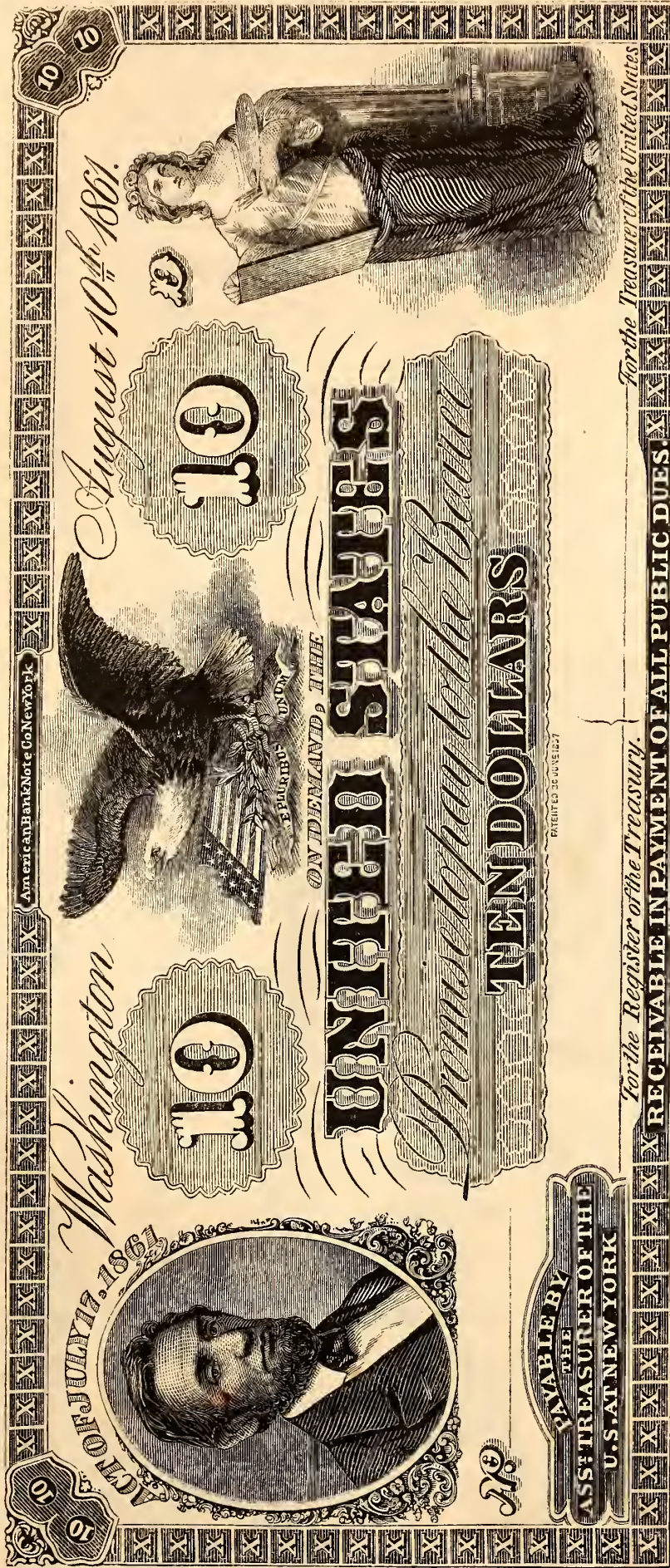
ink laid upon the plate, more than three-fourths is wiped off by these cloths. Now this ink is costly. The powder, for instance, which forms the basis of the green ink, costs a dollar a pound; that for the best black ink, costs not less than 50 cents a pound. This was all wasted when the cloths were destroyed. Now the green pigment is separated from the water in which the cloths are washed, and again made into ink, to be again wiped off and again recovered. The saving from absolute waste of cloths and ink can not amount to less than \$5000 a year. This saving ultimately accrues to the public; for it enables the Company to do their work so much cheaper. If so much wiping cloth and so much ink are wasted in printing a note, its cost must be charged indirectly to the purchaser. This purchaser is immediately the bank, but ultimately every man who has occasion to use a note.



ENGINE ROOM.



This and the following page contain representations of one of the United States "Demand Notes," and of one of the 7 3-10 per cent. notes. They are not intended as perfect fac-similes. No attempt has been made to represent the lathe-work checks and counters, beyond indicating their position and general figure. The parts which in the notes themselves are printed in green, are mentioned in the brief descriptions which are given of each denomination. The backs of all the notes are printed in green. They consist of elaborate combinations of lathe-work, differing entirely for each denomination, each containing the letters and figures which show the value, repeated many times. No one who observes this, and notes the brief descriptions of the character and position of the different parts of the notes, will ever be defrauded by an altered Treasury Note.



UNITED STATES TEN DOLLAR DEMAND NOTE.

(The Treasury Notes are signed, by different clerks, "For the Register of the Treasury" and "For the Treasurer of the United States." The places of the signature are indicated in our representation.)  
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5. No Vignette. Crawford's statue of America on left end. "United States" at top in Old English letters. In centre, large "5" in green between two oblong checks, with "Five Dollars" in black across them. Counter in right upper corner, in black. Portrait of Hamilton in right lower corner.
10. Vignette, American Eagle. Portrait of Lincoln in left upper corner. On right end, Art, with palette and tablet. "United States" in square letters below eagle; under this, check, in green. Counters, with "10" on each side of Vignette.
20. Vignette, Liberty, with sword and shield. On each end oblong check, in green. Counters, black, with "20." Green checks on each side of Vignette.



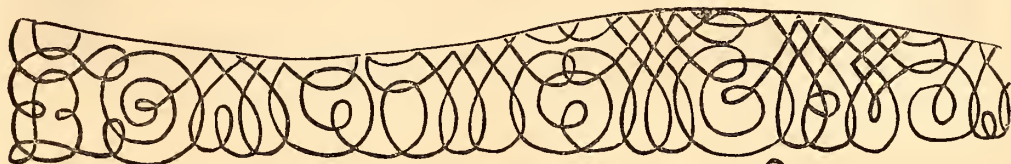




In the foregoing account of the various processes in the manufacture of a Bank Note, we have, in effect, described those employed by this Company in the production of the United States Treasury Notes. The imitations which we have given of one denomination of each kind, with the brief descriptions appended of the other denominations, will show their general character. Each combines all the safeguards against fraud now known. In speaking of the indestructible green ink used by the Company, we should have mentioned that it is used only on the face of the notes, its special use being, as has been explained, to guard against photographic counterfeits, by using in conjunction two inks of different colors, one of which can not be removed without removing the other. The photographic counterfeiter has nothing to gain by removing the check on the back. If he photographs it, the copy will appear in black. It can only be coun-

terfeited by making an engraved imitation of the plate; and to guard against this, the most elaborate lathe-work has been lavished upon these backs. We repeat that our representations of the Treasury Notes are only imitations; they are not, and could not be made fac-similes of the genuine notes. It may not be uninteresting to compare them with the following perfect fac-simile of one of the Massachusetts Bills of 1690—the first American paper money.

The Treasury "Demand Notes" have already become an important part of our currency. Being payable on presentation at the specified Branch Treasuries of the United States, they are equivalent to specie. The "Interest Notes" are due at the end of three years from date, with interest payable semi-annually. This interest, being at the rate of  $7\frac{3}{10}$  per cent., amounts to just one cent a day upon every fifty dollars. To facilitate the payment of the interest, each



N<sup>o</sup> ( 419 ) 20<sup>s</sup>

THIS Indented Bill of Twenty  
Shillings due from the Massachusetts  
Colony to the Possessor shall be in value  
equal to money & shall be accordingly  
accepted by the Treasurer and Receivers  
subordinate to him in all Publick paym<sup>ts</sup>  
and for any Stock at any time in the  
Treasury. Boston in New-England  
February the third 1690 By Order of  
the General Court



*Eliza Hutchinson*

*John Hull*

Comitee

*Tim Thornton*





COUPONS.

of these notes has attached to it five little tickets, called "coupons," numbered in red to correspond with the note itself, and dated at intervals of six months. To collect the interest it is only necessary to cut off the coupon, and present it, when due, at any branch office of the Treasury. There are but five coupons for the three years, because the last installment, as specified on the note, is made payable with the note itself.

It was fortunate for the country that there was in existence an Association capable of executing these notes with the rapidity which was absolutely necessary. It would have taken months for the Government to have organized an establishment for this purpose. Machinery would have to be built, and hundreds of skilled workmen found; and then, after the expiration of a few months, the work would have been done, and the establishment must be disbanded. The "American Bank Note Company" was ready, at a week's notice, to put all the facilities which it had been accumulating for years at the disposal of the Government. Besides the main establishment in New York, which we have described, the Company has branches at Boston and Philadelphia, where the same operations are carried on. It had a similar branch at New Orleans at the time when our troubles broke out. This, for the present, is wholly lost. The entire organization is managed by a Board of Trustees, the President of which is the executive officer of the Company. Each Department is under the immediate direction of a competent superintendent; but all of them are directly accountable to the President, whose decision is final in all cases. Perfect harmony of action is thus secured in every branch of the organization.

All the various appliances which we have described are brought into play for the purpose of protecting the public from loss by spurious paper

money. We will devote a few paragraphs to a description of the different kinds of spurious paper, and the precautions which are or may be used against them.

1. *Counterfeits*.—By these we mean direct imitations of some genuine bill. To produce an even tolerable counterfeit demands an amount of artistic and mechanical talent which is rarely at the command of rogues. There is something in the artistic faculty which in most cases protects its possessor from temptations to fraud. It is only rarely that a good engraver turns out a rogue; moreover he can always do better by the honest exercise of his skill than by its fraudulent use. Now and then, indeed, a "dangerous" counterfeit is produced, and we wonder how and by whom it was made. But only a small part of the spurious money in circulation—probably not one dollar in twenty—is of this class. The security against counterfeits is found in the artistic execution of the genuine notes.—Of *Photographic Counterfeits*, and the precautions against them, we have spoken elsewhere.

2. *Raised Notes*.—These are genuine notes raised from a lower to a higher denomination—say from a "1" to a "10"—by altering the principal figures. This is sometimes done by removing the true figure, by means which we have described, and printing in its place the larger one. More frequently, however, the altered figure is printed on thin paper and pasted over the true one. To guard against this, the denominational letters and figures should be so often repeated on each note as to render their erasure or concealment equivalent to making a new note. The general appearance of each denomination should also be wholly different. Some banks have the leading vignette repeated on all their notes. This is intended to guard against "Altered Notes," of which we shall



next speak. But we think the practice unwise. Vignettes, portraits, checks, and lettering should differ for every denomination.

3. *Altered Notes.*—These consist of the notes of some "bad" bank altered so as to represent those of a good one. Thus notes of the fraudulent "Bank of the Republic, Washington, D.C.," are altered so as to read "Bank of the Republic, New York." These alterations are either made by erasure and pasting on the notes themselves, or by altering parts of the plate itself and so printing them entirely new. Formerly too little care was taken of the plates. When a bank failed its assets, including the plates, were often sold at auction. These might fall into fraudulent hands, and be so altered as to represent notes of sound banks. The plates might have been executed in good faith by the best engravers, and there would be nothing in their general appearance to designate them as spurious. This class of frauds is the most usual and the most dangerous. To guard against these, every one whose business requires that he should have a "Counterfeit Detector," should also have the "Bank Note Descriptive List," containing brief descriptions of the character and positions of the principal parts of every genuine note. Whenever a note is offered with which he is not acquainted he should compare it with these descriptions. If it is an altered note they will differ essentially.

Bank Plates, moreover, should be kept with the utmost care. In fact, they should be considered as public property, the banks having only the right to their exclusive use for such number of impressions as they may legally issue. As

such, they should be in the custody of persons appointed by the State; and whenever a bank fails or retires from business the plates should be destroyed by the proper authority. This is done with the plates of banks under the New York General Banking Law. All these plates are in the custody of the Banking Department of the State. As it would be inconvenient and unsafe to send plates for this purpose to distant States, it would be far better for these States to make the Bank Note Company its sworn custodian for all plates. It has abundant means of guarding every plate; and its interest, as well as conscience, would impel it to the most perfect discharge of this duty. Indeed the Company now does all it can in this direction. Except in the case of banks of known and established character, it will not suffer the plates to leave its possession unless they are delivered to the authorities of States where there is a General Banking Law, similar to that of New York. If a bank at a distance should wish to stipulate for the delivery of its plates, it would, in ordinary cases, be considered as an indication that some improper use of them was intended, and the Company would decline to furnish the plates.

If the precautions which we have enumerated are carefully observed by the public, the danger of loss from spurious money will be so reduced that it need not be taken into the account in estimating the risks of business. The risk arising from broken banks belongs to a different category, and is to be guarded against only by wise and considerate action on the part of the public authorities by which these institutions are chartered.

## ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### PEREGRINE'S ELOQUENCE.

IN the last chapter Peregrine Orme called at Orley Farm with the view of discussing with Lucius Mason the conduct of their respective progenitors; and, as will be remembered, the young men agreed in a general way that their progenitors were about to make fools of themselves. Poor Peregrine, however, had other troubles on his mind. Not only had his grandfather been successful in love, but he had been unsuccessful. As he had journeyed home from Noningsby to The Cleeve in a high-wheeled vehicle which he called his trap, he had determined, being then in a frame of mind somewhat softer than was usual with him, to tell all his troubles to his mother. It sounds as though it were laekadaisical—such a resolve as this on the part of a dashing young man, who had been given to the pursuit of rats, and was now a leader among the sons of Nimrod in the pursuit of foxes. Young men of the present day, when got up for the eyes of the world, look and talk

as though they could never tell their mothers any thing—as though they were harder than flint, and as little in want of a woman's counsel and a woman's help as a colonel of horse on the morning of a battle. But the rigid virility of his outward accoutrements does in no way alter the man of flesh and blood who wears them; the young hero, so stern to the eye, is, I believe, as often tempted by stress of sentiment to lay bare the sorrow of his heart as is his sister. On this occasion Peregrine said to himself that he would lay bare the sorrow of his heart. He would find out what others thought of that marriage which he had proposed to himself; and then, if his mother encouraged him, and his grandfather approved, he would make another attack, beginning on the side of the judge, or perhaps on that of Lady Staveley.

But he found that others, as well as he, were laboring under a stress of sentiment; and when about to tell his own tale, he had learned that a tale was to be told to him. He had dined with Lady Mason, his mother, and his grandfather, and the dinner had been very silent. Three of



the party were in love, and the fourth was burdened with the telling of the tale. The baronet himself said nothing on the subject as he and his grandson sat over their wine; but later in the evening Peregrine was summoned to his mother's room, and she, with considerable hesitation and much diffidence, informed him of the coming nuptials.

"Marry Lady Mason!" he had said.

"Yes, Peregrine. Why should he not do so if they both wish it?"

Peregrine thought that there were many causes and impediments sufficiently just why no such marriage should take place, but he had not his arguments ready at his fingers' ends. He was so stunned by the intelligence that he could say but little about it on that occasion. By the few words that he did say, and by the darkness of his countenance, he showed plainly enough that he disapproved. And then his mother said all that she could in the baronet's favor, pointing out that in a pecuniary way Peregrine would receive benefit rather than injury.

"I'm not thinking of the money, mother."

"No, my dear; but it is right that I should tell you how considerate your grandfather is."

"All the same, I wish he would not marry this woman."

"Woman, Peregrine! You should not speak in that way of a friend whom I dearly love."

"She is a woman all the same." And then he sat sulkily looking at the fire. His own stress of sentiment did not admit of free discussion at the present moment, and was necessarily postponed. On that other affair he was told that his grandfather would be glad to see him on the following morning, and then he left his mother.

"Your grandfather, Peregrine, asked for my assent," said Mrs. Orme, "and I thought it right to give it." This she said to make him understand that it was no longer in her power to oppose the match. And she was thoroughly glad that this was so, for she would have lacked the courage to oppose Sir Peregrine in any thing.

On the next morning Peregrine saw his grandfather before breakfast. His mother came to his room door while he was dressing to whisper a word of caution to him. "Pray, be courteous to him," she said. "Remember how good he is to you—to us both! Say that you congratulate him."

"But I don't," said Peregrine.

"Ah, but, Peregrine—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mother. I'll leave the house altogether and go away, if you wish it."

"Oh, Peregrine! How can you speak in that way? But he's waiting now. Pray, pray, be kind in your manner to him."

He descended with the same sort of feeling which had oppressed him on his return home after his encounter with Carrotty Bob in Smithfield. Since then he had been on enduring good terms with his grandfather; but now again all the discomforts of war were imminent.

"Good-morning, Sir," he said, on going into his grandfather's dressing-room.

"Good-morning, Peregrine." And then there was silence for a moment or two.

"Did you see your mother last night?"

"Yes; I did see her."

"And she told you what it is that I propose to do?"

"Yes, Sir; she told me."

"I hope you understand, my boy, that it will not in any way affect your own interests injuriously."

"I don't care about that, Sir—one way or the other."

"But I do, Peregrine. Having seen to that, I think that I have a right to please myself in this matter."

"Oh yes, Sir; I know you have the right."

"Especially as I can benefit others. Are you aware that your mother has cordially given her consent to the marriage?"

"She told me that you had asked her, and that she had agreed to it. She would agree to any thing."

"Peregrine, that is not the way in which you should speak of your mother."

And then the young man stood silent, as though there was nothing more to be said. Indeed, he had nothing more to say. He did not dare to bring forward in words all the arguments against the marriage which were now crowding themselves into his memory, but he could not induce himself to wish the old man joy, or to say any of those civil things which are customary on such occasions. The baronet sat for a while, silent also, and a cloud of anger was coming across his brow; but he checked that before he spoke. "Well, my boy," he said, and his voice was almost more than usually kind, "I can understand your thoughts, and we will say nothing of them at present. All I will ask of you is to treat Lady Mason in a manner befitting the position in which I intend to place her."

"If you think it will be more comfortable, Sir, I will leave The Cleeve for a time."

"I hope that may not be necessary. Why should it? Or, at any rate, not as yet," he added, as a thought as to his wedding-day occurred to him. And then the interview was over, and in another half hour they met again at breakfast.

In the breakfast-room Lady Mason was also present. Peregrine was the last to enter, and as he did so his grandfather was already standing in his usual place, with the book of Prayers in his hand, waiting that the servants should arrange themselves at their chairs before he knelt down. There was no time then for much greeting, but Peregrine did shake hands with her as he stepped across to his accustomed corner. He shook hands with her, and felt that her hand was very cold; but he did not look at her, nor did he hear any answer given to his few muttered words. When they all got up she remained close to Mrs. Orme, as though she might thus be protected from the anger which she feared from Sir Peregrine's other friends.



And at breakfast also she sat close to her, far away from the baronet, and almost hidden by the urn from his grandson. Sitting there, she said nothing; neither, in truth, did she eat any thing. It was a time of great suffering to her, for she knew that her coming could not be welcomed by the young heir. "It must not be," she said to herself over and over again. "Though he turn me out of the house, I must tell him that it can not be so."

After breakfast Peregrine had ridden over to Orley Farm, and there held his consultation with the other heir. On his returning to The Cleeve he did not go into the house, but having given up his horse to a groom wandered away among the woods. Lucius Mason had suggested that he, Peregrine Orme, should himself speak to Lady Mason on this matter. He felt that his grandfather would be very angry should he do so. But he did not regard that much. He had filled himself full with the theory of his duties, and he would act up to it. He would see her, without telling any one what was his purpose, and put it to her whether she would bring down this destruction on so noble a gentleman. Having thus resolved, he returned to the house, when it was already dark, and making his way into the drawing-room, sat himself down before the fire, still thinking of his plan. The room was dark, as such rooms are dark for the last hour or two before dinner in January, and he sat himself in an arm-chair before the fire, intending to sit there till it would be necessary that he should go to dress. It was an unaccustomed thing with him so to place himself at such a time, or to remain in the drawing-room at all till he came down for a few minutes before dinner; but he did so now, having been thrown out of his usual habits by the cares upon his mind. He had been so seated about a quarter of an hour, and was already nearly asleep, when he heard the rustle of a woman's garment, and looking round, with such light as the fire gave him, perceived that Lady Mason was in the room. She had entered very quietly, and was making her way in the dark to a chair which she frequently occupied, between the fire and one of the windows, and in doing so she passed so near Peregrine as to touch him with her dress.

"Lady Mason," he said, speaking in the first place, in order that she might know that she was not alone, "it is almost dark; shall I ring for candles for you?"

She started at hearing his voice, begged his pardon for disturbing him, declined his offer of light, and declared that she was going up again to her own room immediately. But it occurred to him that if it would be well that he should speak to her, it would be well that he should do so at once; and what opportunity could be more fitting than the present? "If you are not in a hurry about any thing," he said, "would you mind staying here for a few minutes?"

"Oh no, certainly not." But he could perceive that her voice trembled in uttering these few words.

"I think I'd better light a candle," he said; and then he did light one of those which stood on the corner of the mantle-piece—a solitary candle, which only seemed to make the gloom of the large room visible. She, however, was standing close to it, and would have much preferred that the room should have been left to its darkness.

"Won't you sit down for a few minutes?" and then she sat down. "I'll just shut the door, if you don't mind. And then, having done so, he returned to his own chair and again faced the fire. He saw that she was pale and nervous, and he did not like to look at her as he spoke. He began to reflect also that they might probably be interrupted by his mother, and he wished that they could adjourn to some other room. That, however, seemed to be impossible; so he summoned up all his courage, and began his task.

"I hope you won't think me uncivil, Lady Mason, for speaking to you about this affair."

"Oh no, Mr. Orme; I am sure that you will not be uncivil to me."

"Of course I can not help feeling a great concern in it, for it's very nearly the same, you know, as if he were my father. Indeed, if you come to that, it's almost worse; and I can assure you it is nothing about money that I mind. Many fellows in my place would be afraid about that, but I don't care two-pence what he does in that respect. He is so honest and so noble-hearted that I am sure he won't do me a wrong."

"I hope not, Mr. Orme; and certainly not in respect to me."

"I only mention it for fear you should misunderstand me. But there are other reasons, Lady Mason, why this marriage will make me—make me very unhappy."

"Are there? I shall be so unhappy if I make others unhappy."

"You will, then—I can assure you of that. It is not only me, but your own son. I was up with him to-day, and he thinks of it the same as I do."

"What did he say, Mr. Orme?"

"What did he say? Well, I don't exactly remember his words; but he made me understand that your marriage with Sir Peregrine would make him very unhappy. He did indeed. Why do you not see him yourself, and talk to him?"

"I thought it best to write to him in the first place."

"Well, now you have written; and don't you think it would be well that you should go up and see him? You will find that he is quite as strong against it as I am—quite."

Peregrine, had he known it, was using the arguments which were of all the least likely to induce Lady Mason to pay a visit to Orley Farm. She dreaded the idea of a quarrel with her son, and would have made almost any sacrifice to prevent such a misfortune; but at the present moment she feared the anger of his words almost more than the anger implied by his ab-



sence. If this trial could be got over, she would return to him and almost throw herself at his feet; but till that time might it not be well that they should be apart? At any rate these tidings of his discontent could not be efficacious in inducing her to seek him.

"Dear Lucius!" she said, not addressing herself to her companion but speaking her thoughts. "I would not willingly give him cause to be discontented with me."

"He is, then, very discontented. I can assure you of that."

"Yes; he and I think differently about all this."

"Ah, but don't you think you had better speak to him before you quite make up your mind? He is your son, you know; and an uncommon clever fellow too. He'll know how to say all this much better than I do."

"Say what, Mr. Orme?"

"Why, of course you can't expect that any body will like such a marriage as this; that is, any body except you and Sir Peregrine."

"Your mother does not object to it."

"My mother! But you don't know my mother yet. She would not object to have her head cut off if any body wanted it that she cared about. I do not know how it has all been managed, but I suppose Sir Peregrine asked her. Then of course she would not object. But look at the common sense of it, Lady Mason. What does the world always say when an old man like my grandfather marries a young woman?"

"But I am not—" So far she got, and then she stopped herself.

"We have all liked you very much. I'm sure I have for one; and I'll go in for you, heart and soul, in this shameful law business. When Lucius asked me, I didn't think any thing of going to that scoundrel in Hamworth; and all along I've been delighted that Sir Peregrine took it up. By Heavens! I'd be glad to go down to Yorkshire myself, and walk into that fellow that wants to do you this injury. I would indeed; and I'll stand by you as strong as any body. But, Lady Mason, when it comes to one's grandfather marrying, it—it—it— Think what people in the county will say of him. If it was your father, and if he had been at the top of the tree all his life, how would you like to see him get a fall, and be laughed at as though he were in the mud just when he was too old ever to get up again?"

I am not sure whether Lucius Mason, with all his cleverness, could have put the matter much better, or have used a style of oratory more efficacious to the end in view. Peregrine had drawn his picture with a coarse pencil, but he had drawn it strongly, and with graphic effect. And then he paused, not with self-confidence, or as giving his companion time to see how great had been his art, but in want of words, and somewhat confused by the strength of his own thoughts. So he got up and poked

the fire, turned his back to it, and then sat down again. "It is such a deuce of a thing, Lady Mason," he said, "that you must not be angry with me for speaking out."

"Oh, Mr. Orme, I am not angry, and I do not know what to say to you."

"Why don't you speak to Lucius?"

"What could he say more than you have said? Dear Mr. Orme, I would not injure him—your grandfather, I mean—for all that the world holds."

"You will injure him—in the eyes of all his friends."

"Then I will not do it. I will go to him and beg him that it may not be so. I will tell him that I can not. Any thing will be better than bringing him to sorrow or disgrace."

"By Jove! but will you really?" Peregrine was startled and almost frightened at the effect of his own eloquence. What would the baronet say when he learned that he had been talked out of his wife by his grandson?

"Mr. Orme," continued Lady Mason, "I am sure you do not understand how this matter has been brought about. If you did, however much it might grieve you, you would not blame me, even in your thoughts. From the first to the last my only desire has been to obey your grandfather in every thing."

"But you would not marry him out of obedience?"

"I would, and did so intend. I would, certainly, if in doing so I did him no injury. You say that your mother would give her life for him. So would I; that or any thing else that I could give, without hurting him or others. It was not I that sought for this marriage; nor did I think of it. If you were in my place, Mr. Orme, you would know how difficult it is to refuse."

Peregrine again got up, and, standing with his back to the fire, thought over it all again. His soft heart almost relented toward the woman who had borne his rough words with so much patient kindness. Had Sir Peregrine been there then, and could he have condescended so far, he might have won his grandson's consent without much trouble. Peregrine, like some other generals, had expended his energy in gaining his victory, and was more ready now to come to easy terms than he would have been had he suffered in the combat.

"Well," he said, after a while, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for the manner in which you have taken what I said to you. Nobody knows about it yet, I suppose; and perhaps, if you will talk to the governor—"

"I will talk to him, Mr. Orme."

"Thank you; and then perhaps all things may turn out right. I'll go and dress now." And so saying he took his departure, leaving her to consider how best she might act at this crisis of her life, so that things might go right, if such were possible. The more she thought of it, the less possible it seemed that her affairs should be made to go right.





PEREGRINE'S ELOQUENCE.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OH, INDEED!

THE dinner on that day at The Cleeve was not very dull. Peregrine had some hopes that the idea of the marriage might be abandoned,

and was at any rate much better disposed toward Lady Mason than he had been. He spoke to her, asking her whether she had been out, and suggesting roast mutton or some such creature comfort. This was lost neither on Sir Peregrine nor on Mrs. Orme, and they both exerted



themselves to say a few words in a more cheery tone than had been customary in the house for the last day or two. Lady Mason herself did not say much, but she had sufficient tact to see the effort which was being made; and though she spoke but little she smiled and accepted graciously the courtesies that were tendered to her.

Then the two ladies went away, and Peregrine was again left with his grandfather. "That was a nasty accident that Graham had going out of Monkton Grange," said he, speaking on the moment of his closing the dining-room door after his mother. "I suppose you heard all about it, Sir?" Having fought his battle so well before dinner, he was determined to give some little rest to his half-vanquished enemy.

"The first tidings we heard were that he was dead," said Sir Peregrine, filling his glass.

"No, he wasn't dead. But of course you know that now. He broke an arm and two ribs, and got rather a bad squeeze. He was just behind me, you know, and I had to wait for him. I lost the run, and had to see Harriet Tristram go away with the best lead any one has had to a fast thing this year. That's an uncommon nasty place at the back of Monkton Grange."

"I hope, Peregrine, you don't think too much about Harriet Tristram."

"Think of her! who? I? Think of her in what sort of a way? I think she goes uncommonly well to hounds."

"That may be, but I should not wish to see you pin your happiness on any lady that was celebrated chiefly for going well to hounds."

"Do you mean marry her?" and Peregrine immediately made a strong comparison in his mind between Miss Tristram and Madeline Staveley.

"Yes; that's what I did mean."

"I wouldn't have her if she owned every fox-cove in the county. No, by Jove! I know a trick worth two of that. It's jolly enough to see them going, but as to being in love with them—in that sort of way—"

"You are quite right, my boy; quite right. It is not that that a man wants in a wife."

"No," said Peregrine, with a melancholy cadence in his voice, thinking of what it was that he did want. And so they sat sipping their wine. The turn which the conversation had taken had for the moment nearly put Lady Mason out of the young man's head.

"You would be very young to marry yet," said the baronet.

"Yes, I should be young; but I don't know that there is any harm in that."

"Quite the contrary, if a young man feels himself to be sufficiently settled. Your mother, I know, would be very glad that you should marry early; and so should I, if you married well."

What on earth could all this mean? It could not be that his grandfather knew that he was in love with Miss Staveley; and had this been known, his grandfather would not have talked of

Harriet Tristram. "Oh yes; of course a fellow should marry well. I don't think much of marrying for money."

"Nor do I, Peregrine; I think very little of it."

"Nor about being of very high birth."

"Well; it would make me unhappy—very unhappy, if you were to marry below your own rank."

"What do you call my own rank?"

"I mean any girl whose father is not a gentleman, and whose mother is not a lady; and of whose education among ladies you could not feel certain."

"I could be quite certain about her," said Peregrine, very innocently.

"Her! what her?"

"Oh, I forgot that we were talking about nobody."

"You don't mean Harriet Tristram?"

"No, certainly not."

"Of whom were you thinking, Peregrine? May I ask—if it be not too close a secret?" And then again there was a pause, during which Peregrine emptied his glass and filled it again. He had no objection to talk to his grandfather about Miss Staveley, but he felt ashamed of having allowed the matter to escape him in this sort of way. "I will tell you why I ask, my boy," continued the baronet. "I am going to do that which many people will call a very foolish thing."

"You mean about Lady Mason."

"Yes; I mean my own marriage with Lady Mason. We will not talk about that just at present, and I only mention it to explain that before I do so I shall settle the property permanently. If you were married I should at once divide it with you. I should like to keep the old house myself, till I die—"

"Oh, Sir!"

"But sooner than give you cause of offense I would give that up."

"I would not consent to live in it unless I did so as your guest."

"Until your marriage I think of settling on you a thousand a year; but it would add to my happiness if I thought it likely that you would marry soon. Now may I ask of whom were you thinking?"

Peregrine paused for a second or two before he made any reply, and then he brought it out boldly. "I was thinking of Madeline Staveley."

"Then, my boy, you were thinking of the prettiest girl and the best-bred lady in the county. Here's her health;" and he filled for himself a bumper of claret. "You couldn't have named a woman whom I should be more proud to see you bring home. And your mother's opinion of her is the same as mine. I happen to know that;" and with a look of triumph he drank his glass of wine, as though much that was very joyful to him had been already settled.

"Yes," said Peregrine, mournfully, "she is a very nice girl; at least I think so."



"The man who can win her, Peregrine, may consider himself to be a lucky fellow. You were quite right in what you were saying about money. No man feels more sure of that than I do. But if I am not mistaken Miss Staveley will have something of her own. I rather think that Arbuthnot got ten thousand pounds."

"I'm sure I don't know, Sir," said Peregrine; and his voice was by no means as much elated as that of his grandfather.

"I think he did; or if he didn't get it all, the remainder is settled on him. And the judge is not a man to behave better to one child than to another."

"I suppose not."

And then the conversation flagged a little, for the enthusiasm was all one side. It was moreover on that side which naturally would have been the least enthusiastic. Poor Peregrine had only told half his secret as yet, and that not the most important half. To Sir Peregrine the tidings, as far as he had heard them, were very pleasant. He did not say to himself that he would purchase his grandson's assent to his own marriage by giving his consent to his grandson's marriage. But it did seem to him that the two affairs, acting upon each other, might both be made to run smooth. His heir could have made no better choice in selecting the lady of his love. Sir Peregrine had feared much that some Miss Tristram or the like might have been tendered to him as the future Lady Orme, and he was agreeably surprised to find that a new mistress for The Cleeve had been so well chosen. He would be all kindness to his grandson, and win from him, if it might be possible, reciprocal courtesy and complaisance. "Your mother will be very pleased when she hears this," he said.

"I meant to tell my mother," said Peregrine, still very dolefully, "but I do not know that there is any thing in it to please her. I only said that I—I admired Miss Staveley."

"My dear boy, if you'll take my advice you'll propose to her at once. You have been staying in the same house with her, and—"

"But I have."

"Have what?"

"I have proposed to her."

"Well?"

"And she has refused me. You know all about it now, and there's no such great cause for joy."

"Oh, you have proposed to her. Have you spoken to her father or mother?"

"What was the use when she told me plainly that she did not care for me? Of course I should have asked her father. As to Lady Staveley, she and I got on uncommonly well. I'm almost inclined to think that she would not have objected."

"It would be a very nice match for them, and I dare say she would not have objected." And then for some ten minutes they sat looking at the fire. Peregrine had nothing more to say about it, and the baronet was thinking how best he might encourage his grandson.

"You must try again, you know," at last he said.

"Well; I fear not. I do not think it would be any good. I'm not quite sure she does not care for some one else."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, a fellow that's there. The man who broke his arm. I don't say she does, you know, and of course you won't mention it."

Sir Peregrine gave the necessary promises, and then endeavored to give encouragement to the lover. He would himself see the judge, if it were thought expedient, and explain what liberal settlement would be made on the lady in the event of her altering her mind. "Young ladies, you know, are very prone to alter their minds on such matters," said the old man. In answer to which Peregrine declared his conviction that Madeline Staveley would not alter her mind. But then do not all despondent lovers hold that opinion of their own mistresses?

Sir Peregrine had been a great gainer by what had occurred, and so he felt it. At any rate all the novelty of the question of his own marriage was over, as between him and Peregrine; and then he had acquired a means of being gracious, which must almost disarm his grandson of all power of criticism. When he, an old man, was ready to do so much to forward the views of a young man, could it be possible that the young man should oppose his wishes? And Peregrine was aware that his power of opposition was thus lessened.

In the evening nothing remarkable occurred between them. Each had his or her own plans; but these plans could not be furthered by any thing to be said in a general assembly. Lady Mason had already told to Mrs. Orme all that had passed in the drawing-room before dinner, and Sir Peregrine had determined that he would consult Mrs. Orme as to that matter regarding Miss Staveley. He did not think much of her refusal. Young ladies always do refuse—at first.

On the day but one following this there came another visit from Mr. Furnival, and he was for a long time closeted with Sir Peregrine. Matthew Round had, he said, been with him, and had felt himself obliged in the performance of his duty to submit a case to counsel on behalf of his client Joseph Mason. He had not as yet received the written opinion of Sir Richard Leatheram, to whom he had applied; but nevertheless, as he wished to give every possible notice, he had called to say that his firm were of opinion that an action must be brought either for forgery or for perjury.

"For perjury!" Mr. Furnival had said.

"Well; yes. We would wish to be as little harsh as possible. But if we convict her of having sworn falsely when she gave evidence as to having copied the codicil herself, and having seen it witnessed by the pretended witnesses—why in that case of course the property would go back."

"I can't give any opinion as to what might



be the result in such a case," said Mr. Furnival.

Mr. Round had gone on to say that he thought it improbable that the action could be tried before the summer assizes.

"The sooner the better as far as we are concerned," said Mr. Furnival.

"If you really mean that, I will see that there shall be no unnecessary delay." Mr. Furnival had declared that he did really mean it, and so the interview had ended.

Mr. Furnival had really meant it, fully concurring in the opinion which Mr. Chaffanbrass had expressed on this matter; but nevertheless the increasing urgency of the case had almost made him tremble. He still carried himself with a brave outside before Mat Round, protesting as to the utter absurdity as well as cruelty of the whole proceeding; but his conscience told him that it was not absurd. "Perjury!" he said to himself, and then he rang the bell for Crabwitz. The upshot of that interview was that Mr. Crabwitz received a commission to arrange a meeting between that great barrister, the member for the Essex Marshes, and Mr. Solomon Aram.

"Won't it look rather—rather—rather—; you know what I mean, Sir?" Crabwitz had asked.

"We must fight these people with their own weapons," said Mr. Furnival; not exactly with justice, seeing that Messrs. Round and Crook were not at all of the same calibre in the profession as Mr. Solomon Aram.

Mr. Furnival had already at this time seen Mr. Slow, of the firm of Slow and Bideawhile, who were Sir Peregrine's solicitors. This he had done chiefly that he might be able to tell Sir Peregrine that he had seen him. Mr. Slow had declared that the case was one which his firm would not be prepared to conduct, and he named a firm to which he should recommend his client to apply. But Mr. Furnival, carefully considering the whole matter, had resolved to take the advice and benefit by the experience of Mr. Chaffanbrass.

And then he went down once more to The Cleeve. Poor Mr. Furnival! In these days he was dreadfully buffeted about both as regards his outer man and his inner conscience by this unfortunate case, giving up to it time that would otherwise have turned itself into heaps of gold; giving up domestic conscience—for Mrs. Furnival was still hot in her anger against poor Lady Mason; and giving up also much peace of mind, for he felt that he was soiling his hands by dirty work. But he thought of the lady's pale sweet face, of her tear-laden eye, of her soft beseeching tones, and gentle touch; he thought of these things—as he should not have thought of them; and he persevered.

On this occasion he was closeted with Sir Peregrine for a couple of hours, and each heard much from the other that surprised him very much. Sir Peregrine, when he was told that Mr. Solomon Aram from Bucklersbury, and Mr. Chaffanbrass from the Old Bailey, were to be re-

tained for the defense of his future wife, drew himself up and said that he could hardly approve of it. The gentlemen named were no doubt very clever in criminal concerns; he could understand as much as that, though he had not had great opportunity of looking into affairs of that sort. But surely in Lady Mason's case assistance of such a description would hardly be needed. Would it not be better to consult Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile?

And then it turned out that Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile had been consulted; and Mr. Furnival, not altogether successfully, endeavored to throw dust into the baronet's eyes, declaring that in a combat with the devil one must use the devil's weapons. He assured Sir Peregrine that he had given the matter his most matured and indeed most painful professional consideration; there were unfortunate circumstances which required peculiar care; it was a matter which would depend entirely on the evidence of one or two persons who might be suborned; and in such a case it would be well to trust to those who knew how to break down and crush a lying witness. In such work as that Slow and Bideawhile would be innocent and ignorant as babes. As to breaking down and crushing a witness anxious to speak the truth, Mr. Furnival at that time said nothing.

"I will not think that falsehood and fraud can prevail," said Sir Peregrine, proudly.

"But they do prevail sometimes," said Mr. Furnival. And then with much outer dignity of demeanor, but with some shamefaced tremblings of the inner man hidden under the guise of that outer dignity, Sir Peregrine informed the lawyer of his great purpose.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Furnival, throwing himself back into his chair with a start.

"Yes, Mr. Furnival. I should not have taken the liberty to trouble you with a matter so private in its nature, but for your close professional intimacy and great friendship with Lady Mason."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Furnival; and the baronet could understand from the lawyer's tone that even he did not approve.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### WHY SHOULD HE GO?

"I AM well aware, Mr. Staveley, that you are one of those gentlemen who amuse themselves by frequently saying such things to girls. I had learned your character in that respect before I had been in the house two days."

"Then, Miss Furnival, you learned what was very false. May I ask who has blackened me in this way in your estimation?" It will be easily seen from this that Mr. Augustus Staveley and Miss Furnival were at the present moment alone together in one of the rooms at Noningsby.

"My informant," she replied, "has been no one especial sinner whom you can take by the



throat and punish. Indeed, if you must shoot any body, it should be chiefly yourself, and after that your father, and mother, and sisters. But you need not talk of being black. Such sins are venial nowadays, and convey nothing deeper than a light shade of brown."

"I regard a man who can act in such a way as very base."

"Such a way as what, Mr. Staveley?"

"A man who can win a girl's heart for his own amusement."

"I said nothing about the winning of hearts. That is treachery of the worst dye; but I acquit you of any such attempt. When there is a question of the winning of hearts men look so different."

"I don't know how they look," said Augustus, not altogether satisfied as to the manner in which he was being treated—"but such has been my audacity—my too great audacity on the present occasion."

"You are the most audacious of men, for your audacity would carry you to the feet of another lady to-morrow without the slightest check."

"And that is the only answer I am to receive from you?"

"It is quite answer enough. What would you have me do? Get up and decline the honor of being Mrs. Augustus Staveley, with a courtesy?"

"No—I would have you do nothing of the kind. I would have you get up and accept the honor—with a kiss."

"So that you might have the kiss, and I might have the—; I was going to say disappointment, only that would be untrue. Let me assure you that I am not so demonstrative in my tokens of regard."

"I wonder whether you mean that you are not so honest?"

"No, Mr. Staveley; I mean nothing of the kind; and you are very impertinent to express such a supposition. What have I done or said to make you suppose that I have lost my heart to you?"

"As you have mine, it is at any rate human nature in me to hope that I might have yours."

"Pshaw! your heart! You have been making a shuttlecock of it till it is doubtful whether you have not banged it to pieces. I know two ladies who carry in their caps two feathers out of it. It is so easy to see when a man is in love. They all go cross-gartered like Malvolio; cross-gartered in their looks and words and doings."

"And there is no touch of all this in me?"

"You cross-gartered! You have never got so far yet as a lackadaisical twist to the corner of your mouth. Did you watch Mr. Orme before he went away?"

"Why; was he cross-gartered?"

"But you men have no eyes; you never see any thing. And your idea of love-making is to sit under a tree wishing, wondering whether the ripe fruit will fall down into your mouth. Ripe fruit does sometimes fall, and then it is all well

with you. But if it won't, you pass on and say that it is sour. As for climbing—"

"The fruit generally falls too fast to admit of such exercise," said Staveley, who did not choose that all the sharp things should be said on the other side.

"And that is the result of your very extended experience? The orchards which have been opened to you have not, I fear, been of the first quality. Mr. Staveley, my hand will do very well by itself. Such is not the sort of climbing that is required. That is what I call stooping to pick up the fruit that has fallen." And as she spoke she moved a little away from him on the sofa.

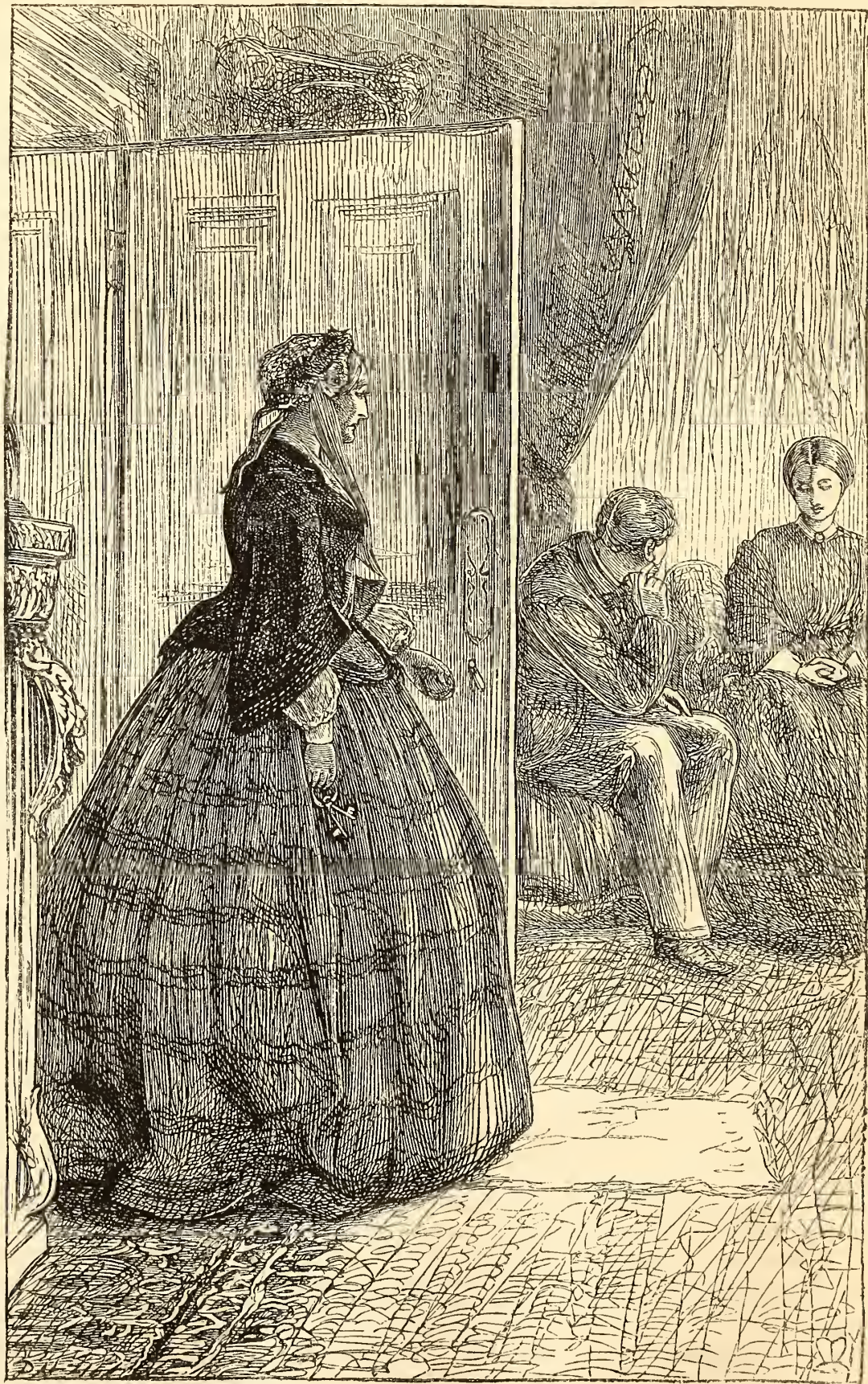
"And how is a man to climb?"

"Do you really mean that you want a lesson? But if I were to tell you my words would be thrown away. Men will not labor who have gotten all that they require without work. Why strive to deserve any woman, when women are plenty who do not care to be deserved? That plan of picking up the fallen apples is so much the easier."

The lesson might perhaps have been given, and Miss Furnival might have imparted to Mr. Staveley her idea of "excelesior" in the matter of love-making, had not Mr. Staveley's mother come into the room at that moment. Mrs. Staveley was beginning to fear that the results of her Christmas hospitality would not be satisfactory. Peregrine Orme, whom she would have been so happy to welcome to the warmest corner of her household temple as a son, had been sent away in wretchedness and disappointment. Madeline was moping about the house, hardly making an effort to look like herself; attributing, in her mother's ears, all her complaint to that unexpected interview with Peregrine Orme, but not so attributing it—as her mother fancied—with correctness. And there was Felix Graham still in the room up stairs, the doctor having said that he might be moved in a day or two; that is, such movement might possibly be effected without detriment: but having said also that another ten days of uninterrupted rest would be very desirable. And now, in addition to this, her son Augustus was to be found on every wet morning elosed somewhere with Sophia Furnival; on every wet morning, and sometimes on dry mornings also!

And then, on this very day, Lady Staveley had discovered that Felix Graham's door in the corridor was habitually left open. She knew her child too well, and was too clear and pure in her own mind to suppose that there was any thing wrong in this; that clandestine talkings were arranged, or any thing planned in secret. What she feared was that which really occurred. The door was left open, and as Madeline passed Felix would say a word, and then Madeline would pause and answer him. Such words as they were might have been spoken before all the household, and if so spoken would have been free from danger. But they were not free from danger when spoken in that way, in the passage of





AUGUSTUS STAVELEY AND MISS FURNIVAL.

a half-closed door-way—all which Lady Staveley understood perfectly.

"Baker," she had said, with more of anger in her voice than was usual with her, "why do you leave that door open?"

"I think it sweetens the room, my lady;"

and indeed Felix Graham sometimes thought so too.

"Nonsense; every sound in the house must be heard. Keep it shut, if you please."

"Yes, my lady," said Mrs. Baker—who also understood perfectly.



"He is better, my darling," said Mrs. Baker to Madeline, the same day; "and, indeed, for that he is well enough as regards eating and drinking. But it would be cruelty to move him yet. I heard what the doctor said."

"Who talks of moving him?"

"Well, he talks of it himself; and the doctor said it might be possible. But I know what that means."

"What does it mean?"

"Why, just this—that if we want to get rid of him, it won't quite be the death of him."

"But who wants to get rid of him?"

"I'm sure I don't. I don't mind my trouble the least in life. He's as nice a young gentleman as ever I sat beside the bed of; and he's full of spirit—he is."

And then Madeline appealed to her mother. Surely her mother would not let Mr. Graham be sent out of the house in his present state, merely because the doctor said it might be possible to move him without causing his instant death! And tears stood in poor Madeline's eyes as she thus pleaded the cause of the sick and wounded. This again tormented Lady Staveley, who found it necessary to give further caution to Mrs. Baker. "Baker," she said, "how can you be so foolish as to be talking to Miss Madeline about Mr. Graham's arm?"

"Who, my lady? I, my lady?"

"Yes, you; when you know that the least thing frightens her. Don't you remember how ill it made her when Roger"—Roger was an old family groom—"when Roger had that accident?" Lady Staveley might have saved herself the trouble of the reminiscence as to Roger, for Baker knew more about it than that. When Roger's scalp had been laid bare by a fall, Miss Madeline had chanced to see it, and had fainted; but Miss Madeline was not fainting now. Baker knew all about it, almost better than Lady Staveley herself. It was of very little use talking to Baker about Roger the groom. Baker thought that Mr. Felix Graham was a very nice young man, in spite of his "not being exactly handsomelike about the physgognomy," as she remarked to one of the younger maids, who much preferred Peregrine Orme.

Coming away from this last interview with Mrs. Baker, Lady Staveley interrupted her son and Sophia Furnival in the back drawing-room, and began to feel that her solicitude for her children would be almost too much for her. Why had she asked that nasty girl to her house, and why would not the nasty girl go away? As for her going away, there was no present hope, for it had been arranged that she should stay for another fortnight. Why could not the Fates have been kind, and have allowed Felix Graham and Miss Furnival to fall in love with each other? "I can never make a daughter of her if he does marry her," Lady Staveley said to herself, as she looked at them.

Augustus looked as though he were detected, and stammered out some question about his mother and the carriage; but Miss Furnival

did not for a moment lose her easy presence of mind. "Lady Staveley," said she, "why does not your son go and hunt, or shoot, or fish, instead of staying in the house all day? It seems to me that his time is so heavy on his hands that he will almost have to hang himself."

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Lady Staveley, who was not so perfect an actor as her guest.

"I do think gentlemen in the house in the morning always look so unfortunate. You have been endeavoring to make yourself agreeable, but you know you've been yawning."

"Do you suppose then that men never sit still in the morning?" said Augustus.

"Oh, in their chambers, yes; or on the bench, and perhaps also behind counters; but they very seldom do so in a drawing-room. You have been fidgeting about with the poker till you have destroyed the look of the fire-place."

"Well, I'll go and fidget up stairs with Graham," said he; and so he left the room.

"Nasty sly girl," said Lady Staveley to herself as she took up her work and sat herself down in her own chair.

Augustus did go up to his friend, and found him reading letters. There was no one else in the room, and the door, when Augustus reached it, was properly closed. "I think I shall be off to-morrow, old boy," said Felix.

"Then I think you'll do no such thing," said Augustus. "What's in the wind now?"

"The doctor said this morning that I could be moved without danger."

"He said that it might possibly be done in two or three days—that was all. What on earth makes you so impatient? You've nothing to do. Nobody else wants to see you, and nobody here wants to get rid of you."

"You're wrong in all your three statements."

"The deuce I am! Who wants to get rid of you?"

"That shall come last. I have something to do, and somebody else does want to see me. I've got a letter from Mary here, and another from Mrs. Thomas;" and he held up to view two letters which he had received, and which had, in truth, startled him.

"Mary's duenna—the artist who is supposed to be moulding the wife."

"Yes; Mary's duenna, or Mary's artist, whichever you please."

"And which of them wants to see you? It's just like a woman to require a man's attendance exactly when he is unable to move."

Then Felix, though he did not give up the letters to be read, described to a certain extent their contents. "I don't know what on earth has happened," he said. "Mary is praying to be forgiven, and saying that it is not her fault; and Mrs. Thomas is full of apologies, declaring that her conscience forces her to tell every thing; and yet, between them both, I do not know what has happened."

"Miss Snow has probably lost the key of the work-box you gave her."

"I have not given her a work-box."



"Then the writing-desk. That's what a man has to endure when he will make himself head schoolmaster to a young lady. And so you're going to look after your charge with your limbs still in bandages?"

"Just so;" and then he took up the two letters and read them again, while Staveley still sat on the foot of the bed. "I wish I knew what to think about it," said Felix.

"About what?" said the other. And then there was another pause, and another reading of a portion of the letters.

"There seems something—something almost frightful to me," said Felix, gravely, "in the idea of marrying a girl in a few months' time, who now, at so late a period of our engagement, writes to me in that sort of cold, formal way."

"It's the proper moulded-wife style, you may depend," said Augustus.

"I'll tell you what, Staveley, if you can talk to me seriously for five minutes I shall be obliged to you. If that is impossible to you, say so, and I will drop the matter."

"Well, go on; I am serious enough in what I intend to express, even though I may not be so in my words."

"I'm beginning to have my doubts about this dear girl."

"I've had my doubts for some time."

"Not, mark you, with regard to myself. The question is not now whether I can love her sufficiently for my own happiness. On that side I have no longer the right to a doubt."

"But you wouldn't marry her if you did not love her."

"We need not discuss that. But what if she does not love me? What if she would think it a release to be freed from this engagement? How am I to find that out?"

Augustus sat for a while silent, for he did feel that the matter was serious. The case, as he looked at it, stood thus: His friend Graham had made a very foolish bargain, from which he would probably be glad to escape, though he could not now bring himself to say as much. But this bargain, bad for him, would probably be very good for the young lady. The young lady, having no shilling of her own, and no merits of birth or early breeding to assist her outlook in the world, might probably regard her ready-made engagement to a clever, kind-hearted, high-spirited man, as an advantage not readily to be abandoned. Staveley, as a sincere friend, was very anxious that the match should be broken off; but he could not bring himself to tell Graham that he thought that the young lady would so wish. According to his idea the young lady must undergo a certain amount of disappointment and receive a certain amount of compensation. Graham had been very foolish, and must pay for his folly. But in preparing to do so, it would be better that he should see and acknowledge the whole truth of the matter.

"Are you sure that you have found out your own feelings?" Staveley said at last; and his tone was then serious enough even for his friend.

"It hardly matters whether I have or have not," said Felix.

"It matters above all things—above all things, because as to them you may come to something like certainty. Of the inside of her heart you can not know so much. The fact, I take it, is this—that you would wish to escape from this bondage."

"No; not unless I thought she regarded it as bondage also. It may be that she does. As for myself, I believe that at the present moment such a marriage would be for me the safest step that I could take."

"Safe as against what danger?"

"All dangers. How if I should learn to love another woman—some one utterly out of my reach—while I am still betrothed to her?"

"I rarely flatter you, Graham, and don't mean to do it now; but no girl ought to be out of your reach. You have talent, position, birth, and gifts of nature which should make you equal to any lady. As for money, the less you have the more you should look to get. But if you would cease to be mad, two years would give you command of an income."

"But I shall never cease to be mad."

"Who is it that can not be serious now?"

"Well, I will be serious—serious enough. I can afford to be so, as I have received my medical passport for to-morrow. No girl, you say, ought to be out of my reach. If the girl were one Miss Staveley, should she be regarded as out of my reach?"

"A man doesn't talk about his own sister," said Staveley, having got up from the bed and walked to the window, "and I know you don't mean any thing."

"But, by Heavens! I do mean a great deal."

"What is it you mean, then?"

"I mean this—What would you say if you learned that I was a suitor for her hand?"

Staveley had been right in saying that a man does not talk about his own sister. When he had declared with so much affectionate admiration for his friend's prowess, that he might aspire to the hand of any lady, that one retiring, modest-browed girl had not been thought of by him. A man in talking to another man about women is always supposed to consider those belonging to himself as exempt from the incidents of the conversation. The dearest friends do not talk to each other about their sisters when they have once left school; and a man in such a position as that now taken by Graham has to make fight for his ground as closely as though there had been no former intimacies. My friend Smith in such a matter as that, though I have been hail-fellow with him for the last ten years, has very little advantage over Jones, who was introduced to the house for the first time last week. And therefore Staveley felt himself almost injured when Felix Graham spoke to him about Madeline.

"What would I say? Well—that is a question one does not understand, unless—unless



you really meant to state it as a fact that it was your intention to propose to her."

"But I mean rather to state it as a fact that it is not my intention to propose to her."

"Then we had better not speak of her."

"Listen to me a moment. In order that I may not do so, it will be better for me—better for us all, that I should leave the house."

"Do you mean to say—?"

"Yes, I do mean to say! I mean to say all that your mind is now suggesting to you. I quite understand your feelings when you declare that a man does not like to talk of his own sister, and therefore we will talk of your sister no more. Old fellow, don't look at me as though you meant to drop me."

Augustus came back to the bedside, and again seating himself, put his hand almost caressingly over his friend's shoulder. "I did not think of this," he said.

"No; one never does think of it," Graham replied.

"And she?"

"She knows no more of it than that bedpost," said Graham. "The injury, such as there is, is all on one side. But I'll tell you who suspects it."

"Baker?"

"Your mother. I am much mistaken if you will not find that she, with all her hospitality, would prefer that I should recover my strength elsewhere."

"But you have done nothing to betray yourself."

"A mother's ears are very sharp. I know that it is so. I can not explain to you how. Do you tell her that I think of getting up to London to-morrow, and see how she will take it. And, Staveley, do not for a moment suppose that I am reproaching her. She is quite right. I believe that I have in no way committed myself—that I have said no word to your sister with which Lady Staveley has a right to feel herself aggrieved; but if she has had the wit to read the thoughts of my bosom, she is quite right to wish that I were out of the house."

Poor Lady Staveley had been possessed of no such wit at all. The sphinx which she had read had been one much more in her own line. She had simply read the thoughts in her daughter's bosom—or rather the feelings in her daughter's heart.

Augustus Staveley hardly knew what he ought to say. He was not prepared to tell his friend that he was the very brother-in-law for whose connection he would be desirous. Such a marriage for Madeline, even should Madeline desire it, would not be advantageous. When Augustus told Graham that he had gifts of nature which made him equal to any lady, he did not include his own sister. And yet the idea of acquiescing in his friend's sudden departure was very painful to him. "There can be no reason why you should not stay up here, you know," at last he said; and in so saying he pronounced an absolute verdict against poor Felix.

On few matters of moment to a man's own heart can he speak out plainly the whole truth that is in him. Graham had intended so to do, but had deceived himself. He had not absolutely hoped that his friend would say, "Come among us, and be one of us; take her, and be my brother." But yet there came upon his heart a black load of disappointment, in that the words which were said were the exact opposite of these. Graham had spoken of himself as unfit to match with Madeline Staveley, and Madeline Staveley's brother had taken him at his word. The question which Augustus asked himself was this—Was it, or was it not practicable that Graham should remain there without danger of intercourse with his sister? To Felix the question came in a very different shape. After having spoken as he had spoken—might he be allowed to remain there, enjoying such intercourse, or might he not? That was the question to which he had unconsciously demanded an answer; and unconsciously he had still hoped that the question might be answered in his favor. He had so hoped, although he was burdened with Mary Snow, and although he had spoken of his engagement with that lady in so rigid a spirit of self-martyrdom. But the question had been answered against him. The offer of a further asylum in the seclusion of that bedroom had been made to him by his friend with a sort of proviso that it would not be well that he should go further than the bedroom, and his inner feelings at once grated against each other, making him wretched and almost angry.

"Thank you, no; I understand how kind you are, but I will not do that. I will write up to-night, and shall certainly start to-morrow."

"My dear fellow—"

"I should get into a fever if I were to remain in this house after what I have told you. I could not endure to see you, or your mother, or Baker, or Marian, or any one else. Don't talk about it. Indeed, you ought to feel that it is not possible. I have made a confounded ass of myself, and the sooner I get away the better. I say—perhaps you would not be angry if I was to ask you to let me sleep for an hour or so now. After that I'll get up and write my letters."

He was very sore. He knew that he was sick at heart, and ill at ease, and cross with his friend; and knew also that he was unreasonable in being so. Staveley's words and manner had been full of kindness. Graham was aware of this, and was therefore the more irritated with himself. But this did not prevent his being angry and cross with his friend.

"Graham," said the other, "I see clearly enough that I have annoyed you."

"Not in the least. A man falls into the mud, and then calls to another man to come and see him. The man in the mud of course is not comfortable."

"But you have called to me, and I have not been able to help you."

"I did not suppose you would, so there has been no disappointment. Indeed, there was no



possibility for help. I shall follow out the line of life which I have long since chalked out for myself, and I do not expect that I shall be more wretched than other poor devils around me. As far as my idea goes, it all makes very little difference. Now leave me; there's a good fellow."

"Dear old fellow, I would give my right hand if it would make you happy!"

"But it won't. Your right hand will make somebody else happy, I hope."

"I'll come up to you again before dinner."

"Very well. And, Staveley, what we have now said can not be forgotten between us; but when we next meet, and ever after, let it be as though it were forgotten." Then he settled himself down on the bed, and Augustus left the room.

It will not be supposed that Graham did go to sleep, or that he had any thought of doing so. When he was alone those words of his friend rang over and over again in his ears, "No girl ought to be out of your reach." Why should Madeline Staveley be out of his reach, simply because she was his friend's sister? He had been made welcome to that house, and therefore he was bound to do nothing unhandsome by the family. But then he was bound by other laws, equally clear, to do nothing unhandsome by any other family—or by any other lady. If there was any thing in Staveley's words, they applied as strongly to Staveley's sister as to any other girl. And why should not he, a lawyer, marry a lawyer's daughter? Sophia Furnival, with her hatful of money, would not be considered too high for him; and in what respect was Madeline Staveley above Sophia Furnival? That the one was immeasurably above the other in all those respects which in his estimation tended toward female perfection, he knew to be true enough; but the fruit which he had been forbidden to gather hung no higher on the social tree than that other fruit which he had been especially invited to pluck and garner.

And then Graham was not a man to think any fruit too high for him. He had no overweening idea of his own deserts, either socially or professionally, nor had he taught himself to expect great things from his own genius; but he had that audacity of spirit which bids a man hope to compass that which he wishes to compass—that audacity which is both the father and mother of success—that audacity which seldom exists without the inner capability on which it ought to rest.

But then there was Mary Snow! Augustus Staveley thought but little of Mary Snow. According to his theory of his friend's future life, Mary Snow might be laid aside without much difficulty. If this were so, why should not Madeline be within his reach? But then was it so? Had he not betrothed himself to Mary Snow in the presence of the girl's father, with every solemnity and assurance, in a manner fixed beyond that of all other betrothals? Alas, yes; and for this reason it was right that he should hurry away from Noningsby.

Then he thought of Mary's letter, and of Mrs. Thomas's letter. What was it that had been done! Mary had written as though she had been charged with some childish offense; but Mrs. Thomas talked solemnly of acquitting her own conscience. What could have happened that had touched Mrs. Thomas in the conscience?

But his thoughts soon ran away from the little house at Peckham, and settled themselves again at Noningsby. Should he hear more of Madeline's footsteps?—and if not, why should they have been banished from the corridor? Should he hear her voice again at the door—and if not, why should it have been hushed? There is a silence which may be more eloquent than the sounds which it follows. Had no one in that house guessed the feelings in his bosom she would have walked along the corridor as usual, and spoken a word with her sweet voice in answer to his word. He felt sure that this would be so no more; but who had stopped it, and why should such sounds be no more heard?

At last he did go to sleep, not in pursuance of any plan formed for doing so; for had he been asked he would have said that sleep was impossible for him. But he did go to sleep, and when he awoke it was dark. He had intended to have got up and dressed on that afternoon, or to have gone through such ceremony of dressing as was possible for him—in preparation of his next day's exercise; and now he rose up in his bed with a start, angry with himself in having allowed the time to pass by him.

"Lord love you, Mr. Graham, why how you have slept!" said Mrs. Baker. "If I haven't just sent your dinner down again to keep hot. Such a beautiful pheasant, and the bread sauce'll be lumpy now, for all the world like pap."

"Never mind the bread sauce, Mrs. Baker; the pheasant's the thing."

"And her ladyship's been here, Mr. Graham, only she wouldn't have you woke. She won't hear of your being moved to-morrow, nor yet won't the judge. There was a rumpus down stairs when Mr. Augustus as much as mentioned it. I know one who—"

"You know one who—you were saying?"

"Never mind.—It ain't one more than another, but it's all. You ain't to leave this to-morrow, so you may just give it over. And, indeed, your things is all at the wash, so you can't; and now I'll go down for the pheasant."

Felix still declared very positively that he should go, but his doing so did not shake Mrs. Baker. The letter-bag he knew did not leave till eight, and as yet it was not much past five. He would see Staveley again after his dinner, and then he would write.

When Augustus left the room in the middle of the day he encountered Madeline wandering about the house. In these days she did wander about the house, as though there were something always to be done in some place apart from that in which she then was. And yet the things



which she did were but few. She neither worked nor read, and as for household duties, her share in them was confined almost entirely to the morning and evening tea-pot.

"It isn't true that he's to go to-morrow morning, Augustus, is it?" said she.

"Who—Graham? Well; he says that he will. He is very anxious to get to London; and no doubt he finds it stupid enough lying there and doing nothing."

"But he can do as much there as he can lying by himself in his own chambers, where I don't suppose he would have any body to look after him. He thinks he's a trouble and all that, and therefore he wants to go. But you know mamma doesn't mind about trouble of that kind; and what should we think of it afterward if any thing bad was to happen to your friend because we allowed him to leave the house before he was in a fit state to be moved? Of course Mr. Pottinger says so—" Mr. Pottinger was the doctor. "Of course Mr. Pottinger says so, because he thinks he has been so long here, and he doesn't understand."

"But Mr. Pottinger would like to keep a patient."

"Oh no; he's not at all that sort of man. He'd think of mamma—the trouble, I mean, of having a stranger in the house. But you know mamma would think nothing of that, especially for such an intimate friend of yours."

Augustus turned slightly round so as to look more fully into his sister's face, and he saw that a tear was gathered in the corner of her eye. She perceived his glance and partly shrank under it; but she soon recovered herself and answered it. "I know what you mean," she said; "and if you choose to think so, I can't help it. But it is horrible—horrible—" And then she stopped herself, finding that a little sob would become audible if she trusted herself to further words.

"You know what I mean, Mad?" he said, putting his arm affectionately round her waist. "And what is it that I mean? Come; you and I never have any secrets; you always say so when you want to get at mine. Tell me what it is that I mean."

"I haven't got any secret."

"But what did I mean?"

"You looked at me, because I don't want you to let them send Mr. Graham away. If it was old Mr. Furnival, I shouldn't like them to turn him out of this house when he was in such a state as that."

"Poor Mr. Furnival: no; I think he would bear it worse than Felix."

"Then why should he go? And why—should you look at me in that way?"

"Did I look at you, Mad? Well, I believe I did. We are to have no secrets; are we?"

"No," said she. But she did not say it in the same eager voice with which hitherto she had declared that they would always tell each other every thing.

"Felix Graham is my friend," said he, "my

special friend; and I hope you will always like my friends. But—"

"Well?" she said.

"You know what I mean, Mad."

"Yes," she said.

"That is all, dearest." And then she knew that he also had cautioned her not to fall in love with Felix Graham, and she felt angry with him for the caution. "Why—why—why—" But she hardly knew as yet how to frame the question which she desired to ask herself.

## CHAPTER XL.

### I CALL IT AWFUL.

"Oh, indeed!" Those had been the words with which Mr. Furnival had received the announcement made by Sir Peregrine as to his proposed nuptials. And as he uttered them the lawyer drew himself up stiffly in his chair, looking much more like a lawyer and much less like an old family friend than he had done the moment before.

Whereupon Sir Peregrine drew himself up also. "Yes," he said. "I should be intrusive if I were to trouble you with my motives, and therefore I need only say further as regards the lady, that I trust that my support, standing as I shall do in the position of her husband, will be more serviceable to her than it could otherwise have been in this trial which she will, I presume, be forced to undergo."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Furnival; and then the interview had ended. The lawyer had been anxious to see his client, and had intended to ask permission to do so; but he had felt on hearing Sir Peregrine's tidings that it would be useless now to make any attempt to see her alone, and that he could speak to her with no freedom in Sir Peregrine's presence. So he left The Cleeve, having merely intimated to the baronet the fact of his having engaged the services of Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram. "You will not see Lady Mason?" Sir Peregrine had asked. "Thank you; I do not know that I need trouble her," Mr. Furnival had answered. "You of course will explain to her how the ease at present stands. I fear she must reconcile herself to the fact of a trial. You are aware, Sir Peregrine, that the offense imputed is one for which bail will be taken. I should propose yourself and her son. Of course I should be happy to lend my own name; but as I shall be on the trial, perhaps it may be as well that this should be avoided."

Bail will be taken! These words were dreadful in the ears of the expectant bridegroom. Had it come to this, that there was a question whether or no she should be locked up in a prison like a felon? But nevertheless his heart did not misgive him. Seeing how terribly she was injured by others, he felt himself bound by the stronger law to cling to her himself. Such was the special chivalry of the man.



Mr. Furnival, on his return to London, thought almost more of Sir Peregrine than he did either of Lady Mason or of himself. Was it not a pity? Was it not a thousand pities that that aged noble gentleman should be sacrificed? He had felt angry with Sir Peregrine when the tidings were first communicated to him; but now, as he journeyed up to London, this feeling of anger was transferred to his own client. This must be her doing, and such doing on her part, while she was in her present circumstances, was very wicked. And then he remembered her guilt—her probable guilt—and his brow became very black. Her supposed guilt had not been horrible to him while he had regarded it as affecting herself alone, and in point of property affecting Joseph Mason and her son Lucius. He could look forward, sometimes almost triumphantly, to the idea of washing her—so far as this world's washing goes—from that guilt, and setting her up again clear before the world, even though in doing so he should lend a hand in robbing Joseph Mason of his estate. But this dragging down of another—and such another—head into the vortex of ruin and misery was horrible to him. He was not strait-laced, or mealy-mouthed, or overburdened with scruples. In the way of his profession he could do many a thing at which—I express a single opinion with much anxious deference—at which an honest man might be scandalized if it became beneath his judgment unprofessionally. But this he could not stand. Something must be done in the matter. The marriage must be stayed till after the trial—or else he must himself retire from the defense and explain both to Lady Mason and to Sir Peregrine why he did so.

And then he thought of the woman herself, and his spirit within him became very bitter. Had any one told him that he was jealous of the preference shown by his client to Sir Peregrine he would have fumed with anger, and thought that he was fuming justly. But such was in truth the case. Though he believed her to have been guilty of this thing, though he believed her to be now guilty of the worse offense of dragging the baronet to his ruin, still he was jealous of her regard. Had she been content to lean upon him, to trust to him as her great and only necessary friend, he could have forgiven all else, and placed at her service the full force of his professional power, even though by doing so he might have lowered himself in men's minds. And what reward did he expect? None. He had formed no idea that the woman would become his mistress. All that was as obscure before his mind's eye as though she had been nineteen and he five-and-twenty.

He was to dine at home on this day, that being the first occasion of his doing so for—as Mrs. Furnival declared—the last six months. In truth, however, the interval had been long, though not so long as that. He had a hope that, having announced his intention, he might find the coast clear, and hear Martha Biggs spoken of as a dear one lately gone. But when he ar-

rived at home Martha Biggs was still there. Under circumstances as they now existed Mrs. Furnival had determined to keep Martha Biggs by her, unless any special edict for her banishment should come forth. Then, in case of such special edict, Martha Biggs should go, and thence should arise the new *casus belli*. Mrs. Furnival had made up her mind that war was expedient—nay, absolutely necessary. She had an idea, formed no doubt from the reading of history, that some allies require a smart brush now and again to blow away the clouds of distrust which become engendered by time between them; and that they may become better allies than ever afterward. If the appropriate time for such a brush might ever come, it had come now. All the world—so she said to herself—was talking of Mr. Furnival and Lady Mason. All the world knew of her injuries.

Martha Biggs was second-cousin to Mr. Crook's brother's wife—I speak of that Mr. Crook who had been professionally known for the last thirty years as the partner of Mr. Round. It had been whispered in the office in Bedford Row—such whisper, I fear, originating with old Round—that Mr. Furnival admired his fair client. Hence light had fallen upon the eyes of Martha Biggs, and the secret of her friend was known to her. Need I trace the course of the tale with closer accuracy?

"Oh, Kitty," she had said to her friend with tears that evening, "I can not bear to keep it to myself any more! I can not, when I see you suffering so. It's awful!"

"Can not bear to keep what, Martha?"

"Oh, I know. Indeed all the town knows it now."

"Knows what? You know how I hate that kind of thing. If you have any thing to say, speak out."

This was not kind to such a faithful friend as Martha Biggs; but Martha knew what sacrifices friendship such as hers demanded, and she did not resent it.

"Well, then—if I am to speak out, it's—Lady Mason. And I do say that it's shameful, quite shameful; and awful—I call it awful."

Mrs. Furnival had not said much at the time to encourage the fidelity of her friend, but she was thus justified in declaring to herself that her husband's goings on had become the talk of all the world; and his goings on especially in that quarter in which she had long regarded them with so much dismay. She was not, therefore, prepared to welcome him on this occasion of his coming home to dinner by such tokens of friendly feeling as the dismissal of her friend to Red Lion Square. When the moment for absolute war should come Martha Biggs should be made to depart.

Mr. Furnival when he arrived at his own house was in a thoughtful mood, and disposed for quiet and domestic meditation. Had Miss Biggs not been there he could have found it in his heart to tell every thing about Lady Mason to his wife, asking her counsel as to what he



should do with reference to that marriage. Could he have done so, all would have been well; but this was not possible while that red-faced lump of a woman from Red Lion Square sat in his drawing-room, making every thing uncomfortable.

The three sat down to dinner together, and very little was said between them. Mr. Furnival did try to be civil to his wife, but wives sometimes have a mode of declining such civilities without committing themselves to overt acts of war. To Miss Biggs Mr. Furnival could not bring himself to say any thing civil, seeing that he hated her; but such words as he did speak to her she received with grim griffin-like austerity, as though she were ever meditating on the awfulness of his conduct. And so in truth she was. Why his conduct was more awful in her estimation since she had heard Lady Mason's name mentioned than when her mind had been simply filled with general ideas of vague conjugal infidelity I can not say; but such was the case. "I call it awful," were the first words she again spoke when she found herself once more alone with Mrs. Furnival in the drawing-room. And then she sat down over the fire, thinking neither of her novel nor her knitting, with her mind deliciously filled with the anticipation of coming catastrophes.

"If I sit up after half past ten would you mind going to bed?" said Mrs. Furnival, when they had been in the drawing-room about ten minutes.

"Oh no, not in the least," said Miss Biggs. "I'll be sure to go." But she thought it very unkind, and she felt as a child does who is deceived in a matter of being taken to the play. If no one goes the child can bear it. But to see others go, and to be left behind, is too much for the feelings of any child—or of Martha Biggs.

Mr. Furnival had no inclination for sitting alone over his wine on this occasion. Had it been possible for him he would have preferred to have gone quickly up stairs, and to have taken his cup of coffee from his wife's hand with some appreciation of domestic comfort. But there could be no such comfort to him while Martha Biggs was there; so he sat down stairs, sipping his port according to his custom, and looking into the fire for a solution of his difficulties about Lady Mason. He began to wish that he had never seen Lady Mason, and to reflect that the intimate friendship of pretty women often brings with it much trouble. He was resolved on one thing. He would not go down into court and fight that battle for Lady Orme. Were he to do so the matter would have taken quite a different phase—one that he had not at all anticipated. In case that his present client should then have become Lady Orme, Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram might carry on the battle between them, with such assistance as they might be able to get from Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile. He became angry as he drank his port, and in his anger he swore that it should be so. And then as his anger became hot at the close of his

libations, he remembered that Martha Biggs was up stairs, and became more angry still. And thus when he did go into the drawing-room at some time in the evening not much before ten, he was not in a frame of mind likely to bring about domestic comfort.

He walked across the drawing-room, sat down in an arm-chair by the table, and took up the last number of a review, without speaking to either of them. Whereupon Mrs. Furnival began to ply her needle which had been lying idly enough upon her work, and Martha Biggs fixed her eyes intently upon her book. So they sat twenty minutes without a word being spoken, and then Mrs. Furnival inquired of her lord whether he chose to have tea.

"Of course I shall—when you have it," said he.

"Don't mind us," said Mrs. Furnival.

"Pray don't mind me," said Martha Biggs.

"Don't let me be in the way."

"No, I won't," said Mr. Furnival. Whereupon Miss Biggs again jumped up in her chair as though she had been electrified. It may be remembered that on a former occasion Mr. Furnival had sworn at her—or at least in her presence.

"You need not be rude to a lady in your own house, because she is my friend," said Mrs. Furnival.

"Bother," said Mr. Furnival. "And now if we are going to have any tea, let us have it."

"I don't think I'll mind about tea to-night, Mrs. Furnival," said Miss Biggs, having received a notice from her friend's eye that it might be well for her to depart. "My head aches dreadful, and I shall be better in bed. Good-night, Mrs. Furnival." And then she took her candle and went away.

For the next five minutes there was not a word said. No tea had been ordered, although it had been mentioned. Mrs. Furnival had forgotten it among the hot thoughts that were running through her mind, and Mr. Furnival was indifferent upon the subject. He knew that something was coming, and he resolved that he would have the upper hand let that something be what it might. He was being ill used—so he said to himself—and would not put up with it.

At last the battle began. He was not looking, but he heard her first movement as she prepared herself. "Tom!" she said, and then the voice of the war goddess was again silent. He did not choose to answer her at the instant, and then the war goddess rose from her seat and again spoke. "Tom!" she said, standing over him and looking at him.

"What is it you mean?" said he, allowing his eyes to rise to her face over the top of his book.

"Tom!" she said, for the third time.

"I'll have no nonsense, Kitty," said he. "If you have any thing to say, say it."

Even then she had intended to be affectionate—had so intended at the first commencement of her address. She had no wish to be a war god-



dess. But he had assisted her attempt at love by no gentle word, by no gentle look, by no gentle motion. "I have this to say," she replied; "you are disgracing both yourself and me, and I will not remain in this house to be a witness to it."

"Then you may go out of the house." These words, be it remembered, were uttered not by the man himself, but by the spirit of port-wine within the man.

"Tom, do you say that—after all?"

"By Heavens I do say it! I'll not be told in my own drawing-room, even by you, that I am disgracing myself."

"Then why do you go after that woman down to Hamworth? All the world is talking of you. At your age too! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I can't stand this," said he, getting up and throwing the book from him right across the drawing-room floor; "and, by Heavens, I won't stand it."

"Then why do you do it, Sir?"

"Kitty, I believe the devil must have entered into you to drive you mad."

"Oh, oh, oh! very well, Sir. The devil in the shape of drink and lust has entered into you. But you may understand this; I—will—not—consent to live with you while such deeds as these are being done." And then without waiting for another word she stormed out of the room.

### MADemoiselle.

SPRING-TIME had come and gone, with all its hopes and promises, its buds and blossoms, its "early and its latter rains." Summer had ripened its fruits and perfected its flowers; and now autumn had shed abroad over the land the mellow beauty and the ripe loveliness which give to the Indian summers of New England their peculiar and characteristic charm and witchery.

A soft, hazy light wrapped the wide landscape in its silvery folds, and, like a half-transparent veil, served to heighten the charms it affected to hide; seen through it, the gleaming river shimmered with new beauty and a fresher fullness; the bare and distant hills grew purple in its softening influence, and though the nearer elms and isolated shade trees had dropped their summer glories, the woods afar off, where a thick growth of evergreens sheltered and formed a back-ground for the deciduous trees, were still resplendent in green and gold, crimson and scarlet, and flame colors, and hung like a wreath round the protecting hills.

From the flowering vines which climbed the columns of the piazza autumn winds and early frosts had rifled "the last rose of summer," and even the green leaves had yielded to the nipping frosts and fallen one by one in slow succession, till the desolated branches were left, holding up to view only the sharp crimson haws, which were all that remained to them of their lost beauty

and fragrance, and for which they claimed, and no doubt received, as much sympathy as is usually accorded to faded charms and obsolete accomplishments.

Still the Southern sun shone blithely and warmly in at the broad and lofty window, though the luxuriant creeper which festooned it and hung in graceful pendants across the panes, looking lovingly in at the little group gathered in quiet coziness within, was crimson and ruddy, as if the sap which filled its veins had won its rich hues from some generous old Falernian wine.

The little group gathered within consisted of three ladies, to whom we shall give precedence according to seniority.

On a sofa nearest the window, in an attitude still erect and graceful, sat Mademoiselle de St. Loe, engaged with her netting-work, the silken bridle of which was passed around the trim and slender little foot, which, daintily *chaussé*, rested upon an ottoman before her. This was one of the habitual luxuries of her early French life to which Mademoiselle still persistently clung: if she had a weakness in regard to matters of dress, it was upon this point, where French taste is usually exquisite. In her dress generally she was a strict economist, her own ingenuity, good taste, and handicraft supplying, in other respects, the deficiency of her purse; but in shoes, gloves, and broceries she was always unexceptionable. She sat now leisurely netting, and joining, from time to time, with a gay sally or a pleasant remark, in the desultory conversation going on around her.

In an easy, cushioned arm-chair, more in the middle of the room, with her back to the light, sat Miss Tremaine, fragile and delicate, but lovely. She had been reading, but the leaves of her book had closed over the white fingers of the hand which now rested upon her lap, and, with the other hand half-shading her eyes, she sat gazing, in loving and abstracted silence, at her young niece, Rose Tremaine, who, seated just opposite to her upon a low seat, with her back supported by the arm of the sofa, was intently busy with an elaborate slipper, which she was embroidering, while by her side a high, open basket glowed with the vivid tints of her many-colored wools. And certainly the young lady, gracefully unconscious of the observation she had excited, made a very pretty picture; the slant rays of the sun just touching with trembling, golden outlines the chestnut shadows of her soft hair, and bringing out her graceful, girlish figure in strong relief against the dark crimson-velvet cushion of the sofa behind her.

At last, after a short silence, the young girl happened to look up suddenly, and meeting the loving look bent full upon her, she smiled pleasantly, and nodded back a gay recognition of it.

"My dear Rose," said Miss Tremaine, smiling, "I think you are working quite too steadily upon that embroidery of yours. If Doctor Summerville were here, he would lecture you for working, and me for letting you work, so steadily. I think I must send for him, to come



and impose some sanitary restrictions upon your use of your needle."

The young lady laughed gayly: "Why, auntie! he would not do it; I know he would not! He would only laugh at you. Fussy as he is, and fault-finding as he pretends to be, not even *he* would think there was any danger of my being any too industrious. Too industrious! Why, I believe he really thinks me the true and original 'Flibbertigibbet,' a veritable will-o'-the-wisp! So you will get no help from him in this matter. But do you know why I am hurrying to finish these slippers, aunt Mary?"

"No, my dear," said Miss Tremaine, "I do not; I did not even know you had a motive for hurrying."

"No? Well, then, aunt Mary, I will tell you; next Tuesday week is the 14th of November."

This was said with the air of one making a solemn revelation.

"Is it, my dear Rose?" said Miss Tremaine; "I did not know it; but I dare say you are perfectly right."

"Oh yes; and I want to have the slippers done and made up before that."

"You do?"

"Yes, indeed; and that is why I am hurrying so to finish them."

"Very well, my dear; so far I can fully understand."

"Well, aunt Mary!"

"Well, my dear, what next?"

"*What next?* Why, aunt Mary, I declare I do believe you do not know what day the 14th of November is!"

"I am very sure I do not, my dear," said Miss Tremaine; "perhaps you will have the kindness to inform me."

"Now is not that too bad?" said Rose, with her sweet girlish laugh. "Why, aunt Mary, now I *am* mortified, grieved to death! blighted—wilted down to the very roots of my self-esteem. It is really too grievous to be borne!"

"Vat is it, ma dear Mees Rose?" said Mademoiselle, looking up in friendly concern; "vat 'av 'appen to make you to grief? Ah! I tink it sall not be de sorrow *ver* bad, vitch you can so to laugh wid."

"Not a very heavy sorrow, as you say, Mademoiselle, but a great mortification," said Rose; "you shall judge if it is not. The 14th of November is my birth-day, Mademoiselle; and my aunt here—the nearest and dearest relative and friend I have on earth—does not even remember the day! Now is not that a rather trying circumstance?"

"Your birt-day!" said Mademoiselle; "your birt-day! Ah yes, I see."

"I really do not know how I should have known it, my dear Rose," said Miss Tremaine, "for I do not remember ever to have been told of it before. The fact that you were born at all has been a source of great happiness to me; but I do not know that I was ever informed of the day and hour when such a blessing was vouchsafed to us."

"Well, auntie, I suppose I must overlook it; but now let me tell you it was the 14th of November, and that is a week from next Tuesday; and these slippers are for uncle George. I have finished a pair for uncle Arthur; and I want *you* to make *me* a present then, aunt Mary. I do not mean a valuable present—that is, a costly one. I do not want a watch or a bracelet; just a book, or a collar, or a shawl-pin; some little thing—no matter what. Papa used always to make me some little gift on my birthday."

"Yes, my dear child, I understand," said Miss Tremaine; "I shall not forget."

"Thank you, dear aunt; but remember it must be only a trifle—just some little thing. It is only for the sentiment, and partly for the memory of him who has gone," she added, sadly.

While Miss Tremaine and Rose had been speaking Mademoiselle de St. Loe had been silent—lost in thought; the words of Rose had suddenly opened the wide flood-gates of memory, and out from the long-lost Past came gliding the shadowy forms of years gone by.

Still the busy hands sent the glittering shuttle swiftly through the meshes of the shining silk, and still she sat erect and firm, for a long life of trial and endurance had taught her habitual self-control; but she thought of her own early, indulged, and luxurious youth—the thought of the early birth-days, long forgotten, but now all risen fresh before her mind again; and she saw herself as if with the vision of another; herself as the bright-eyed, joyous child, exulting in the possession of the costly and beautiful toys which heaped in gay profusion the couches and ottoman in her mother's luxurious boudoir—then she thought of the last birth-day she had celebrated in her father's house; of the juvenile ball, and the brilliantly-lighted saloon, where she had stood amidst flowers and jewels, and music and perfume, the little worshiped deity of the evening; of her mother and her father, their delight and pride in her, their only child; of their warm affection, and their confidence and hope in her. And as these loved images rose before her, her thoughts went still farther back, voyaging up the stream of Time; and she remembered, as if it were only a week ago, how she had sat, a little happy child, upon the carpet in her mother's dressing-room, half hidden in the silken folds of the drapery curtain which she had drawn around her, to watch her mother's toilet while her attendants dressed her for some grand court ceremonial.

She saw her young mother, as she was then, radiant in youth and beauty and resplendent in jewelry. She remembered even the trifling fact, that, as the attendants clasped the bracelet on the fair round arm, she had pressed forward and asked to look at it; and the fond mother took the glittering bauble from the hands of her women, and playfully clasped it on her childish arm, promising her, with many fond caresses, it should be hers when she was old enough to wear it.



Then she remembered her father, young and graceful, as he came in, glittering in his court regalia, to hand her mother to her carriage; she recalled his gay laugh, and the playful badinage with which he had answered her childish admiration; of his fond caress, and the mother's love, who had turned and lingered, though admiring crowds awaited her, to receive the "good-night" kiss of her little child!—and *now*—?

During all these long, sad memories poor Mademoiselle had been netting silently; still she sat erect and graceful, and still the busy hands sent the glittering shuttle through the meshes of the shining silk, and, except in the flushing and paling of the cheek, and a slight quivering of the lip, not the closest observer could have noted traces of emotion of any sort. But as she reached the question—"Now?" a clear, sweet, young voice near her said "Mademoiselle," and looking up, she for the first time became aware that Miss Tremaine had left the room.

"Ma dear Mees Rose," she said, in sudden and complete self-possession, "you 'av speak jes now of your birt-day; ven sall it be?"

"On Tuesday week, Mademoiselle—the 14th of November."

"Ver good—dat vill do; Mees Rose, if I sall make for you von leetle hair-chain—such as I 'av use to make ven I vas yong gal in France—would you to care for it, for de sake of de old friend?"

"Would I care for it?" said Rose, jumping up eagerly. "Indeed I should, my dear Mademoiselle! How kind in you to think of it! I should value it very highly!"

"Ah! non, non," said the Frenchwoman, modestly. "It sall not be notting—notting to *value*; only jest a leetle cadeau to do de honors of de birt-day; it sall be more for use dan beauty, an' more for de love dan eder. I 'av larn dat vork ven I vas yong gal. I sall try how I can do him now."

"Thank you, my dear friend," said Rose; "I am sure it will be beautiful if you make it, you have so much taste! Ah! your people understand these things so much better than we do in this country. They get up such pretty fêtes. I remember when we were traveling in the south of France—in Languedoc, I think it was—we used to see such pretty scenes; all out of doors young girls dancing, dressed in white and crowned with roses, and wreathed with flowers, dancing in the open air; and when we inquired, they told us it was the birth-day, or Saint's day of the young girls, and they were keeping it. Oh! it was so beautiful—just like a picture or a poem!"

"Yees, yees," said Mademoiselle; "I know, I 'av seen; but dat sall be in the provinces—de yong gals of de peasantry—I 'av seen dem, round mon fader's chateau in the country, an' it vas pretty. But in de city, in de capital, dey sall not do dat; dere it sall be keep wid more show, more cost. Dey 'av assemblées, conversations, soirées, an' sometime de bal-masque; yees, and sometime it is keep vith ceremonies religieux.

Ven I 'av keep ma douzième fête-day, I vas confirmé, an' take ma premier communion; an' la chère Reine, de beautiful, de unfortunate Marie Antoinette, did give to me a diamant agrafe an' croix. Ah! beautiful, costly, superbe, magnifique! and de King did give to me a gold tabatière, vid de sweet little Dauphin on de top. Ah! de sweet lee-tle ange! de pretty chile wid his long fair curls. Helas! helas! de pauvre infortuné!"

"Why, Mademoiselle!" said Rose, eagerly, "is it possible you have actually seen and known Louis the Sixteenth, and the beautiful Marie Antoinette, and the poor little lamented Dauphin?"

"Ma dear Mees Rose," said Mademoiselle de St. Loe, quietly, "la chère Reine vas ma marraine—ma god-moder."

"Is it possible? How strange it seems to talk to one who has seen and known those whom we have known only in history! It seems to bring them so near to us, and make history seem so real. But, dear Mademoiselle, what has become of the snuff-box and the cross? I would give the world to see them."

"I do not know; all gone!" said Mademoiselle, sadly. "Sweep away—lost, lost—wid every zing else, in the horrors of de Revolution!"

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" said Rose, "not lost forever? the personal gift of the lovely Marie Antoinette. Oh, what a pity!"

"Helas! ma dear Mees!" said Mademoiselle, her dark eyes growing humid as she spoke, "if I 'av lost by de Revolution notting more worth dan de gold an' de diamants, I sould not to grieve. I 'av lost fader, moder, king, an' queen; home, cOUNTRY, friends, and fortune—*every zing*! I 'av nevair tink of dem bijoux—I 'av forgeet I ever 'av dem till I speak of dem now to you."

"Poor Mademoiselle!" said Rose, sadly and tenderly, "yours were heavy losses indeed! How old were you when you left France?"

"I 'av jes keep ma fifteen fête-day."

"Indeed! only three years younger then than I am now," said Rose. "Then you can remember all about the Revolution?"

"*Rembair! rembair!* Ah! mon Dieu! how *could* I to forget?" said the Frenchwoman, her black eyes dilating and flashing with sudden fire. "*Forgeet! forgeet!* nevair, nevair! Ah! ma dear Mees Rose! for tirty, forty years I pray Dieu daily I *may* to *forgeet*—in vain, in vain. De last ten I pray only I *may* to *forgeet*!"

There was a short silence, and then Rose said, kindly, "We will talk of something else, my dear friend. I did not mean to pain you. I really do not know how our conversation got round to this sad subject. But let us speak of it no more; you will excuse me; I know it was very thoughtless in me, but I really did not remember how painful the recollection must be to you. We will talk of something else, if you please."

"Ah, no, no, ma dear Mees Rose," said Mademoiselle; "you did not 'av do notting wrong; I 'av notting to excuse; and I sall tell to you



all you sall vish to hear about it. I can to talk of it *now*; it sall be only to speak of dem tings vat I always remembairs; an' so many year 'av go now, it seem to me sometime it not 'av been dis same world an' dis same me vitch 'av 'apened it."

Rose, who had often longed to hear the early history of her old friend from her own lips, and had only been restrained by motives of delicacy from questioning her, could not resist this proffered opportunity.

"Was it sudden?" she asked, not daring to indicate whether her question referred to the breaking out of the French Revolution itself, or more especially to Mademoiselle's own flight from Paris.

"*Sudden?*" said the Frenchwoman; "sudden! ma foi! to me it vas as ze tunder-clap! You sall hear. I 'av know dare vas trouble, mécontentement, de bad feeling. At the Palais Royale I 'av seen la Reine an' Madame Elizabeth in tears, an' le Roi irrité, excité. In mon fader's hôtel strangers mystérieux come an' have private audience, an' go secrètement. Monsieur mon père he 'av be anxious, malheureux; Madame ma chère mère she vas distraît, reestless, misérable. But dey did not tell to me notting. I vas yong gal, a child, an' in ma country de yong gals does not know *every zing*, as dey does here. Dey does not lead—dey does not rule—dey sall not to be dare own mistress *dare*. Dare parens act for dem, speak for dem, tink for dem, marry dem dare; so I 'av know notting.

"I 'av gone to ma bed—it vas night; I 'av sleeps; some von sall call me—'Hautense, Hautense! arise you!' I vakens me; it sall be Madame ma chère mère, an' she zay in her breath, 'Hautense, Hautense! ma child, avaken you!' Den I rise up. Madame carry in her hand une bougie, an' I perceive by it she vas pale—pale—she tremblant; I cry out, 'Ah, maman! you sall be ill—you sall faint—I sall ring for Honoreine.' Madame say to me, 'Non, non, ma child—*doucement*—make you no noise—rise you and dress you—quick, quick!' Madame say. I say, 'Maman, vat is it? Tell to me. Mon père—' 'Is safe, I trust,' say Madame; 'but he is not return. *I fear!* It is a night of dread; I can not to sleep; eome you wid me.'

"I rise—I habiller me—I take the hand of Madame; den we creep—creep—légèrement, down ze grand staircase; we see no one—all silent in ze hôtel—ze salon deserted; but afar off on de heavy night air we hear guns, an' drums, an' shouts, an' screams. Ah! terrible, terrible! I can not to tell to you how it vas terrible—ze recollection inspires vith too many thoughts for ze few vords I am acquainted vith. Ah! I could not to express it, even in ma own language. Ze sounds affreux—dey come nearer, nearer. Madame an' I we shudder, we embrace ourselves to support us; de crowd come on—tramp—tramp—tramp, down ze long street; ze flambeaux dey flash an' glare up into de salon, an' I see ma poor moder's face, an' it sall be pale—pale as ze dead! We listeen—we hold our

breath, Madame an' I. In front of our hôtel dey stop—dey make pause—we scarcely breathe. Dare dey hold parley; we could not hear only de loud beat of our two hearts; den a shout, a howl, pistol-shots, an' screams, an' a mad cry of rage an' triumph—'*A la lanterne!—à la lanterne!*'—an' den shouts, an' groans, an' cries, an' ze heavy tread of ze passing multitude—tramp—tramp—tramp! Helas! ma dear Mees Rose!" said Mademoiselle, pale and trembling as she spoke—"Oh! ma dear child! I do not to dare to tink, even *now*, an' ma poor manan did nevair know, vat dreadful blow vas befall us in dat terrible time.

"Ven day 'av all go by, ve fall on our knee; we pray to God, Madame an' I; we weep, we sob, we wring our hand. Den come a step in ze antichambre, an' I cry aloud, 'Mon père! mon père!' Den ma chère mère she cry out, 'Vite, vite; Auguste, mon husband! come you to me; come hither,' she say, 'vivement!'

"Helas! it vas not; it sall be only Antoine, our valet; he rush in, pale an' vild, an' blood on his dress. Ah, mon Dieu! whose blood? He fall at de feet of ma moder, an' he zay, 'Madame, Mademoiselle, fly, fly!—you must fly!' Ma poor manan she draw herself up, an' say with her grand air superbe, '*Fly!* vidout mon husband? *Nevair; nevair!* Vare is Monsieur?" Antoine gasp for breath—'Madame!' he zay, an' stop.

"It seemed in dat one hour I grew old; la sagacité vas born in me by ze terror. I spring up, I catch Antoine's hand, I look full into his sad eyes—an' dare vas no need of no vords—I knew it all. I vas a child no more forever; I vas to comfort, to guide, to support ma poor stricken moder!

"Antoine saw de change in me. He say to me, 'Mademoiselle, you 'av not no safety here; you must fly. You 'av one half hour; collect vat of value you can find an' fly. I sall do mon poor best to save you, but you must not remain here. I go to call your vimens.'

"I ask no questions. I say to Madame, 'Ve must go; it 'av be mon fader's vish—Antoine 'av come from him;' an' she make no more re-seestance—she 'av be so bewildered by ze terror. Den, vile I collect a little of bijoux, an' less of moneys, Antoine vent to de room of our femmes de chambre. But, helas! 'de rats forsake ze fallin' house;' Georgette an' Honoreine 'av fled! Of all our retinue only one, poor Antoine, vas true. Ah! Dieu merci, dat dare vas *one!*' Antoine bring to us some coarse clothes, vitch de vimen 'av leave behind in dare flight; an' we in dem disguise us. Den we creep down ze back staircase, légèrement, légèrement, out trough ze porte-cochère; an' in de dark night we go in lanes an' by-places I 'av nevair seen by day—Madame clinging to Antoine, an' I clinging to her.

"Antoine took us to his uncle's. He vas a facteur; he 'av ze pitie for us; he make us to dress us as his vife an' daughter, an' take us in his voiture to ze sea-coast, an' put us on ship,



an' we come to England. Dare ma chère mère *die*—die of broken heart, of de fright, de anxiety, an' of vat you sall call ze home-seekness! Ah! she die, holding ma hand an' telling me vat I sall say for her to mon père ven I sall 'av go back to ma France an' see him. An' I did not dare to tell to her how *she* sall find him first; for she shall sadden more to leave me all lonely.

"Ah, she die! an' I bless ze good God I 'av left to give to her ze decent grave. Helas, mon poor fader! I know not as *he* 'av dat; I know not as he 'av Chrétien burial! Ah, vell! he vas good an' true; he sall make consacré an' holy even ze nameless grave vere he sleep.

"Dare are stately marbles in Père la Chaise. Oh, solemn, grand, beautiful! Mon fader's name is dare, an' de Montmorenci (ma chère mère vas née Montmorenci), but she 'av not be *dare*. She sleep under ze pale daisies of England, an' not under ze blue violets of her own belle France; but n'emporte! the ange of le bon Dieu sall fin' her dare all de same.

"So den, she 'av die, an' mon père; an' leave me, poor lonely child, poor exile, all alone in strange land, widout moneys, widout friends, widout language, widout *notting*; notting in all de vorld but God and ma poor breakin' heart. Ah! dat vas terrible too.

"But, dear Mademoiselle," asked Rose, bending forward in friendly interest, and laying her hand kindly on that of her old friend, "had you left no one behind to whom you could apply for assistance? Had you no friends, no relatives in your own country, who could help you?"

"Listeen, ma dear Mees; you sall hear. Ze vorst is not yet; I sall tell to you. I 'av been de last of mon fader's name; I vas his only child; but I 'av a frind, I 'av been fiancée, betroth, vat you sall call engage, for two years an' more—since I vas ze lee-tle child. Mon fiancé he vas ma nearest of kin—a re-la-teve distant of mon père. He vas poor; he vas un orphelin. He pitie him, he love him—dis good père; he him élevé, educate, and sall give to him his only child.

"Listeen, I visper. Dis man, dis Raoul, he dénoncé his bienfacteur, mon père! He betray him to his enemies; give him up to his murderers. He claim an' he receive the biens, ze estate of ze kinsman he murder; of ze poor loving wife, who 'av befrind him, an' whose kind, true heart he break; of me, his fiancée, ze poor désolé von, who he drive out from home, from frind, from country, to life of exile an' pauvreté. Raoul! *traître!*" continued the poor victim, speaking in low sibilant tones, scarcely rising above a whisper, yet in a voice of such deep and concentrated passion that each word seemed to drop, distinct and sharp, like leaden pellets of sound, on the naked nerves of the listener's ear—"Raoul! *traître!*—Ah, mon Dieu! help me dat I sall to forgivev his perfidie.

"Ah! ma dear Mees Rose, excusez moi; I sall to talk of *him* no more. It troubles me to tink of him, to speak of him; I can to speak of

mon fader an' ma moder; dare lives vas good, true, an' noble; an' dare death vas honor-able. I 'av ze pride in ma grief for dem; dare sall not be no shame, no deshonneur to remembair *dem*; but Raoul! *Raoul!*—pardonnez moi, ve sall not to speak of *him* no more. Ah! ma dear Mees Rose, may de good God keep you nevair to know how dare may be a loss of frinds worse dan by ze death of *ze body!*"

"Poor Mademoiselle! my poor friend!" said Rose, kindly, as the Frenchwoman paused, and her own soft eyes filled with ready drops of loving sympathy; "my poor, dear friend, you have suffered indeed. Do not, as you say, speak of *him* again; he is unworthy to be named by your lips—the miserable traitor! And one of your own race too! Where did he get the black blood which could— But you are right; let us leave him to the retribution of the All-seeing Judge. And now let us speak of something else. Tell me, if you please, how came you in America?"

"How I did come to America?" said Mademoiselle, hesitating, while she passed her hand slowly across her forehead, as if the rush of painful memories had for the moment unsettled her brain. "How I did come to America? you say; vas *dat* it? Oh yees—I see—I 'av it. Yees, yees—you sall hear. Ven ma chère mère she 'av die, you understan' I 'av spend all ma lectle moneys. I vas all alone in ze vorld, no frind to help, an' I zay to me, 'I must live, though ze earth *be* désolé to me, if de good Father wills it; an' to live I must vork—I must to earn ma bread, or not 'av no bread to eat.' An' zo I go into a pension—a boarding-school dat. Dare I teach de musique an' ze French, an' I larn ze Englis. Ah, ma foi!" said poor Mademoiselle, with true French versatility, breaking in upon her own sad narrative with a cheerful little laugh—"Ah, ma foi! if the French I teach vas not no better dan ze Englis I larn, you sall say to me it vas no good! Mais! *it vas*; I 'av receive good education, Dieu merci! an' it vas ma bread den in strange land.

"Ma dear Mees Rose, sall you nevair to hear how de poor French emigrés did support demselves by dare own labor in dare exile? Did you nevair to hear people say how, in ma country before de Revolution did 'av break out, it vas ze fashion at ze court of Versailles for ze noblesse to larn les arts mécaniques, ze trades, jes for de vhim—for divertissement—for ennui; an' von noble vould make or mend de vatch or clock, an' von 'av bind de book, an' anoder sall vork in filigree or enamel on ze leather? Oh yees, it 'av be so; an' de people zay, 'How strange! how fortuné! vat lucky chance it vas for dem poor peoples it 'av be so!' But I zay to you *No!* it sall be not no *chance* at all; it vas not no *luck*; it sall 'av be ze bienveillance of ze bon Dieu. Ze evair open Eye did see, de Love vat nevair sleep did take notice vat sould 'appen, an' did put dat visdom into de hearts of ze peoples ven dey did not understan' it demselves. An' so, ven de terrible day of dare trouble 'av



come to dem, dey earn dare bread in strange lan', in exile an' pauvreté, by de arts dey 'av larn to passer le temps in dare day of pride an' luxury an' idleness. You ze? Dat vas vonderful—dat vas; but it vas not no *luck!* eh?

“Ven I vas en Englan', an' ven I first come here, I hear of many French nobles (I did not to see dem, for I go novares, I see nobody den, but I 'av hear of dem) teaching de languages, dancing, fencing, an' vorking every vay. An' so I teach ze French, an' ze musique; to dance, to draw, to do much fancie-vork, broderie, flowers, an' earn ma bread. But, ah! ma dear Mees Rose, it vas bitter bread, vet vith ma tears, earn vith poor lonely breakin' heart. I 'av 'ope to die, but de great God he say 'Live,' an' I live. Ah, vell, maybe it vas be best for me! I 'av zo much to do; I 'av ze less time for ze tears an' ze regrets, an' dey are no good.

“Den, ma dear Mees Marie she shall travel in Englan' vid her parens. She vas but ze lee-tle child den, an' dey sall seek her a French governess. Dey ask me vould I 'av objection to go to America vid dem? An' I say to dem, Non; all ze vorld sall be von to me now; I 'av no care vare I sall go, only I vould nevair to see ma France again—I could not to do dat.

“So den, I am governess to ma dear Mees Marie for de many years. An' she so sweet, so good, I love her like von little sister, an' she love me. An' by-an'-by, ven ma dear yong lady 'av grow up, an' she not need governess no longer, den dey ask me vould I stay an' be companion; an' I say 'Yees,' gladly, an' I 'av stay always.

“Ah, vell! De day I vas born I 'av be Mademoiselle Hautense Pauline de St. Leo—de day I sall die I vill be only Mees Low, ze governess, ze companion! Vat den? De day after I suppose I vill be notting an' nobody; so vat odds? It sall be all one to me den. *Vive la bagatelle!*

“But is it not strange, ma dear Mees Rose, is it not strange, I forgeet vat 'av 'appen last year, last week, yesterday, I can not to remember *dat?* But I can not forgeet vat 'av 'appen so long ago. Even now, ven I speak of it to you, ma dear Mees, I seem to see ma moder an' mon fader jest as dey 'av use to be—I see ma home, ze lee-tle boudoir vitch vas le mien—I see de Provence roses vitch did grow round ze vinder, ze violets in de vases—I see ma pretty serins—I hear dem singing in dare gilded cages—I see de very pictures on de valls—de pattern on de paper, on de tapis—de light—de perfume—every ting, every ting. An' den it 'av all gone; an' I am ze lone, frindless voman, grown old in de long exile and pauvreté.”

“Oh no, dear Mademoiselle! no, my dear friend,” said Rose, impulsively rising and throwing her arms fondly round the neck of her old companion; “not *lonely*, not *friendless*, surely.

You must never say or think that. You belong to us now; you are one of *our* family now, you know. We all love you dearly. Why, aunt Mary always says you have been every thing to her; no mother or sister could be dearer to her; and so do both my uncles. I heard uncle Arthur say, only a little while since, that you had been a comfort and a blessing to them all. He said he considered it a privilege to have had you under their roof as one of their family; and he said that your patient submission, and cheerful endurance of your heavy losses and life-long trials, had been a lesson which had done and would do more good than all the sermons he should ever live to preach. And as for myself, if you care any thing for the love of such a little trifling thing as I am—”

“Merci! merci! ma dear child!” said Mademoiselle, warmly returning Rose's loving caress. “Tank you, tank you, ma dear Mees Rose! I *do* care ver much. I vas wrong to 'av say vat I did. I 'av not right to zay so. You sall not to hear me ever zay him again. I 'av found good, 'appy 'ome here, and dey 'av been good, kind, generous frinds; dey 'av nevair make me to feel I vas a stranger, or dat I vas eat de bread of dependency. I love dem all dearly, dearly; ven vid dem I almost forgeet ma exile an' ma pauvreté; but I can not to forgeet ma early frinds I 'av lost, I must remembair *dem*. An' sometimes, sometimes— Ah, vell! n'emporte; ze road 'av be a long one, but de good Fader's han' 'av led me on safely, an' it sall be nearly travel *now*, an' at ze end I vill find ma early frinds once more; le bon temps viendra! An' so, ma dear frind, ma dear Mees Rose, I am *con-tent* vid ma lot of exile now.”

As she closed her narrative Mademoiselle drew from her pocket a richly embossed gold snuff-box, upon the lid of which the motto

L  
me plait

was emblazoned in small diamonds, and which was probably the last remnant of the bijoux she had brought away with her in her fearful flight from her ancestral home. Whether the remembrance of these hereditary glories, long lost to her forever, heightened or lessened the enjoyment she found in this little indulgence is a question which we are unable to answer; but when Miss Tremaine returned to the room, gliding noiselessly back to her easy-chair and her book, she found Mademoiselle sitting still erect and graceful, and still the busy hands sent the glittering shuttle through the meshes of the shining silk; and Rose, who had returned to her seat, was bending in thoughtful silence over her embroidered roses, which certainly had not grown a single leaf under the shining tear-drops with which she had sprinkled them.



## THE PRISONER OF WAR.

AS I lie in my cot at night, and look through the open door,  
 And watch the silken sky that is woven with threads of stars,  
 While the white tents sleep on the field like sheep on a tawny moor,  
 And the hushed streets traverse the camp like dusky bars,  
 I think of my comrade afar, lying down in a Southern cell,  
 With his life on a paper lot and a loving heart on his life,  
 And my blood boils up in my veins, and I feel like a fiend of hell,  
 And I long to vent my hate and my rage in strife.

I loved him with all my love; loved him even as well as she  
 Whose hair he carried away in a locket close to his heart;  
 I remember how jealous I felt when under the sycamore-tree,  
 The night ere the regiment started, I saw them part.  
 We had been chums together; had studied and drank in tune;  
 The joy or the grief that struck him rebounded also on me—  
 As his joy arose mine followed, as waters follow the moon,  
 And his tears found their way to my heart as a stream to the sea.

I sing the irregular song of a soul that is bursting with pain!  
 There is no metre for sorrow, no rhythm for real despair—  
 Go count the feet of the wind as it tramples the naked plain,  
 Or mimic the silent sadness of snow in the air!  
 I can not control my heart, nor my innate desire of song,  
 I only know that a wild and impetuous grief,  
 A fierce, athletic, vengeful feeling of wrong  
 Beats at my brain to-night and must have relief!

Spite of all I do to crush it, his sorrowful face will come,  
 Come with its awful frame-work of interlaced bars and stone,  
 And out of his patient visage, and lips that are terribly dumb,  
 I hear the imprisoned whisper, "I am alone!"  
 Solitude thus for him, the life and soul of his throng!  
 Whose wit electric wakened the sluggish board;  
 Whose voice, though sweet in converse, was sweeter still in song;  
 Whose heart like a cornucopia always poured!

I mind me when by the Charles River we twain have walked,  
 Close to the elms so hallowed in unwritten song,  
 And over the College topics gravely pondered and talked,  
 With devious student ideas of Right and Wrong.  
 Ah! The river flows there in its usual placid way;  
 The wherries are moored at the boat-house, the elm-trees leaf and fall,  
 But there is not a voice that now could make the old College gay,  
 His dusty cap and his gown are worth them all.

How can he be a prisoner there when I have him here in my heart?  
 Closer I hold his image than they in the South hold him;  
 It is wrapped and corded with fibres that never, never will part,  
 And shrined in Love and Friendship instead of a dungeon grim.  
 Up on the fatal bluff where the gallant Baker fell,  
 And the foe, insidious, fired from thicket and copse and tree—  
 There, after fighting long and bravely and well,  
 The friend of my heart was cut off as a stream by the sea!

Lying here in my tent at night, and looking out at the door,  
 It is I who am the prisoner, not you, O! beloved friend;  
 It is I who feel the shackles, and the prick of the healing sore,  
 And all the prison sufferings without end.  
 I see the mocking faces all day through the windows stare—  
 I know they are staring at you, but they sneeringly lower on me—  
 And I swear an oath as sacred as a soldier ever can swear  
 That I will be with you there, or you will be free!

*In Camp, December, 1861.*

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.



## WASHINGTON IRVING.

IT was the good fortune of Washington Irving to pass through a long and somewhat checkered life, surrounded by more sincere friends, and with fewer personal enemies, than usually falls to the lot of public men. Indeed he may be said to form an exception to the particular class to which he belonged; for while all admired the exquisite skill with which his genius colored the early history of our country, and invested the old Spanish legends with an exalted poetic imagery, none were found to envy him the possession of these remarkable powers, or cast a doubt upon the genuineness of his literary wares. This remarkable exemption is in a great measure due to the gentleness and simplicity of his character, which not only pervades with a genial influence every page that he has written, but rendered him in private life one of the most charming and agreeable of companions. My personal acquaintance with Irving began in the spring of 1842, while he was on a visit at Washington for the purpose of receiving instructions from the State Department prior to his departure for Madrid, as Minister from the United States to that court.

This position was conferred by Mr. Tyler, then President, not only without solicitation on his part, but even without knowledge of the honor intended. The first intimation he had of his selection was contained in a letter from the State Department, written by Mr. Webster, and addressed to him in his official capacity. This appointment was made at the recommendation of Mr. Webster, who afterward told Mr. Everett that he regarded it as one of the most honorable memorials of his administration of the Department of State. At the time of Irving's visit Dickens, who had been received in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia with remarkable civic demonstrations, was in Washington, somewhat disappointed, it must be confessed, at the difference between his reception there and in the Northern cities he had just visited, although without sufficient reason. He had in his writings touched, in a masterly manner, a chord of human sympathy which vibrated intensely among the masses, and they came forth in numbers to greet him; but to the statesman he presented no such claim, and he was, accordingly, received in Washington simply as a distinguished stranger, whose presence was of too frequent an occurrence to excite much notice. Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle, who preceded Dickens a few months, passed through the Northern capitals which had witnessed the triumphs of the novelist with but little notice. In Washington, however, as a member of the British Parliament, and an eminent English statesman, he met with a reception in every way becoming his distinguished position. While Irving was in Washington one of the levees usually given by the President at stated intervals took place. No special invitations are given to these soirées, and the public are apprised of them by a notice

in the columns of the Government newspaper. On these occasions the President receives his fellow-citizens in the most informal manner, shaking hands indiscriminately with all who approach him; and as he is not presumed to know them all, the Marshal of the District of Columbia ascertains the name from the individual who desires to be presented, and introduces him to the President. Sometimes it is customary to announce the name of each guest aloud as he enters the room in which the President receives. This was the case on the evening now alluded to; and, consequently, the knowledge of each distinguished arrival was speedily circulated among the guests in the various apartments. It was generally understood that Washington Irving would be present, but that Dickens would not visit the Presidential mansion on this occasion, because he had not received a special invitation. Some surprise was manifested, therefore, at the announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, who arrived about an hour after the opening of the levee, accompanied by the Speaker of the House of Representatives (Winthrop). The rooms at this time were quite full, and great anxiety was manifested to see the eminent novelist, whose works were familiar to most of those present. About half an hour after the entrance of Dickens Washington Irving was announced, and from that moment became the universal object of attraction. He was the theme of conversation in each group, and was constantly surrounded by those who were anxious to obtain a glimpse of their distinguished countryman, or the more fortunate few who were presented to him. Dickens did not remain long after the entrance of Irving, and left almost unobserved by the crowds whose thoughts were wholly concentrated upon their especial favorite. Dickens alludes to this reception in his "Notes on America," and bestows a compliment on the Americans for their attention to their distinguished countryman. I could not but think at the moment that he was seriously annoyed by the sudden extinguishment of his own importance as a lion, and vexed at the transfer of universal regard to another. Dickens was a young, and, as I remember him at that time, a small but very handsome man, with a profusion of hair, as he is represented in his earlier portraits.

Between Irving and Dickens the most pleasant personal relations always existed. When Dickens was in New York, prior to his visit to Washington, it was proposed to give him a public dinner, at which Washington Irving was selected to preside. If Irving had a horror of any thing it was of an after-dinner speech; but on the present occasion, so universal seemed to be the demand upon Irving, that he was fain to accept the honor. Professor Felton, who saw him daily during the interval between the time of acceptance and the day of the dinner, either at the rooms of Dickens or at dinner and evening parties, says that he could not help being amused with the tragi-comical distress which the thought of that approaching dinner caused him. His



pleasant humor mingled with the real dread, and played with the whimsical horrors of his own position with an irresistible drollery. Whenever it was alluded to his invariable answer was, "I shall certainly break down!" uttered in a half-melancholy tone, the ludicrous effect of which it is impossible to describe. He was haunted, continues Professor Felton, as if by a night-mare; and I could only compare his dismay to that of Mr. Pickwick, who was so alarmed at the prospect of leading about that dreadful horse all day. At length the long-expected evening arrived; a company of the most eminent persons from all professions and every walk of life were assembled, and Mr. Irving took the chair. He brought the manuscript of his speech and laid it under his plate. "I shall certainly break down!" he repeated, over and over again, to those who were seated near him at the table. At last the moment arrived. Irving rose, amidst deafening applause. He began in his pleasant voice, got through two or three sentences pretty easily, but in the next he hesitated, and, after one or two attempts to go on, gave it up with a graceful allusion to the tournament, and the troops of knights all armed and eager for the fray; and ended with the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation!"

"There!" said he, as he resumed his seat under a repetition of applause, "I told you I should break down, and I've done it!"

"There certainly never was," remarks Professor Felton, "a shorter dinner speech. I doubt if there ever was one more successful." The manuscript seemed to be a dozen or twenty pages long, but the printed speech was not as many lines. I suppose that manuscript may be still in existence; and, if so, I wish it might be published.

While Irving was in London the following spring, on his way to Madrid, he was invited to the Literary Fund Dinner. In the Diary of Thomas Moore is the record of his conversation with Irving on the subject, and final success of his endeavors to persuade him to go. "*That Dickens dinner*," says Moore, "which he always pronounced with strong emphasis, hammering away with his right arm, *more suo—that Dickens dinner* still haunted his imagination, and I almost gave up the hope of persuading him."

Irving left soon after for Spain, accompanied by J. Carson Brevoort, the son of his early and valued friend, Henry Brevoort, as Secretary of Legation, and I saw him no more for some years. His previous service as Secretary of Legation at London gave him some experience in diplomacy, and fitted him for the discharge of his duties at the court of Madrid. While occupying the former position his old friend Morse called to have his passport viséd. "What is the fee?" said Morse, as Irving handed back his viséd passport.

"Nothing," replied Irving. "Please," he continued, with a look of infinite drollery, and in the most cockneyish manner imaginable, "to recommend our establishment."

His Secretary, a man of refined literary tastes and gentle, unobtrusive manners, was an admirable companion for Irving, and entered largely into his pastimes as well as his business pursuits. It was Irving's custom, in the long summer days of that delicious climate, to stroll out into the Prado or the parks adorning the city, and casting himself upon a mossy bank beneath the overhanging branches of some stately tree, devote hours to the indulgence of his own pleasant reveries, occasionally broken in upon by amusements almost puerile in their character. One of these, which reminds us of his great literary prototype, Goldsmith (who, when composing his "*Deserted Village*," was found one day by a friend dividing his attention between the poetry and a favorite dog, whom he was teaching to sit on his haunches), was to watch the idle dogs stretched at length under the trees of the Prado, and suddenly disturb their slumbers by allowing his well-poised walking-stick to fall upon the tails of the unsuspecting animals. To the children he had always a kind word, and many of his happiest thoughts sparkled on these occasions in the midst of their innocent prattle. "Nothing annoyed him," remarks Brevoort, "so much as to be lionized, or made the centre of a group of listeners. To hear him talk, and to draw him out, it was necessary to have but few present. He preferred the society of such as had some refinement of taste—not humorous or witty, but with a disposition to take the pleasant side of any question."

The period of his official residence in Spain was one of great political excitement, during which a change of Ministry took place, and law was not unfrequently made subservient to expediency. Questions of political significance frequently arose, in which he was invariably successful in his negotiations with the Government. One of these grew out of an enlistment of citizens of the United States, resident in Spain as merchants, in the National Guard. It was argued on the part of the Government that inasmuch as the property of these merchants was protected from violence by this body, it was their duty to join its ranks as active members. In the correspondence that ensued, and in all his relations with the Spanish Government, he has by his suavity and nice sense of the rights of both parties given a lesson well worthy of the imitation of diplomatists.

When Bryant was in Spain in 1857 a distinguished Spaniard said to him: "Why does not your Government send out to this court Washington Irving? Why do you not take as your agent a man whom all Spain admires, venerates, and loves? I assure you it would be difficult for our Government to refuse any thing which Irving should ask, and his signature would make almost any treaty acceptable to our people."

On his return from this mission he went to reside at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, long before familiar to the readers of the "*Sketch-Book*" as the spot on which the residence of Herr Van Tassel, in the Legend of



Sleepy Hollow, was situated. That Irving had early contemplated selecting this spot as a retreat for his declining years is not only manifest from his casual conversations on this subject with his friends, but likewise from the following account in the *Legend* itself:

"I recollect," he says, "that when a stripping my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." The antique cottage, with its irregular projections and sharp-angled roof, now so familiar to the travelers on the Hudson under the cognomen of Sunnyside, was built shortly before his appointment to Spain, but was not constantly occupied by him as his residence until his return.

Shortly after his return Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, a brother of the novelist, was appointed by the British Government as their Minister to the United States. Among other objects, Sir Henry was especially anxious to secure, by treaty or otherwise, an international copyright between England and the United States, and expressed to me, in our frequent pleasant interviews, a desire to co-operate with American authors in any mode they might suggest to produce this desirable result. Under these circumstances a question arose as to whether, by some sort of combination among authors for their mutual protection, that end might not be gained, and I was requested to write to Irving for his opinion. I accordingly addressed him a letter, to which, after a few weeks' delay, I received the following reply:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 23, 1848.

"DEAR SIR,—The pressure of various engagements, which cut up my time at present, and keep me divided between town and country, must plead my excuse for not sooner answering your letter.

"I am sorry to say I have little faith in the efficiency of any association among literary men for their mutual protection and profit in the publication of their works. I have thought a great deal on the subject, have known various plans to be discussed and even commenced, among which was one in London, patronized, if I recollect right, by Thomas Campbell, the poet. They all, however, came to nothing. I have not time at present to go into the various considerations which have convinced me of the impracticability of any attempt by a combination of authors to regulate and control the course of the 'trade.' I can only say that the conclusion I have come to on this subject is the result of much reflection and inquiry.

"The main thing wanting at present for the protection of our native literature is an international law of copyright. This once obtained, all authors of merit would be able to take care of their own wants, and original works worthy of publication would readily find a profitable market.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
"WASHINGTON IRVING."

At the time this letter was written Irving had

but little reason to complain either of his success as an author or the pecuniary reward he had obtained from his writings. Apart from the sums obtained from his copyrights in this country, he had received from his London publisher, John Murray, for the

	£	s.
Sketch-Book.....	467	10
Bracebridge Hall.....	1050	00
Tales of a Traveler.....	1575	00
Life of Columbus.....	3150	00
Companions of Columbus.....	525	00
Conquest of Granada.....	2100	00
Tour on the Prairies.....	400	00
Abbotsford and Newstead.....	400	00
Legends of Spain.....	100	00
Total.....	9767	10

and from Mr. Bentley, for the "Alhambra" £1050, "Astoria" £500, and "De Bouville's Adventures" £900—in all, amounting to not far from \$62,000.

He now supposed that the sale of his published works had reached their limit and he had little more to expect from them, when Mr. George P. Putnam proposed to bring out a new series of his entire works, at a very liberal rate of compensation for his copyright. He at once accepted the offer, as I have been informed by Mr. Putnam, without the alteration of a single word. The sums received by Irving under this arrangement have exceeded seventy-five thousand dollars.

Irving, especially in his early literary career, was greatly influenced by moods in his composition, at times writing with great rapidity, and at others being unequal to any literary exertions for weeks together. His first productions were written at the age of nineteen, and consist of a number of essays on theatrical performances, habits of the good people of New York, and like subjects. These appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1802, a newspaper just started by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, with the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle. In 1804 he visited Europe on account of an incipient attack of pulmonary disease.

While in Rome he met Washington Allston, and was so charmed with the painter and his art that he suddenly conceived the idea of being an artist. "Why," he says, in alluding to this period, "might I not remain here and turn painter? I mentioned the idea to Allston, and he caught at it with eagerness. Nothing could be more feasible. We could take an apartment together. He would give me all the instruction and assistance in his power, and was sure I would succeed." His lot, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded his prospects, and he gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston and turning painter. In 1806 he returned to New York, and soon after, in connection with his brother (William Irving) and James K. Paulding, issued in numbers the "Salmagundi."

Knickerbocker's "History of New York," which first established his reputation as a rare humorist, was published in December, 1809. Mr. Bryant, writing in 1860, says, "I have just read this 'History of New York' over again, and



I found myself no less delighted than when I first turned its pages in my early youth. When I compare it with other works of wit and humor of a similar length, I find that, unlike most of them, it carries forward the reader to the conclusion without weariness or satiety, so unsought, spontaneous are the wit and the humor. The author makes us laugh because he can no more help it than we can help laughing." Shortly after its publication Mr. Henry Brevoort sent a copy to Sir Walter Scott, with whom he was on terms of considerable intimacy, who, in a reply to him highly complimentary to its author, says, "I have been employed these few evenings in reading the annals of 'Deidrich Knickerbocker' aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing."

The next work of moment produced by Irving was the "Sketch-Book," written in London, and first published in numbers in New York. He found much difficulty in procuring an English publisher, and was at last indebted to the good offices of Sir Walter Scott in securing for him Mr. John Murray, who had already declined the venture, as his publisher. In conversing with Mr. N. P. Willis on this subject, he remarked that "he was never more astonished than at the success of the 'Sketch-Book.'" His writing of these stories was so unlike inspiration—so entirely without any feeling of confidence, which could be prophetic of their popularity. Walking with his brother one dull, foggy Sunday over Westminster Bridge, he got to telling him the old Dutch stories he had heard at Tarrytown in his youth, when the thought suddenly struck him—"I have it! I'll go home and make a memorandum of these for a book." And leaving his brother to go to church, he went back to his lodgings and jotted down the data, and the next day—the dullest and darkest of London fogs—he sat in his little room and wrote out "Sleepy Hollow" by the light of a candle.

"Bracebridge Hall" was composed in Paris under somewhat similar circumstances. He had been for a long time without the ability to write. He had frequently made the attempt, but was as often obliged to abandon it, as his mind would offer to him no pictures worthy of being put to paper. At last his fit of inspiration came, and he went industriously to work to develop it. One morning at this period his friend Tom Moore called to make him a visit. He told him that, after waiting a long time, he had fallen into the mood, and would work as long as it lasted. So he began to write soon after breakfast, and, without taking note of time, continued until Moore returned at four in the afternoon, by which time he completely covered the table with freshly-written sheets. He continued to work without intermission in this manner for six weeks. For the copyright of this work Mr. Murray paid him a thousand guineas.

But probably one of the most rapidly composed, as well as one of the most popular of his works, is the "Life of Goldsmith." He was sitting one

day at the desk of his publisher, Mr. Putnam, looking over Forster's work, which Mr. Putnam was about to reprint. Mr. Irving said that it was a favorite subject with him, and he had a mind to extend a sketch he had formerly made for an edition of Goldsmith's works into a volume. Mr. Putnam urged him to do so. In sixty days the first sheets were in the hands of the printer, and in three weeks after the volume was published. During the later years of his life, and especially while engaged in preparing his earlier works for republication under his arrangement with his American publisher, and in writing the "Life of Washington," his habits of composition were more systematic, and usually occupied the morning hours. In writing this last great work he was less troubled about its literary merits than in the proper collation of the materials, which had been immensely accumulated by the indefatigable labors of Sparks and others, all of which needed to be carefully examined if their materials were not used. He had been urged by Constable, the Edinburgh publisher, to write the life of Washington some thirty years before it was undertaken; but probably his task was better performed than if he had commenced it at an earlier period. Mr. Bryant, in alluding to the character of this work, says: "Here is a man of genius, a poet by temperament, writing the life of a man of transcendent wisdom and virtue—a life passed amidst great events, and marked by inestimable public services. There is a constant temptation to eulogy, but the temptation is resisted; the actions of his hero are left to speak their own praise. The lessons of the narrative are made to impress themselves on the mind by the earnest relation of facts. Meantime the narrator keeps himself in the background, solely occupied with the due presentation of his subject. Our eyes are upon the actors whom he sets before us—we never think of Mr. Irving." This remark would apply with equal force to all of his other writings. In the "History of New York" we see not Irving, but the veritable old chronicler, with his quaint visage and neat threadbare suit, who had spent his life in storing up recollections of his native town; and in the "Sketch-Book" Ichabod Crane and the prankish villagers, or poor old Rip Van Winkle, are the veritable personages that absorb the reader's attention, to the entire exclusion of the author.

This is due in part to the remarkable purity of his style, and in part to a real unaffected modesty, that made him shrink from obtruding himself on the notice of the public. He was, indeed, exceedingly sensitive about the reception of his works with the public, and never hesitated to admit the influence of this opinion upon him. "Indifference to praise or censure," he remarked on one occasion, "was not reasonable—at least it was impossible to him." He remembered how he had suffered from the opinion of a Philadelphia critic, who, in reviewing the "Sketch-Book" at its first appearance, said "that Rip Van Winkle was a silly attempt at



humor, quite unworthy of the author's genius." This apprehension in regard to the excellence of his works continued to the very last volume he wrote. I have the authority of his publisher for saying that, although the first four volumes of his "Life of Washington" had been received by the public with a favor far beyond his own expectations, yet the fifth and last was timidly permitted to be launched, nor was he self-assured in regard to it until Mr. Bancroft, Professor Felton, and Mr. Duyckinck had assured him that the volume was all that it should be.

The following letter addressed to Professor Felton on this subject shows not only the condition of his health at the time it was written, but also the despondency he experienced as to the success of the volume :

"SUNNYSIDE, May 17, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I can not sufficiently express to you how much I feel obliged by your very kind letter of the 12th instant, giving such a favorable notice of my last volume. I have been very much out of health of late, with my nerves in a sad state, and with occasional depression of spirits; and in this forlorn plight had come to feel very dubious about the volume I had committed to the press. Your letter had a most salutary and cheering effect, and your assurance that the last volume had been to you *of more absorbing interest than either of the others* carried a ray of joy to my heart, for I was sadly afraid that the interest might be considered as falling off.

"Excuse the brevity of this letter; for I am suffering to-day from the lingerings of a nervous complaint, from which I am slowly recovering; but I could not suffer another day to elapse without thanking you for correspondence which had a more balmy effect than any of my doctor's prescriptions.

"With great regard, I am, my dear Felton,

"Yours very truly,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

The same timidity that rendered him doubtful about the reception of his works caused him to shrink from taking a part in public meetings. The only one in which I remember him to have been engaged was on the occasion of a demonstration at Tripler Hall, New York, in 1851, shortly after the death of Cooper, intended to secure funds to erect a monument to his memory—a design which unfortunately failed of accomplishing its purpose. Irving was selected as the chairman of this meeting, and consented to serve as such, I strongly suspect, as much on account of his previous relations with Cooper as from any other cause.

Upon Cooper's return from abroad Irving shared with him the field of authorship, far in advance of any of his contemporaries. Whatever may have been the motive, it is certain that Cooper kept aloof from Irving for a long time, and seemed to cherish for him no friendly sentiments. An interview between them at last took place at the office of Mr. Putnam under the following circumstances: Irving was sitting at the desk reading when Cooper came in and stood at the office door conversing with Mr. Putnam, who was at that time in the course of publishing a library edition of his best works in companionship with Irving's. He did not observe Irving, and Mr. Putnam, obeying the impulse

of the moment, said, "Mr. Cooper, here is Mr. Irving." The latter turned—Cooper held out his hand cordially, dashed at once into animated conversation, and, to the surprise and delight of their mutual publisher, the two authors sat for an hour chatting in the pleasantest manner about present and former times, and parted with an expression of the most cordial good wishes for each other. Irving afterward frequently alluded to the incident as one of great gratification to him.

When Irving came to the place of assemblage and found it crowded to overflowing, he began to relent of his promise, and begged Mr. Webster, who was present in the small room, where those who had an invitation to sit on the platform were assembled, to officiate in his stead. After some hesitancy Webster at last consented, greatly to the delight of Irving, who seemed more nervous and embarrassed than I had before seen him. The sketch made by Huntington of Webster, Irving, and Bryant (the orator of the evening) furnishes admirable likenesses of the three as they appeared on this occasion.

The last time I met Irving was at the Astor Library, on Tuesday, June 9, 1859, but a few months before his death. He had just completed the fifth and last volume of the "Life of Washington," and seemed in the same flow of spirits that one might expect in a youth who had completed a laborious task about whose accomplishment he was very anxious. Indeed his health was hardly adequate for the task he had undertaken, and during the composition of the last volume his mental and physical powers were more severely taxed than in the arrangement of all the preceding ones. He complained of some difficulty in breathing, which was manifest to a casual observer, and was due to an attack of asthma from which he was slowly recovering. The change from country to town had benefited him, as is often the case in asthmatic complaints. He said that when suffering from these attacks a run up to town was always attended with advantage. He attributed the relief to the want of purity in the town atmosphere, and remarked that that of the open country was too stimulating for his respiratory apparatus. I suspect, however, that his asthmatic attacks were in some way connected with an increased nervous irritability from which he suffered, and which frequently induced him to rise in the middle of the night and engage for a time in writing, in order to induce a state of exhaustion that would be followed by sleep. On one occasion, when his friend John P. Kennedy paid him a visit, he appeared with his usually smooth-shaved face covered with a luxuriant beard, which Irving noticed, and stated that for his own part he could not afford to allow his beard to grow, otherwise he should lose one of his most valuable modes of quieting his nervous system when preternaturally excited. He said that when tired of tossing about vainly seeking for sleep, his habit was to rise and shave himself, which was always followed by an allayance of nervous



excitement, and was pretty sure to be followed by a refreshing slumber.

I alluded to Charles Leslie, who had just died, and remarked that his sister, Miss Leslie, whose admirable work, "Mrs. Washington Potts," had given her a wide celebrity as an authoress among her fair countrywomen, used often to speak to me of the days when her brother Charles and Irving were inseparable companions in London.

"Yes," replied Irving, "I remember it well. It was among the happiest periods of my life. I was always a Rambler, and ever delighted with new scenes and strange people. Europe to me was a vast store-house of venerable associations, but to England I always turned with that species of fond desire which a full-grown man who has been a Rambler over the world feels for the home of his boyhood, and, after long years of absence, he once more approaches its hallowed precincts. It is so full of poetic and historic associations that one never tires of rambling among them. Not that our own country is wanting in beauties. It has them to overflowing; and could I have been content with the beauty of scenery alone, I need never have wandered from my own land. Her mighty rivers, her immense solitudes, her far-stretched plains, and, above all, her glorious sunshine, are all that a lover of nature could desire; but to me they wanted the historic associations and the poetic interest which clung around the crumbling ruins of the old world, and invested each stone in these heavy fabrics with a reverential awe. Leslie was a good fellow and a capital artist. We used to ramble together about the environs of London, and while he sought objects for his pencil, I was busied in collecting notes for future descriptions in idle and perhaps profitless tales."

I asked him if these notes were chiefly used in the "Sketch-Book."

"Some of them," he replied, "but not all, or even a considerable part. I recurred to them when writing 'Bracebridge Hall,' far away from English scenery, and, like a painter, have every now and then worked in a little English composition in scenes far remote from, and having little connection with, England. But the greater part are unwritten."

I alluded to Leslie's continued residence in England, and remarked that after so long a time spent there America must have appeared distasteful to him.

He said that it was true that Leslie found a more congenial atmosphere in London than in America. Yet, continued he, Leslie was a true American in feeling, and on one occasion actually did take up his residence in Philadelphia, but after remaining for a year or two he was compelled to return to his London home, and the friends made during his progress as an artist there, which after all was the best place for him. In the United States, especially at the time when Leslie came here to reside, great patrons were wanting, with taste and means combined, to give that encouragement to an artist which one of true merit always found in Europe; besides, in

the bustling pursuits of trade, there was little leisure and but few congenial spirits for a man of literary tastes. Leslie's wife, too, was an Englishwoman, and could not bear to live out of the smoke of London. "A pleasant little body," added Irving, "but with no appreciation of her husband's talent."

He alluded to his own long-continued residence abroad, and said that nothing gave him greater pain than the doubts cast by some newspaper writers upon his affection for his native land. He spoke with enthusiasm of his good fortune in being a citizen of the United States; and added that a dream of his literary life, much of which had been taken up in idle ramblings, was finally to settle himself down in some quiet nook upon the banks of the Hudson, where, amidst the scenes of his youth, the evening of life might be spent in the midst of sympathizing friends.

I alluded to an incident in the life of Mr. Gales, the able editor of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, whom he remembered very well, which bore some resemblance to this passage in his own. While Gales was a young man and without means, he was accustomed every pleasant Sunday to ramble to an extremely picturesque elevation in the environs of Washington, and casting himself on the grass under the branches of one of the lofty forest trees that crowned its summit, indulge in the reverie that, when he should have sufficient means, he would purchase this spot, erect a cottage upon it, and there pass the remainder of his life. True to his original intention, he did purchase in later life this spot, built his cottage, and generously entertain at his hospitable board the hundreds of friends who were attracted thither by his courtly manner. He was, I remarked, among the few whose dreams of early life were realized.

"And so have mine," replied Irving; "in part, at least," he continued, after a pause, in which a shade of deep sadness crossed his countenance. I did not at the moment imagine the true cause of this, but supposed it arose from some painful reminiscence of an evanescent nature. I now believe it to be due to the revival of a train of recollections of a tenderer nature than I supposed the confirmed bachelor to be susceptible of; for it is undoubtedly true that, among the dreams of his early life, a connubial felicity which he never enjoyed was not the least prominent object in the picture. Mr. Putnam, in his recollections of Irving, says that "a miniature of a young lady, intellectual, refined, and beautiful, was handed to him one day by Irving, with the request that he would have a slight injury repaired by an artist, and a new case made for it, the old one being actually worn out by much use. The painting (on ivory) was exquisitely fine. When Mr. Putnam returned it to him, in a suitable velvet case, he took it to a quiet corner and looked intently on the face for some minutes, apparently unobserved, his tears falling freely on the glass as he gazed. Mr. Putnam adds, that it is not indelicate now to surmise that this was the miniature of Miss Hoff-



man, a sister of Ogden Hoffman, to whom Irving was devotedly attached, and who was snatched away by death nearly half a century since, during all which time her memory was carefully guarded by him who saw no second person to occupy the place in his affections which she had won.

In a casual notice that appeared soon after his death, evidently written by one who knew him well, the writer says, "We can not but think that we find a leaf from his own experience in a passage in his charming paper on 'Newstead Abbey,' where he says, 'An early, innocent, and unfortunate passion, however fruitful of pain it may be to the man, is a lasting advantage to the poet. It is a well of sweet and bitter fancies, of refined and gentle sentiments, of elevated and ennobling thoughts, shut up in the deep recesses of the heart, keeping it green amidst the withering blight of the world, and, by its casual gushings and overflowings, recalling at times all the freshness and innocence and enthusiasm of youthful years.'" It happened not long ago that, during a visit to Sunnyside, in the absence of Mr. Irving, a friend was quartered in his sleeping apartment, and was very deeply touched to notice upon the table near the bedside an old, well-worn copy of the Bible, with the name of M—— H—— on the title-page, written in a lady's hand.

The shadow soon passed from his brow, and the conversation turned upon his visit to Abbotsford, which he has so admirably described in the "Crayon Miscellany." He spoke of the cordial manner in which he was received by the "mighty minstrel of the North," and the earnestness with which he insisted on his driving to the house for breakfast; of his delightful tarry of three days under the hospitable roof at Abbotsford, and the pleasing impressions that visit made upon his mind—all of which he has fortunately given to the world in his own peculiar, felicitous style. At the time of his visit "Rob Roy" was passing through the press, and his publisher, Constable, was anxious that he should not be disturbed. Each mail brought him an abundance of proof-sheets to revise, with which and in composition he occupied the morning hours. During the remainder of the day he was always at leisure, and entered heartily into such amusements as were suggested. The authorship of the Waverley novels was not at that time acknowledged, but they were generally attributed to Scott. No mention, however, was made of the subject by Scott or Irving. In speaking of the different habits of literary men, in regard to composition, he said that Scott had the power to write at any time, and always wrote well. He was indifferent as to moods, which could not be said of most men. Byron was especially under the influence of the "fyte" in his composition. Moore had another method. He would return from a convivial party with a few sparkling images in his mind, of which he would take note, and leave the construction of the rhythm for his cooler moments, when they were cautiously, and oft-

en laboriously, clothed in appropriate language. Scott, notwithstanding the immense amount of intellectual labor he performed, was apparently the most perfect person of leisure of any literary man he ever knew. He had an astonishing faculty of ascertaining the substance of a book by casually running it over. He found that he possessed, in a considerable degree, this faculty himself, and supposed that most literary men acquired this habit. He had frequently run over a book in this manner, literally reading it with his fingers, and on a more careful perusal was astonished to find how little of real excellence had been left unnoticed in his hasty search.

During this interview Irving was seated in one of the library alcoves whose shelves were well-lined with books. Some notice was taken of this—I scarcely remember how—but Irving expressed himself highly gratified at the result of this noble benefaction, which he said he had watched from its inception until it had grown into an important and useful institution. What literary men most wanted in this country was books for reference, and this library would go far to supply that want.

Mr. Astor, he remarked, desired to leave some memorial to the city that should bear his name. He thought of several ways, and among others that of endowing a Professorship, but finally determined to found a library, and frequently consulted him concerning it. The plan met with his most hearty approval; and he frequently endeavored to induce him to establish it during his lifetime, in order that he might be witness to its good results. Mr. Astor frequently invited him to dine with him at his country residence at Hell Gate, and talk about the library. After dinner he would call for the city plot and discuss its location. The first intention was to locate it in Astor Place, which was finally changed for its present more eligible site in Lafayette Place. On one occasion he told Irving that he thought of altering his will in regard to the library. This intelligence completely dumfounded Irving, who supposed that after all the whole project was to be abandoned. He was, however, quickly reassured by the information that Mr. Astor proposed to add to the original bequest of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars an additional fifty thousand dollars, making the legacy for the purpose four hundred thousand dollars. Irving was delighted, and proposed immediately to draw up a codicil to that effect, which he did on the spot. He afterward ascertained that the codicil containing this bequest was not the one written by him, but was drawn up by Mr. Astor's legal adviser. He had often wished that the library had been established during the lifetime of its founder, not on account of its advantage to the people, for they already enjoyed that, but that he might be an eye-witness of the results of his gift.

During Irving's frequent conversations with Mr. Astor about the library he occasionally hinted at his taking charge of it, which Irving promptly declined to do, and pointed to Dr.



Cogswell, who had just returned from Europe, and had written a very full account of European libraries, as the appropriate person. I rather suspect that this offer, on the part of Mr. Astor, to install Geoffrey Crayon in the grave position of librarian, was rather in compliment than reality; for, apart from Irving's unfitness for a post requiring peculiar bibliographical knowledge, which he never laid claim to, Dr. Cogswell, who was a frequent guest at Mr. Astor's table, had already engrossed his mind as a fit person to carry out his trust.

Irving spoke of Dr. Cogswell on this occasion in terms of the highest commendation. He said that he was a man of vast erudition and admirable tact in the selection of books, and, next to Mr. Astor, was most to be applauded for the present condition of the library. He had devoted to its formation his best energies, and had the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of his labor in the development of a foundation upon which a far inferior workman might continue the superstructure. It was a very different thing to build up from its base such a library and to continue it afterward, and it was a most fortunate circumstance that Dr. Cogswell had undertaken the task.

Irving never hesitated to speak of his own literary productions, and was, when in the company of literary men at least, very communicative in regard to the circumstances under which they were written. His conversation on these occasions seemed to flow naturally from the subjects, and was neither marked by an affectation of restraint on the one hand, nor a consciousness of superior abilities on the other. To younger aspirants for literary fame he had always a word of encouragement and kind advice. He occasionally narrated anecdotes from his own experience of the uncertain position in which he was sometimes placed by his reputation as a writer of popular books. One of the best of these is this: While in England, not long after his name had become familiar to the public by the publication of the "Sketch-Book," he made a purchase at a shop, and directed the parcel to be sent to his lodgings, directed to Mr. Irving.

"Is it possible," said the salesman, with a look and manner that indicated profound admiration, "that I have the honor to serve Mr. Irving?"

Irving modestly acknowledged the compliment paid to his accumulating fame, and a conversation ensued in which the dealer manifested additional interest in his distinguished customer, until a direct inquiry concerning his last work disclosed the fact that he supposed he was engaged in conversation with the Rev. Edward Irving, of the Scottish Kirk, whose polemical works had given him an exalted position among the members of that church. The existence of the "Sketch-Book" was probably unknown to him. "All I could do," added Irving, with that look of peculiar drollery which those who have heard him narrate an incident of this kind well remember, "was to take my tail between

my legs and slink away in the smallest possible compass."

Every one is familiar with the portrait of Irving with the fur collar, but few are aware of the reasons which induced him in sitting to adopt this costume. He thus explains them himself in a letter from Paris to his friend Leslie, in 1820: "I received a letter from Peter Powell, in which he speaks of my portrait being in the engraver's hands, and that it is painted in the old Venetian costume. I hope you have not misunderstood my meaning when I spoke about the costume in which I should like to be painted. I believe I spoke something about the costume of Newton's portrait. I meant Newton's portrait of *me*, not of *himself*. If you recollect, he painted me as if in some kind of overcoat with a fur cape—a dress that has nothing remarkable in it, but which merely avoided any present fashion that might in a few years appear stupid. The Venetian dress which Newton painted himself in would have a fantastic appearance and savor of affectation. Let the costume be simple and picturesque, but such as a gentleman might be supposed to wear at the present day. I only wanted you to avoid the edges, and corners, and angles with which a modern coat is so oddly and formally clipped out at the present day."

## GENERAL FRANKIE.

### A STORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

#### I.

FRANKIE MERRIAN had found out a new play. Now this was a very pleasant thing to happen to a small boy like Frankie. He had played horse with his mother's rocking-chair until he was tired; he had set up all the animals in his menagerie in wonderful positions, putting the hyena on the elephant's back and perching the monkey on the lion's mane; he had spun his top until it went to sleep; and now he lay on the floor with the soles of his button-gaiters high in the air and his chin on his hands, while he kept asking,

"Mamma, what shall I play? What shall I play, mamma?"

Mamma stopped a moment to take up another havelock from the pile beside her, and she answered, "Play? Oh, I don't know what you can play. Put your dissected map together."

Another flourish of the button-gaiters. "Oh, I don't like to do that; they don't fit. Virginia is nicked round the edges, and Alabama won't stay in its place, and South Carolina is lost altogether. No, I don't want to play that."

"Well, let us see. Oh, I know. Suppose you make believe you are a soldier?"

"And have a knapsack, mamma, and a havelock?"

Frankie jumped up to his feet at this idea, clapping his hands.

"Oh, mamma, how nice! And I'll be a Seventh Regiment, won't I, just like Uncle Charlie? And folks will cry when I go away,



just as Cousin Rosa did—didn't you, cousin? What makes your face so red, eh? Oh! and people will read the papers every day, to see if General Frankie has been wounded. No—I won't be the Seventh, either. I'll be for three months. I'll be Sixty-Ninth, like our Biddy's beau. Sha'n't I, mamma?"

Mamma and her friend Rosa looked at each other and smiled pleasantly, while the little soldier was arraying himself. He hunted up his old crownless hat and set it jauntily on his curls; then he brought the old gray shawl that always hung over a chair in the nursery, and his mother helped him to roll it up like a blanket; a big box that once held a head-dress was brought down from a high shelf in the closet to serve as a knapsack; two bits of red flannel on either shoulder gave him an officer's rank; and his old toy sword was brought out from the play-room.

"There, now Frankie is armed and equipped," said mamma, strapping the knapsack and blanket on his little back.

"Oh no; I must have rations, you know, and a cup and plate."

"Oh, Frankie, what a boy! Go and ask Bridget for some bread; I must finish these havelocks to-day."

Frankie started off down stairs, putting one foot on a step at a time, never dreaming that he was not the great soldier he fancied himself to be. Bridget held up her hands in wonder at his military appearance.

"Oh, Frankie! is it to the wars ye're goin'?" Thim ribils 'll have to look out now. What company are ye in, sure?" she added, putting her arms akimbo and looking down on the small face as she kept saying, softly, "Well, the size of him!"

The young soldier shifted his equipments, and answered, with baby gravity, "I am a General, Biddy—my name is General Frankie, and I've come for my rations."

"Yer relations! and sure ain't they all up stairs?"

He looked at her with an expression of profound pity for her ignorance. "My rations, Biddy—that means bread—and my mug, and some old tin plate."

"Hooray for General Frankie!" laughed Biddy, as she fastened the jingling things on his back, and cutting a large piece of bread stowed it away in its proper place, telling him to shoot Jeff Davis, but to be very careful that Patrick Malone, of the Sixty-Ninth, should not get hurt.

The young hero returned to the nursery, rattling his trappings as he went, and making mamma smile when he gravely proceeded to unstrap his blanket and spread it on the floor in one corner, which he called the camp. Then he commenced solemnly eating the piece of bread, although it was rather dry without butter, but he intended to be a soldier in earnest. This task accomplished, he rolled himself in his blanket, and lay still so long that mamma got up to look, and found him fast asleep, with his

ration unfinished, his knapsack awry, and his golden curls damp with the dew of sleep. Tenderly, as little boys' mothers always do, she lifted the baby head on a pillow, untied the strings and straps, and kissed him, saying, softly, "Dear little soldier! God grant that he may not have many sore battles to fight!" And then she was very still. There was a tear shining on his curls—there was another petition recorded up above.

## II.

The next day was Sunday, and as soon as breakfast was concluded Frankie began to think about his new uniform, which was stowed away until Monday morning, and presently he said, with a very discontented face,

"I wish I was a real soldier, and then I could drill Sundays as well as any other day. Mamma, can't I make b'l'Ve there's a battle to-day? You know they do fight battles on Sunday." And then the little rogue thought he had a good argument.

Mamma looked up from her book a moment, and a queer smile came to her face as she answered,

"Yes, Frankie, I think you had better fight a battle to-day."

"You do, mamma?" And the petit General advanced a step nearer to look in her face, strangely puzzled by her reply.

"Yes, I think some battles ought to be fought on Sunday, and if you will come to me I'll tell you how we had better begin."

So the little fellow, still clasping his hymn-book, came to sit in her lap, looking wonderingly in her face. She turned over its leaves until she found a certain page.

"Frankie, you know soldiers sing a battle-song. Suppose you and I sing this one here by my finger—

"My soul be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise."

Frankie sat very still, and before the soft tones of the singer's voice finished the verse,

"Then watch and fight and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er,"

his childish tenor chimed in,

"Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore."

Frankie and his mother sat looking in the pleasant coal-fire, thinking about such battles and victories as the hymn suggested until it was time to go to church. So mamma bid Frankie go up stairs to be dressed, telling Susan to put on his brown poplin, as that was warmest and best suited to the season. Now in his heart the General did hate this same brown poplin, and never wore it when he could prevail upon Susan to put on a certain gray merino trimmed with crimson. So he made a wretched face when the proposed garments were laid aside on a chair, and gave a spiteful little kick at them, grumbling thus:

"I hate old brown—I always did. There's something under the chin that scratches, and



it makes me feel 'hoisty-up' to put my arms in the sleeves; and the buttons ain't bright a bit; and the pants have only got one pocket in, like a little bit of a boy. I wish I could always have two pockets."

There is a great amount of fraud practiced on little folks in this matter, and if I had ten boys they should all have two pockets in every pair.

"Susan, ask mamma if I mayn't wear my gray suit?"

Susan went off to intercede, but without avail. There was a raw, cold wind, and it was quite right that he should wear the warmest garments. Frankie pouted more and more; put his feet in the sleeves, crumpled his frill, and twisted his head about while Susan tried to curl his hair, and made himself generally disagreeable. He began to look at the wash-basin beside him very often in an earnest way, and at last, pretending to wash his face, he succeeded in drenching the front of old brown to his heart's content. He was soon sorry, but too late. Mamma was called, and decided that he should be put to bed, telling him that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy very soon. That put him in mind of his chat in the morning. He tried to think who commanded the rebel forces, and thinking so hard fell asleep and did not wake up until dinner-time.

All the rest of the day he looked unhappy, and when twilight came on he stole up to his mother, and put his little hand in hers, saying, "I am sorry those enemies got the best of it this morning; and I've been trying to think of their names. Tell me, mamma; and then I can fight them better next time."

"Well," said mamma, "I think the first one was Major Vanity. He is a weak, foolish little leader, and don't care about any thing except his uniform—and he thinks about himself all the while. Then the other one who came to help him was General Bad-Temper. He is big and fierce, and you must not train in his company, for you never can tell where he will lead you, or what orders he will give. He makes his men talk loud and rough, and swear, and strike. And he makes little boys grumble, and pout, and friz their hair, and—"

"Please don't, mamma," and a little hand was laid on her lips—"Frankie will try."

"Darling"—and mamma kissed the hand—"we'll ask the Great Commander to help us, and he will send Captain Patience and Major Meekness to our aid, and then we shall be kept safe."

Thus the chat went on until the gas was lighted and Frankie said good-night, and mamma thought long and earnestly of the duties of a mother, praying for grace and wisdom to point out foes in ambush, to help gird on the armor, and defend its loosened links.

### III.

"How many days more, mamma?"

Frankie pulled his mother's sleeve and shook

the newspaper she held until she turned around to look at him.

"Days before what?" said she, looking down on the General's freshly-washed face.

"Why, before Fred and Dot and Aunt Fanny come? Isn't it Tuesday to-day, and won't they be here to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" and mamma counted her finger tips over. "To-day they will start from Stonyford, be in Princeton for Commencement, and if Fred is ready they will come directly here the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, won't it be jolly! Dot can play as good as a boy; and Fred takes me with him to the brook to fish, and learns me how to drive. Oh, he is splendid! Ain't he, Cousin Rosa?"

Now Rosa wasn't a bit of a cousin to him—only a far-off young relative of his father's, who was spending the summer with them, but Frankie loved her dearly. She opened her brown eyes when she heard Fred Graham was coming, and to the child's question she answered quickly, "Yes indeed he is; I have always liked Fred very much;" and went on with her knitting as usual, never dreaming that the General wouldn't discriminate between the words like and love.

The happy Thursday came at last, and with it Aunt Fanny, fresh and rosy as one of the apples from her own orchard; Dot, merry as a cricket; and Fred, taller and stouter than ever. Indeed when Frankie found that the collegian was actually a young gentleman, he began to be afraid that his jolly times wouldn't come off. But he soon found out that all the wise books had not banished the love of fun. He could hardly believe that Dot was really the little bit of a girl that he remembered. He somehow expected to see her in the same pink calico, and Shaker bonnet with a bow on top, which she wore when she was at Stonyford a year ago.

Mamma was very glad to see Aunt Fanny, and they found a great deal to talk about. Frankie was particularly delighted when he saw a certain basket in her hand, for he had never known it to be without something very nice inside. And sure enough it was filled with dainties that could have come from nowhere else than Stonyford Farm. There were cool fresh clover leaves on top covering a roll of golden butter, all marked by Aunt Fanny's skillful ladle; a round ball of cottage cheese; then a loaf of rye bread; two tiny eggs for Frankie that the speckled pullet had laid; and wherever there was room for them, great ripe red plums that would melt in one's mouth. There were as many as the basket would hold; but when they were put in a fruit dish they did not seem to fill it, and Frankie began to be alarmed lest he should not have as many as he would like: so he crammed those his mother had given him down his throat as fast as he could, and came back holding out his fat little hands both together—"More plums, mamma!"

Without waiting for her consent he grasped a dozen more, and was about to eat them when



mamma said, "Frankie, listen a moment until I read you the news from the war."

Frankie fancied his mother looked mischievous when she took up the paper; and this was what she read or pretended to read:

"This morning a prisoner was taken without any trouble. His name is General Frankie. While he was trying to secure a great quantity of plums General Greedy came up and captured him. General Greedy is well known as a fat, red-faced man always waiting about for any unwary children. We hope the prisoner may be soon released."

Frankie's face grew very rosy, and he slipped off quietly to the table and laid the plums back without saying a word. Mamma seemed then to find a new item; for she went on reading:

"Second Edition.—We are happy to state that General Frankie has escaped after a severe encounter with General Greedy, in which he drove him completely out of sight."

The little rogue's face brightened up, and he ran off with his cousin to the play-room, leaving Aunt Fanny and mamma to chat in one corner, and Fred and Rosa to renew an old acquaintance. Dot had brought her old but beloved doll, and it was now seated in a little arm-chair while they were at play, and she would run to see if it was enjoying itself all the while. It was a doleful, shabby-looking doll enough. Its head was of India rubber, and the paint had cracked and come off in every direction, leaving the end of the nose quite black. The corner of the mouth had been torn and sewed up again. Then one foot always did, and always would, turn around the wrong way, and both hands were grimy on every one of the four fingers the maker had allowed it. But Dot did not care a bit: it seemed to her to look kindly and affectionately while she was at play in spite of its old wrinkled face.

"Let's take her to ride," said Frankie; "this little chair turned down will be the carriage, and we will be the ponies."

So Mistress Doll was seated therein, supposed to be an old lady taking an airing. Now if the doll had really been an old lady she never would have sat so still with such frisky ponies, but she wasn't; so she bounced about. Sometimes her crooked foot would fly up, and sometimes her four-fingered hand; and when they went over the door-sill she would make a low bow. Dot enjoyed this a while, but she began to feel that Dolly's life was in danger; so she let go the lines, and said,

"There—that's enough; Dolly's tired."

But he wouldn't stop, and she called louder,

"Stop, stop! that's my doll, and I want her. You have played enough!"

"Oh, Dot, don't be cross. Go 'long, two-forty!" and Frankie jumped and capered so that the lady fell out of the carriage, and would have broken her nose if she had had any to break.

Mamma heard the noise and confusion, and came up to see about it, and found Dot in tears. She restored the dragged doll to her arms, and

went down stairs without saying a word. She soon came back with a written paper.

"Now," said she, "you know we are living in war times, and it is quite common to have the latest news posted up somewhere, so that every body can see it. There's news to-day from General Frankie. I'll read it to you:

"ANOTHER SKIRMISH!!!—We are sorry to hear that General Frankie has again fallen into the hands of the enemy for a short time. Colonel Selfish and Sergeant Thoughtless attacked him this morning, and he would have been obliged to surrender if a detachment of Home Guards had not come up in time to prevent it. It is very much to be regretted that the General does not keep picket-guards out to watch, for Colonel Selfish is always lying in ambush somewhere near."

#### IV.

"Uncle Charlie! Uncle Charlie! won't you drill our company this morning? You promised."

Uncle Charlie didn't seem to hear the General, though surely he spoke loud enough. What could have been the reason? He had a book in his hand, to be sure; but his eyes were not on it. He was only looking over the top of it, away off down the garden-walk, and there was only Rosa Merrian and Fred Graham to be seen there—the brown-eyed maiden swinging her hat by its ribbon; and Fred, with his handsome curling head lightly resting on his arm as he leaned against the gate-post. What was there about that to look at so earnestly or so long? And when the General, by dint of pulling his arm, had succeeded in arousing him, what made him go to the glass in the parlor and straighten his collar and rearrange his hair, and then sigh, and say,

"Well, Frankie, your Uncle Charlie never was a beauty, and he don't improve as he grows older; does he, General?"

He spoke so sadly that his little friend wanted to say something pleasant, so he answered, "Oh, I think you're bully, Uncle Charlie; and Cousin Rosa thinks so too."

"Where is Rosa?"

"Oh, there she is with Fred. I wish he would go away. He won't talk to me any more; he is all the time with her. And do you know, Uncle Charlie, that she said, the other day, she had always loved Fred Graham? She did say so; and I wish he would go away—don't you?"

Uncle Charlie pulled his felt hat down over his eyes, and picked up his cane and started off in a side-path; but he came back a moment to kiss Frankie, and say, "I can't play drill to-day. You must be an officer in my place"—and he was off. He beheaded all the daisies that lay in his way, walked along with his eyes to the ground, and pushed the gate open with his foot, leaving Frankie to cogitate about matters and things in general, while he picked a little bit of a hole in the knee of his pants into a palpable fracture.

"I don't see what makes Uncle Charlie act



so nowadays. He and Cousin Rosa used to be such good friends, and now he hardly speaks to her at all; and she just says a few words to him, and don't look at him full in the face. Then, there's Fred; he ain't jolly a bit, as he used to be. He is so wise, and so busy talking to Rosa, that she never plays battle-door with me at all. Well, I'll drill, any way!"

Toot--toot--to-o-o-t. The tin trumpet was the signal for the recruits to gather on the broad walk in front of the house, and when they heard the signal out came Elliott Wyman and his cousin Hal Lord from the next house, and Dot made her appearance too. Now the awkward squad had talked a great deal about the propriety of allowing a girl in the ranks; but she promised very faithfully to keep her hoops down, and never to laugh. Indeed their number was so small that they couldn't do without her very well; so that was settled. Aunt Fanny and mamma had gone to the village this morning. Fred had gone to find a carriage to take Rosa to ride, and so the children had full possession and liberty to enjoy themselves heartily. There was one order given, however, that they must not let Jack Nogood come to play with them, as he was a very bad boy.

So they were soon arrayed with paper caps—a long feather in each. Elliott had a lunch-box on his back, and Dot her reticule strapped on hers, while Hal was obliged to be content with an atlas to do duty as a knapsack.

"Right face!" "Left face!" "Eyes right!" "Eyes left!" "Right face!" "Front!" "About!"

Now Uncle Charlie had taken a great deal of pains to teach him this movement, and Frankie forgot how long it was before he learned which way to turn when the command "About!" was given. So, after he had told them two or three times, he thought they ought to remember, and he grew very angry when Dot turned to the left and Hal quite round.

"How stupid!"

The General was just about to get in a rage when he happened to remember how easily he always fell into Captain Temper's hands, and he just whispered to Captain Patience, of the regular army, to come and help him, and then I can tell you the frowns went away in a hurry, and the play went on pleasantly enough until they came to march. Frankie grew red in the face trying to play a tune on the tin trumpet, but it wouldn't do at all.

Just then they heard a drum beating quite near them. It was carried by Jack Nogood, who lived in the old cottage down the lane. He had heard the first toot, and made up his mind accordingly. He knew that Frankie was forbidden his company; so he gave the twine string that held his torn suspender a hitch, punched the ragged straw-hat crown farther over his stiff red locks, and seated himself very quietly on the corner of the fence directly opposite.

"Oh, there's a boy with a drum!" shouted Hal. "Let's have him—that will be splendid. Say, are you a drummer?"

The loafer set his hat on the back of his head. "Yes, I'm a gallus drummer, I am."

Frankie said, "Don't call him, boys; he is a bad boy, and mamma won't like him to come:" and then he tried to march again.

This time Jack kept the time for them until they were half-way down the walk, then stopped suddenly, and they were thrown into disorder. They had another consultation; and at last, like a weak, foolish little boy, Frankie beckoned to him with his sword, though he did not say any thing. The rest shouted to him, and he was soon among them.

Now, who was trying to get General Frankie now? Why that bad Colonel, Disobedience. He told him that his mother would never know, and that she ought not to be so strict any way. Then his son, Corporal Lying, whispered to him to say to her that he didn't call Jack over, because he had only made motions with his sword. So between them they had Frankie fast; and we will see how he fared in their camp.

Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub-dub. The drummer was fairly enlisted, and the company marched nicely for a time; but Jack soon grew tired and proposed to be Captain himself. At this Frankie rebelled; but Jack declared he would never drum again, and that he would tell the Guv'nor that Frankie had broken rules in asking him inside the gate. The General began to reap some bitter fruits already—for he was a little bit afraid of the great strong loafer; so he submitted with but a poor grace to the arrangement. Captain Jack took the sword and cup from him, but wouldn't give him the drum in its place, saying he could be drummer and captain both.

"Now, boys," said he, "I ain't goin' to train the old foggy way. I'll learn you the Zou-avee tick-tacs. In the first place, the Zou-aves al'lus lays down to load. I'll give you the order to lie down and load; and don't you move until I give the order to 'Fire.'"

They lay still so long after the first order that they began to grow tired, and Dot said, "I don't hear Captain Jack." Frankie turned over on his elbow, but he didn't see him. He got up on one knee and peeped around, but the drummer had disappeared. The children looked at one another in distress.

"My sword and cup," said Frankie.

"And my handkerchief that I gave him for a turban," said Dot.

"And my knife that he borrowed," said Elliott.

Their faces were rueful enough, and they sat down dolefully to talk over their losses. As for Frankie, he began to think of the miserable item for the next bulletin; and finally concluded to tell the story himself. So when Mrs. Merrian came back he went to her directly and told the story.

"Oh, mamma! it's no use: I am the baddest boy: some dreadful general or other is all the while catching me, and I can't help it. I suppose you know the captains' names that took me



this morning, and you'll put them on paper, won't you? Oh, dear!"

Mamma looked a little grave at first, but comforted him much by saying that she was glad he didn't employ Major Deceit to keep the truth away from her; for that, she said, would have been worse than all. And after his tears were all wiped away, she produced the cup, drum, and other things, which she had recognized just as Jack Nogood was trying to make sale of them near a store where she was shopping. She employed one of the clerks to get them for her, which he did without much trouble by threatening to take him before a justice.

Thus ended the Zou-a-vee drill.

Frankie thought to himself that Major Deceit would never get him: indeed I think it was because he was so sure that he did fall into his hands. And it happened in this wise:

Uncle Charlie had grown very quiet of late; he didn't come in the house whistling and singing as he used to; and he called Cousin Rosa Miss Merrian all the while. At first she used to look up in a wondering way, but seemed to get used to it, and called him Mr. Rinell very often. Fred had gone back to college. Whether she missed his merry voice and handsome face I don't know; but she looked very sober, and at last she said she would go home very soon. She had made a long visit to Cousin Merrian, and a very pleasant one; and she should be very sorry to leave them all, especially Frankie, and then she stooped down to kiss him; and he told Uncle Charlie afterward that "Rosa was crying like any thing," but she didn't stay to let any body else see the tears.

And now it had come to the last day of her stay. In the morning Uncle Charlie had given Frankie a little note directed to Miss Rosa Merrian, with twenty charges to deliver it before she went away. Frankie thought it must be quite important, for the writer was a long while finishing it; besides, he walked up and down the floor a great deal before he began it. And he heard him say, "'Tis worth trying for, any way;" and then he sat down and wrote three different ones before it was sealed and given to the little envoy.

Well, the General felt proud enough of his trust, and stowed the note away in the breast pocket of his jacket. If it had been in some other pocket, among tops and twine, it would have been sadly soiled, but it would not have been forgotten as it was. Yes, it was even so. He had a famous frolic with his dog Dixie first, then went to play with Hal Lord, and never thought of the note until long after Cousin Rosa had gone and left them.

When Uncle Charlie's foot touched the step at night he remembered it all, and then it was that Captain Deceit told him what to say when he heard his uncle's voice, a little husky and low, saying:

"Did Cousin Rosa leave any note for me?"

"Well—no, she didn't."

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"What did she say when you gave it to her, Frankie?"

"She didn't say any thing at all;" and then added at a venture—"She didn't look happy a bit."

Uncle Charlie put him down out of his arms and walked to the window and stood looking out into the twilight shadows. When the lamps were lit and they sat down for the evening, Mrs. Merrian said—"How much we shall miss Rosa, won't we?" He looked up absently and only answered, "Yes."

I am ashamed to say that Frankie hadn't courage enough to confess his fault that night, nor the next, and by that time he began to think it was not worth while; and so a week went by, and he was yet a prisoner with Captain Deceit.

#### V.

Now all these trials and mishaps that I have been telling you about might have been avoided if the General had tried hard to overcome them; but there were some enemies who were permitted to prevail, by the will of the Great Commander. One of these was called General Fever, and is always to be dreaded.

This General Fever lives in swamps and damp places, but once in a while he comes out into the towns and villages, sending on his color-bearer with a scarlet flag and a detachment of his troops. They will be officered by Captain Chills, Captain Thirst, Captain Weakness, Captain Headache, Captain Sorebones, and many others. Every body tries to get out of their way, but at last they have to surrender. It is no use to rebel, for he is under sealed orders from the Great Commander of all the armies of the world, and we can't know why he comes and goes. Every once in a while we all have to act under sealed orders, and the only help we can get is to look at our chart and find out where we are, and trust to our great General Officer for the rest. Sometimes we find out what certain trials are for before we are out to sea very far; but in most cases we have to wait to get out of sight of this world.

General Fever is sent to take captives for a little while, so that they will stop and think about their course. While they are strong and well they forget to be watchful; but when they are lying sick they have time to stop and ask themselves if they are really on the road to that better land. Sometimes he wants to remind friends that it is not right to idolize any human being that may be taken away at any moment; to put fathers and mothers in mind that their dear little children are only lent to them for a while; and to teach all those who love one another so well that they must love God better than all.

It seems very sad when General Fever is permitted to take people quite away from this earth, to come back no more. But they can always call upon a great Friend, who is called "the Captain of our Salvation," to help them all along their way. Whenever he hears any body call-



ing to him in earnest that they want to enlist in his army, he listens to them, and gives them a bond sealed with his own blood; so that, when they have fought the good fight, they may present it to his Father, and receive from him a reward which is said to be exceeding great. The Captain of our Salvation will prepare a place for them, a mansion in the skies, where there never will be any more sorrow or sighing, where all tears are wiped from their eyes, and where there will never be any more battles to fight. And while they are here in the midst of the conflict, he will see to it that they have a suit of armor: "the breast-plate of righteousness," the "shield of faith," "the helmet of salvation," and "the sword of the Spirit." He will cheer them when they faint by the way, and tell them how surely they will win the victory; and then he reminds them how he was once a common soldier too, and can "be touched with a sense of our infirmities." So we see it is better to suffer a little at General Fever's hands than to miss the road our Captain trod before us.

## VI.

It was about a week after Dot and Fred had gone home that General Frankie came in from play with flushed and burning cheeks, and sat down, without speaking a word, on the little stool at his mother's feet.

"Are you tired?" said mamma, putting back the bright golden curls with her soft, cool hand. As she did so she found the head was burning, the great eyes half closed, and the scarlet mouth almost burned as she stooped to kiss it.

"Yes, mamma, I am very tired; and there's a drum in my head that keeps beating. Can't you send it away, mamma? And, mamma"—climbing into her lap—"sing to me, softly, 'bout 'watch and fight and pray,' won't you?"

Yes, Frankie was very ill, and Susan was dispatched for Dr. Dolsen, while he was bathed and undressed, and laid in his little bed.

"Put my sword and my soldier cap on the foot of the bed, mamma, so that I can put them on when I feel better;" and he drifted off to sleep, and thence into that strange, unknown land that we call delirium, peopled with its shadowy forms and ringing with strange echoes. And with his hot hand clasped in hers the frightened mother sat and watched and waited for the Doctor's coming.

"Will he be very sick, Doctor?" and her trembling fingers were pressed tight together, while, with a big silver watch in one hand and the quivering pulse pressed in the other, Dr. Dolsen counted the quick beatings. He shook his head sadly. "I am afraid he will, ma'am;" and as he wrote and folded the prescription he added, slowly, "General Frankie will have a hard battle to fight, I am afraid; but I hope he will come out safely."

Need I say how, in all those dreadful days that followed, tireless and unwinking sat that mother by her sick child's bedside? True, he did not know her now, but it might chance that

a gleam would come, and she must be there. Her very heart seemed breaking when, in his feverish dreams, he again lived over the events of the past few weeks. Now would recur the old question, "When is Dot coming? and Fred?" "How many days more?" "There's Jack Nogood's drum. He is beating it by my ear. Send him away." "Oh, there's some General coming after me—my sword!" and the nervous hand would try to grasp it. "Oh, mamma, I am lying wounded here, and you don't come! The moon is shining down in my face, and it burns me. I am so thirsty, and my cap hurts my head. Oh, dear mamma, take it off, for I am tired and sore! I don't want to be a soldier any more." Then moans, an unquiet rest, and again the wandering fancies came thronging thick and fast.

Poor Frankie! and, sadder still, poor mamma! They were going through dark times now. But He who sent the sorrow sent the help to bear it. The last conscious act the child had done was to raise the thin wavering hands together just when the evening lamp was lighted. On the watching mother's lips the words he was too weak to speak were upward borne, and though they were only the childish prayer, "Now I lay me," they went up to Him, and brought a blessing down.

The weeks passed wearily away, and the fourteenth day General Frankie was yet struggling with the fearful fever. The golden curls were cut away; the little mouth was parched and blistered; and the restless hands, pitiful in their thinness, moved nervously to and fro. He was too weak to speak, even to think. His mother's voice sounded strangely dim and distant, and her gentlest movement gave him pain. He moaned and tossed from side to side with that feverish unrest so harrowing to witness. Medicine and the Doctor had done all they could, and now to-day they watched and waited, for the crisis was coming, whether for life or death they could not tell. The moans became fainter, the hands lay still, and only by the quivering in the slender throat one could know whether General Frankie was asleep for time or eternity.

There was a hush through the house, only broken by far-off footsteps as Uncle Charlie walked untiringly to and fro on the piazza. In the kitchen Bridget and Susan went softly about, wiping away a fresh tear when a plaything came to light, or a tiny garment which the child had worn. Dixie looked up the stairway and whined pitifully, as if to ask for his little playmate. Above, in the sick chamber, the parents watched and waited, prayed and hardly hoped. The father stood at the foot of the bed with a gray shadow on his face, and a tremulous dropping of the firm-set mouth, while at her post, beside his pillow, the watching mother wept bitter tears. Dr. Dolsen held the thin hand counting the faint pulses; but he turned his head away from the sight of the anxious eyes that looked in his.

The hours wore slowly on, and the baby-sleep-



er did not move. The sun sank lower and lower in the west, and its beams, shining through the shutter, made a golden ladder on the wall beyond. Still the footsteps sounded from below; still the summer wind just stirred the leaves without, while within the watchers scarcely breathed. No movement; and the golden ladder crept up higher, and seemed to hang as if waiting for an angel baby footstep on its shining bars. The great silver watch in the Doctor's hand was dim with its warmth and moisture; but the eyes that watched were dim likewise, for he stooped to see it closer. At this movement the little hand tightened in his clasp, a faint sigh breathed from his lips, and opening the great eyes wearily, General Frankie whispered, "Mamma," and smiled his old beloved smile. Dr. Dolsen rose and wiped away the tears that rolled down his cheeks, and his voice was choked as he said, "Thank God, our General is safe!" The golden ladder had mounted up and faded out, for no angel footstep would tread its shimmering bars heavenward to-night.

## VII.

General Fever had gone away back to his doleful swamps and forests, and you may be sure nobody was sorry; but he left Captain Weakness to watch a long while afterward. It was a great many days before Susan could say to the people who came to the door to inquire, "Frankie is better;" but everybody was so good to him that he didn't mind it very much. There was dear merry Cousin Rosa, who had come back on purpose to take care of him, and she had such funny, pleasant ways of amusing him. She could cut horses, dogs, and cats out of paper, or a long row of dancing girls, or of soldiers, each one with a feather in his hat and a musket over his shoulder. She could make little fat pigs out of bread-crumbs, that looked as though they could squeal if they chose, and set them up on his lunch-tray beside his plate. She could make up stories about all the pictures in his book, with plenty about fairies and wonderful knights who always came up in time to help the good people and punish the bad ones, and dogs and cats that could talk sensibly on all subjects. Cousin Rosa knew just how to talk to a little sick boy—to amuse him without making him guess out any of it. A very wise story would have tired his head, which was yet weak. But Rosa couldn't sing so sweetly as mamma, who would come and sit beside him and knit and sing by the hour. "Auld Robin Gray" was his favorite, and next to that was the song of the "three little kittens that washed their mittens and hung them up to dry." Cousin Rosa could "*m-e-a-o-w*" splendidly in the chorus, and even the General began to chime in faintly once in a while.

There was Uncle Charlie too, who came in with a noisy step so different from every body else, who crept about on tip-toe, that it was quite reviving to hear. He would come up to the child's chair, and take the little pale hand in his big brown one ever so gently while he talked.

Now you know men don't like to have people see them cry. And so when Uncle Charlie looked at the frail little creature—when he felt how slender the wrist was, and how faint the heart beat even yet, he would feel great tears coming in his eyes; so he would make believe that his spectacles hurt him, and made his eyes water, and turn away to wipe them off; and then look around, and try to make them think he felt uncommonly jolly.

"Well, General, you're getting on splendidly, ain't you? Don't you want some rations?"

And out of that wonderful coat-pocket would come bananas or oranges so ripe that the room was filled with their perfume, or a box of pale green grapes, or a pippin as big as Frankie's head, and put them just beside his plate. Frankie noticed that though he called her Miss Merrian, and didn't speak to her very often, he always brought Cousin Rosa something too, and that her oranges were as large and ripe as his own.

He sometimes brought packages of farina or biscatina, or some other sort of 'ina that he had heard or thought would make the General grow fat a little faster; and, man like, insisted upon it that he needed nothing but plenty of food to make him stout again.

"Well, General, we'll soon have you up again, won't we? S'pose you and I should have a wrestle, I wonder who would beat."

Frankie would smile and double up the feeble hand, and Uncle Charlie would somehow find those troublesome glasses quite misty again, and fidget about miserably, and whisper slyly to Frankie's mother, "Mary, do feed that boy up a little more. I can't stand it to see him so thin any longer."

Frankie always loved to see Uncle Charlie come in, he was so kind and so merry. But he couldn't help wondering nowadays how it felt to be such a great big man, and to be able to walk about so strong and firm. He loved to lie in his arms and listen to his stories too—all about his march to Washington and his life in the camp—when he slept in a tent with five other men, and no bureaus or wash-stands to be seen, or closets to hold their clothes; how they cooked their dinner and tried to wash greasy tin plates in cold water, and wiped them on any thing that came to hand; how they walked to and fro on guard, and challenged an old white horse one dark night. That made Frankie laugh very much, you may be sure, and Cousin Rosa would laugh a little bit of a merry peal too.

It was just at twilight, and in Uncle Charlie's strong arms lay Frankie, listening to his stories and watching the fire-light as it flickered pleasantly on them. They had both been still a long while; and as Charles Rinell sat dreaming there a shadow seemed to settle on his face. Frankie saw it, and turning the bearded chin round with his little hand, he asked,

"What are you thinking about? Can't you make a story for me out of it?"

Uncle Charlie's clear blue eyes came back



from the fire to the boy's face as he answered, "Can I make a story of it? I'll try. This is the way to begin:

"Once upon a time there was a great giant, old and homely, who wandered about the earth a long while. At last the giant thought it was time to think about building himself a castle. So he went to work and built a splendid castle in the air. It was rose-colored, and looked so bright that the giant thought that it would always stand, and that some day he could find a fair maiden who would be the Queen of the Castle. He spent a good many years in trying to find one worthy, and at last he succeeded. Her name was—well—suppose we say Rosabel—and she was the fairest creature you ever saw—with bright brown eyes and shining curls—and she was as good as she was lovely; and before he knew it this ugly-looking giant loved her very dearly, and thought he would be perfectly happy if she would be the Queen. He was afraid to ask her too soon for fear she would say 'No;' and while he was waiting there came along a young and handsome knight called Lord Graham, who began to bow and court the fair Rosabel. Then the poor old giant feared that she was lost to him for evermore, and that she loved the handsome knight. At first he wanted to kill him; but he thought he would make the matter sure, and so he sent her a note, making her the offer of his heart and hand, and sent it by a little page named Franklin. He was very unhappy until the page came back, you may be sure. But oh how sad it was to hear that Rosabel had not a word to say—not a single line to help him bear the disappointment; so the little page said, and I suppose that she couldn't love the giant, when there was such a handsome knight coming to woo her. But the giant loved her so well that he didn't kill Lord Graham for her sake, and so he tore down his castle and once more went wandering to and fro in the world."

All this while there had been sitting by the window, half behind the curtain, Cousin Rosa. Frankie spied her as the story was finished, for the coal just then fell apart and shot up in new bright flames. So he called her.

"Cousin Rosa, come here, please, and bring me that orange. And oh, Rosa," he added, as she drew near to him, "did you hear that beautiful story?" and the child held her hand—orange and all—in both his own, waiting for her answer. "Did you ever hear it before, Cousin Rosa?"

"Not quite that way, Frankie;" and she tried gently to pull her hand away, but he did not mean to let her go. "Here, Uncle Charlie, hold this hand until she answers."

The old smile came back to his face as he felt it flutter within his own, and his eyes were lifted to her averted face as she spoke softly,

"Lord Graham loved Rosabel's sister Minnie, as I have heard the story."

"And the note which she did not answer—?" chimed in Charles Rinell's deep, earnest tones.

"Never reached the eye or hand of Rosabel!"

He held the little hand tighter yet, and half drew her toward him.

"And if it had?"

"She wouldn't have known where to look for the ugly giant."

"Would she look now?"

She didn't seem to see any thing frightful about the bright, honest face, with its shining blue eyes so full of love; nay, she wasn't afraid to sit down by the said giant with his big hand on her clustering curls, and pretty soon the weak voice of the invalid complained:

"Uncle Charlie, you like Rosa the best now. That isn't fair. I'm sick, you know."

Somewhat, to make the peace, Rosa was obliged to kiss Frankie; and Uncle Charlie was so confused that I don't know who he kissed: but I suppose he did.

General Frankie grew rapidly stronger now, and before long he was able to be dressed in his proper clothes; and the very first day this happened he pulled out from the forgotten pocket a note for Miss Rosa Merrian, which she put to her lips, very much to the amusement of our little hero, who couldn't imagine any reason for such a proceeding. And now, with thanks for renewed health, a new aunty in prospect, and spring-time coming, we bid adieu to General Frankie, hoping that always and evermore he may watch, and fight, and pray, never forgetting the most important thing, "and help divine implore."

## THE BALL IS UP.

THE ball is up at the Central Park!

Come, gather your skates and away;  
There's glorious health, and the heart's true wealth,  
Out on the ice to-day.

Ah! now I see your flashing eyes—

The ice is a wonderful spell—

Yes, she is there, that maid so fair,  
She whom you love so well.

You loved her, when to the harp and horn

You swung her in the dance;

When through the night, by the crystal light,

You watched her silent glance.

You loved her, when you held her hand

And saw her cheek grow pale;

The night when first your courage durst

Breathe forth the old, old tale.

But now to-day, when the ball is up,

And she, the loved one, there,

The blue of the skies will blend with her eyes,

And the gold of the sun with her hair.

Ah! then you will love her twice as much

As ever you did before;

That the ice is a spell you will learn full well,

More potent than ball-room floor.

You can mark the flush on her rounded cheek,

The flash in her love-lit eyes,

The waist you have spanned, and the tiny hand,

And the lips without disguise.

You will like them better, my boy, to-day,

Under the light of the sun;

By its golden glow you will learn to know

What you have wooed and won.



## MISTRESS AND MAID.

## A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER I.

SHE was a rather tall, awkward, and strongly-built girl of about fifteen. This was the first impression the "maid" gave to her "mistresses," the Misses Leaf, when she entered their kitchen, accompanied by her mother, a widow and washerwoman, by name Mrs. Hand. I must confess, when they saw the damsel, the ladies felt a certain twinge of doubt as to whether they had not been rash in offering to take her; whether it would not have been wiser to have gone on in their old way—now, alas! grown into a very old way, so as almost to make them forget they had ever had any other—and done without a servant still.

Many consultations had the three sisters held before such a revolutionary extravagance was determined on. But Miss Leaf was beginning both to look and to feel "not so young as she had been;" Miss Selina ditto; though, being still under forty, she would not have acknowledged it for the world. And Miss Hilary, young, bright, and active as she was, could by no possibility do every thing that was to be done in the little establishment; be, for instance, in three places at once—in the school-room teaching little boys and girls, in the kitchen cooking dinner, and in the rooms up stairs busy at house-maid's work. Besides, much of her time was spent on waiting upon "poor Selina," who frequently was, or fancied herself, too ill to take any part in either the school or house duties.

Though, the thing being inevitable, she said little about it, Miss Leaf's heart was often sore to see Hilary's pretty hands smeared with blacking of grates, and roughened with scouring of floors. To herself this sort of thing had become natural—but Hilary!

All the time of Hilary's childhood the youngest of the family had, of course, been spared all house-work; and afterward her studies had left no time for it. For she was a clever girl, with a genuine love of knowledge; Latin, Greek, and even the higher branches of arithmetic and mathematics, were not beyond her range; and this she found much more interesting than washing dishes or sweeping floors. True, she always did whatever domestic duty she was told to do; but her bent was not in the household line. She had only lately learned to "see dust," to make a pudding, to iron a shirt; and, moreover, to reflect, as she woke up to the knowledge of how these things should be done, and how necessary they were, what must have been her eldest sister's lot during all these twenty years! What pains, what weariness, what eternal toil must Johanna have silently endured in order to do all those things which till now had seemed to do themselves!

Therefore, after much cogitation as to the best

and most prudent way to amend matters, and perceiving with her clear common-sense that, willing as she might be to work in the kitchen, her own time would be much more valuably spent in teaching their growing school, it was Hilary who, these Christmas holidays, first started the bold idea, "We must have a servant;" and therefore, it being necessary to begin with a very small servant on very low wages (£3 per annum was, I fear, the maximum), did they take this Elizabeth Hand.

So, hanging behind her parent, an anxious-eyed and rather sad-voiced woman, did Elizabeth enter the kitchen of the Misses Leaf.

The ladies were all there. Johanna arranging the table for their early tea; Selina lying on the sofa trying to cut bread and butter; Hilary on her knees before the fire, making the bit of toast—her eldest sister's one luxury. This was the picture that her three mistresses presented to Elizabeth's eyes; which, though they seemed to notice nothing, must in reality have noticed every thing.

"I've brought my daughter, ma'am, as you sent word you'd take on trial," said Mrs. Hand, addressing herself to Selina, who, as the tallest, the best dressed, and the most imposing, was usually regarded by strangers as the head of the family.

"Oh, Johanna, my dear."

Miss Leaf came forward, rather uncertainly, for she was of a shy nature, and had been so long accustomed to do the servant's work of the household that she felt quite awkward in the character of mistress. Instinctively she hid her poor hands, that would at once have betrayed her to the sharp eyes of the working-woman, and then, ashamed of her momentary false pride, laid them outside her apron and sat down.

"Will you take a chair, Mrs. Hand? My sister told you, I believe, all our requirements. We only want a good, intelligent girl. We are willing to teach her every thing."

"Thank you, kindly; and I be willing and glad for her to learn, ma'am," replied the mother, her sharp and rather free tone subdued in spite of herself by the gentle voice of Miss Leaf. Of course, living in the same country town, she knew all about the three school-mistresses, and how till now they had kept no servant. "It's her first place, and her'll be aw'kard at first, most like. Hold up your head, Lizabeth."

"Is her name Elizabeth?"

"Far too long and too fine," observed Selina from the sofa. "Call her Betty."

"Any thing you please, Miss; but I call her Lizabeth. It wor my young missis's name in my first place, and I never had a second."

"We will call her Elizabeth," said Miss Leaf, with the gentle decision she could use on occasion.



There was a little more discussion between the mother and the future mistress as to holidays, Sundays, and so on, during which time the new servant stood silent and impassive in the door-way between the back-kitchen and the kitchen, or, as it is called in those regions, the house-place.

As before said, Elizabeth was by no means a personable girl, and her clothes did not set her off to advantage. Her cotton frock hung in straight lines down to her ankles, displaying her clumsy shod feet and woolen stockings; above it was a pinafore—a regular child's pinafore, of the cheap, strong, blue-speckled print which in those days was generally worn. A little shabby shawl, pinned at the throat, and pinned very carelessly and crookedly, with an old black bonnet, much too small for her large head and her quantities of ill-kept hair, completed the costume. It did not impress favorably a lady who, being, or rather having been, very handsome herself, was as much alive to appearances as the second Miss Leaf.

She made several rather depreciatory observations, and insisted strongly that the new servant should only be taken "on trial," with no obligation to keep her a day longer than they wished. Her feeling on the matter communicated itself to Johanna, who closed the negotiation with Mrs. Hand, by saying,

"Well, let us hope your daughter will suit us. We will give her a fair chance at all events."

"Which is all I can ax for, Miss Leaf. Her bean't much to look at, but her's willin' and sharp, and her's never told me a lie in her life. Courtesy to thy missis, and say thee'll do thy best, Lizabeth."

Pulled forward, Elizabeth did courtesy, but she never offered to speak. And Miss Leaf, feeling that for all parties the interview had better be shortened, rose from her chair.

Mrs. Hand took the hint and departed, saying only, "Good-by, Elizabeth," with a nod, half-encouraging half-admonitory, which Elizabeth silently returned. That was all the parting between mother and daughter; they neither kissed nor shook hands, which undemonstrative farewell somewhat surprised Hilary.

Now, Miss Hilary Leaf had all this while gone on toasting. Luckily for her bread the fire was low and black: meantime, from behind her long drooping curls (which Johanna would not let her "turn up," though she was twenty), she was making her observations on the new servant. It might be that, possessing more head than the one and more heart than the other, Hilary was gifted with deeper perception of character than either of her sisters, but certainly her expression, at the watched Elizabeth, was rather amused and kindly than dissatisfied.

"Now, girl, take off your bonnet," said Selina, to whom Johanna had silently appealed in her perplexity as to the next proceeding with regard to the new member of the household.

Elizabeth obeyed, and then stood, irresolute,

awkward, and wretched to the last degree, at the furthest end of the house-place.

"Shall I show you where to hang up your things?" said Hilary, speaking for the first time; and at the new voice, so quick, cheerful, and pleasant, Elizabeth visibly started.

Miss Hilary rose from her knees, crossed the kitchen, took from the girl's unresisting hands the old black bonnet and shawl, and hung them up carefully on a nail behind the great eight-day clock. It was a simple action, done quite without intention, and accepted without acknowledgment, except one quick glance of that keen yet soft gray eye; but years and years after Elizabeth reminded Hilary of it.

And now Elizabeth stood forth in her own proper likeness, unconcealed by bonnet or shawl, or maternal protection. The pinafore scarcely covered her gaunt neck and long arms: that tremendous head of rough, dusky hair was evidently for the first time gathered into a comb. Thence elf-locks escaped in all directions, and were forever being pushed behind her ears, or rubbed (not smoothed; there was nothing smooth about her) back from her forehead, which, Hilary noticed, was low, broad, and full. The rest of her face, except the before-mentioned eyes, was absolutely and undeniably plain. Her figure, so far as the pinafore exhibited it, was undeveloped and ungainly, the chest being contracted and the shoulders rounded, as if with carrying children or other weights while still a growing girl. In fact, nature and circumstances had apparently united in dealing unkindly with Elizabeth Hand.

Still here she was; and what was to be done with her?

Having sent her with the small burden, which was apparently all her luggage, to the little room—formerly a box-closet—where she was to sleep, the Misses Leaf—or as facetious neighbors called them, the Miss Leaves—took serious counsel together over their tea.

Tea itself suggested the first difficulty. They were always in the habit of taking that meal, and indeed every other, in the kitchen. It saved time, trouble, and fire, besides leaving the parlor always tidy for callers, chiefly pupils' parents, and preventing these latter from discovering that the three orphan daughters of Henry Leaf, Esq., solicitor, and sisters of Henry Leaf, Esq., Junior, also solicitor, but whose sole mission in life seemed to have been to spend every thing, make every body miserable, marry, and die, that these three ladies did always wait upon themselves at meal-times, and did sometimes breakfast without butter, and dine without meat. Now this system would not do any longer.

"Besides, there is no need for it," said Hilary, cheerfully. "I am sure we can well afford both to keep and to feed a servant, and to have a fire in the parlor every day. Why not take our meals there, and sit there regularly of evenings?"

"We must," added Selina, decidedly. "For my part, I couldn't eat, or sew, or do any thing



with that great hulking girl sitting staring opposite, or standing; for how could we ask her to sit with us? Already, what must she have thought of us—people who take tea in the kitchen?"

"I do not think that matters," said the eldest sister, gently, after a moment's silence. "Every body in the town knows who and what we are, or might if they chose to inquire. We can not conceal our poverty if we tried; and I don't think any body looks down upon us for it. Not even since we began to keep school, which you thought was such a terrible thing, Selina."

"And it was. I have never reconciled myself to teaching the baker's two boys and the grocer's little girl. You were wrong, Johanna, you ought to have drawn the line somewhere, and it ought to have excluded trades-people."

"Beggars can not be choosers," began Hilary.

"Beggars!" echoed Selina.

"No, my dear, we never were that," said Miss Leaf, interposing against one of the sudden storms that were often breaking out between these two. "You know well we have never begged nor borrowed from any body, and hardly ever been indebted to any body, except for the extra lessons that Mr. Lyon would insist upon giving to Ascott at home."

Here Johanna suddenly stopped, and Hilary, with a slight color rising in her face, said—

"I think, sisters, we are forgetting that the staircase is quite open, and though I am sure she has an honest look, and not that of a listener, still Elizabeth might hear. Shall I call her down stairs, and tell her to light a fire in the parlor?"

While she is doing it—and in spite of Selina's forebodings to the contrary, the small maiden did it quickly and well, especially after a hint or two from Hilary—let me take the opportunity of making a little picture of this same Hilary.

Little it should be, for she was a decidedly little woman; small altogether, hands, feet, and figure being in satisfactory proportion. Her movements, like most little women's, were light and quick rather than elegant; yet every thing she did was done with a neatness and delicacy which gave an involuntary sense of grace and harmony. She was, in brief, one of those people who are best described by the word "harmonious;" people who never set your teeth on edge, or rub you up the wrong way, as very excellent people occasionally do. Yet she was not over-meek or unpleasantly amiable; there was a liveliness and even briskness about her, as if the everyday wine of her life had a spice of Champagniness, not frothiness but natural effervescence of spirit, meant to "cheer but not inebriate" a household.

And in her own household this gift was most displayed. No centre of a brilliant, admiring circle could be more charming, more witty, more irresistibly amusing than was Hilary sitting by the kitchen fireside, with the cat on her knee, between her two sisters, and the school-boy Ascott Leaf, their nephew—which four individuals, the

cat being not the least important of them, constituted the family.

In the family Hilary shone supreme. All recognized her as the light of the house, and so she had been, ever since she was born, ever since her

"Dying mother mild,  
Said, with accents undefiled,  
'Child, be mother to this child.'"

It was said to Johanna Leaf—who was not Mrs. Leaf's own child. But the good step-mother, who had once taken the little motherless girl to her bosom, and never since made the slightest difference between her and her own children, knew well whom she was trusting.

From that solemn hour, in the middle of the night, when she lifted the hour-old baby out of its dead mother's bed into her own, it became Johanna's one object in life. Through a sickly infancy, for it was a child born amidst trouble, her sole hands washed, dressed, fed it: night and day it "lay in her bosom, and was unto her as a daughter."

She was then just thirty; not too old to look forward to woman's natural destiny, a husband and children of her own. But years slipped by, and she was Miss Leaf still. What matter! Hilary was her daughter.

Johanna's pride in her knew no bounds. Not that she showed it much: indeed, she deemed it a sacred duty not to show it; but to make believe her "child" was just like other children. But she was not. Nobody ever thought she was—even in externals. Fate gave her all those gifts which are sometimes sent to make up for the lack of worldly prosperity. Her brown eyes were as soft as doves' eyes, yet could dance with fun and mischief if they chose; her hair, brown also, with a dark-red shade in it, crisped itself in two wavy lines over her forehead, and then tumbled down in two glorious masses, which Johanna, ignorant, alas! of art, called "very untidy," and labored in vain to quell under combs, or to arrange in proper, regular curls. Her features—well, they too were good; better than these unartistic people had any idea of—better even than Selina's, who in her youth had been the belle of the town. But whether artistically correct or not, Johanna, though she would on no account have acknowledged it, believed solemnly that there was not such a face in the whole world as little Hilary's.

Possibly a similar idea dawned on the apparently dull mind of Elizabeth Hand, for she watched her youngest mistress intently, from kitchen to parlor, and from parlor back to kitchen; and once when Miss Hilary stood giving information as to the proper abode of broom, bellows, etc., the little maid gazed at her with such admiring observation that the scuttle she carried was tilted, and the coals were all strewn over the kitchen-floor. At which catastrophe Miss Leaf looked miserable, Miss Selina spoke crossly, and Ascott, who just then came in to his tea, late as usual, burst into a shout of laughter.

It was as much as Hilary could do to help



laughing herself, she being too near her nephew's own age always to maintain a dignified, aunt-like attitude; nevertheless, when, having disposed of her sisters in the parlor, she coaxed Ascott into the school-room, and insisted upon his Latin being done—she helping him, Aunt Hilary scolded him well, and bound him over to keep the peace toward the new servant.

"But she is such a queer one. Exactly like a South-Sea Islander. When she stood with her grim, stolid, despairing countenance, contemplating the coals—oh, Aunt Hilary, how killing she was!"

And the regular, rollicking, irresistible boy-laugh broke out again.

"She will be great fun. Is she really to stay?"

"I hope so," said Hilary, trying to be grave. "I hope never again to see Aunt Johanna cleaning the stairs, and getting up to light the kitchen-fire of winter mornings, as she will do if we have not a servant to do it for her. Don't you see, Ascott?"

"Oh, I see," answered the boy, carelessly. "But don't bother me, please. Domestic affairs are for women, not men." Ascott was eighteen, and just about to pass out of his caterpillar state as a doctor's apprentice-lad into the chrysalis condition of a medical student in London. "But," with sudden reflection, "I hope she won't be in my way. Don't let her meddle with any of my books and things."

"No; you need not be afraid. I put them all into your room. I myself cleared your rubbish out of the box-closet—"

"The box-closet! Now, really, I can't stand—"

"She is to sleep in the box-closet; where else could she sleep?" said Hilary, resolutely, though inly quaking a little; for somehow the merry, handsome, rather exacting lad had acquired considerable influence in this household of women. "You must put up with the loss of your 'den,' Ascott: it would be a great shame if you did not, for the sake of Aunt Johanna and the rest of us."

"Um!" grumbled the boy, who, though he was not a bad fellow at heart, had a boy's dislike to "putting up" with the slightest inconvenience. "Well, it won't last long. I shall be off shortly. What a jolly life I'll have in London, Aunt Hilary! I'll see Mr. Lyon there too."

"Yes," said Aunt Hilary, briefly, returning to Dido and Æneas; humble and easy Latinity for a student of eighteen; but Ascott was not a brilliant boy, and, being apprenticed early, his education had been much neglected, till Mr. Lyon came as usher to the Stowbury grammar-school, and happening to meet and take an interest in him, taught him and his Aunt Hilary Latin, Greek, and mathematics together, of evenings.

I shall make no mysteries here. Human nature is human nature all the world over. A tale without love in it would be unnatural, unreal—in fact, a simple lie; for there are no histories

and no lives without love in them; if there could be, Heaven pity and pardon them, for they would be mere abortions of humanity.

Thank Heaven, we, most of us, do not philosophize: we only live. We like one another, we hardly know why; we love one another, we still less know why. If on the day she first saw—in church it was—Mr. Lyon's grave, heavy-browed, somewhat severe face—for he was a Scotsman, and his sharp, strong Scotch features did look "hard" beside the soft, rosy, well-conditioned Saxon youth of Stowbury—if on that Sunday any one had told Hilary Leaf that the face of this stranger was to be the one face of her life, stamped upon brain, and heart, and soul with a vividness that no other impressions were strong enough to efface, and retained there with a tenacity that no vicissitudes of time, or place, or fortunes had power to alter, Hilary would—yes, I think she would—have quietly kept looking on. She would have accepted her lot, such as it was, with its shine and shade, its joy and its anguish: it came to her without her seeking, as most of the solemn things in life do; and whatever it brought with it, it could have come from no other source than that from which all high, and holy, and pure loves ever must come—the will and permission of God.

Mr. Lyon himself requires no long description. In his first visit he had told Miss Leaf all about himself that there was to be known; that he was, as they were, a poor teacher, who had altogether "made himself," as so many Scotch students do. His father, whom he scarcely remembered, had been a small Ayrshire farmer; his mother was dead, and he had never had either brother or sister.

Seeing how clever Miss Hilary was, and how much as a schoolmistress she would need all the education she could get, he had offered to teach her along with her nephew; and she and Johanna were only too thankful for the advantage. But during the teaching he had also taught her another thing, which neither had contemplated at the time—to respect him with her whole soul, and to love him with her whole heart.

Over this simple fact let no more be now said. Hilary said nothing. She recognized it herself as soon as he was gone; a plain, sad, solemn truth, which there was no deceiving herself did not exist, even had she wished its non-existence. Perhaps Johanna also found it out, in her darling's extreme paleness and unusual quietness for a while; but she too said nothing. Mr. Lyon wrote regularly to Ascott, and once or twice to her, Miss Leaf; but though every one knew that Hilary was his particular friend in the whole family, he did not write to Hilary. He had departed rather suddenly, on account of some plan which, he said, affected his future very considerably; but which, though he was in the habit of telling them his affairs, he did not further explain. But Johanna knew he was a good man, and though no man could be quite good enough for her darling, still she liked him, she trusted him.



What Hilary felt none knew. But she was very girlish in some things; and her life was all before her, full of infinite hope. By-and-by her color returned, and her merry voice and laugh were heard about the house just as usual.

This being the position of affairs, it was not surprising that after Ascott's last speech Hilary's mind wandered from Dido and Æneas to vague listening, as the lad began talking of his grand future—the future of a medical student, all expenses being paid by his godfather, Mr. Ascott, the merchant, of Russell Square, once a shop-boy of Stowbury. Nor was it unnatural that all Ascott's anticipations of London resolved themselves, in his aunt's eyes, into the one fact that he would "see Mr. Lyon."

But in telling thus much about her mistresses, I have for the time being lost sight of Elizabeth Hand.

Left to herself, the girl stood for a minute or two looking around her in a confused sort of a way, then, rousing her faculties, began mechanically to obey the order with which her mistress had quitted the kitchen, and to wash up the tea-things. She did it in a manner that, if seen, would have made Miss Leaf thankful it was only the common set, and not the cherished china belonging to former days: still she did it, noisily it is true, but actively, as if her heart were in her work. Then she took a candle and peered about her new domain.

These were small enough, at least they would have seemed so to other eyes than Elizabeth's; for, until the school-room and box-closet above had been kindly added by the landlord, who would have done any thing to show his respect for the Misses Leaf, it had been merely a six-roomed cottage—parlor, kitchen, back-kitchen, and three upper chambers. It was a very cozy house notwithstanding, and it seemed to Elizabeth's eyes a perfect palace.

For several minutes more she stood and contemplated her kitchen, with the fire shining on the round oaken stand in the centre, and the large wooden-bottomed chairs, and the loud-ticking clock, with its tall case, the inside of which, with its pendulum and weights, had been a perpetual mystery and delight, first to Hilary's, and then to Ascott's childhood. Then there was the sofa, large and ugly, but, oh! so comfortable, with its faded, flowered chintz, washed and worn for certainly twenty years. And, over all, Elizabeth's keen observation was attracted by a queer machine apparently made of thin rope and bits of wood, which hung up to the hooks on the ceiling—an old-fashioned baby's swing. Finally, her eye dwelt with content on the blue and red diamond-tiled floor, so easily swept and mopped, and (only Elizabeth did not think of that, for her hard childhood had been all work and no play) so beautiful to whip-tops upon! Hilary and Ascott, condoling together over the new servant, congratulated themselves that their delight in this occupation had somewhat faded, though it was really not so many years ago since one of the former's pupils,

coming suddenly out of the school-room, had caught her in the act of whipping a meditative top round this same kitchen-floor.

Meantime Elizabeth penetrated farther, investigating the back-kitchen, with its various conveniences; especially the pantry, every shelf of which was so neatly arranged and so beautifully clean. Apparently this neatness impressed the girl with a sense of novelty and curiosity; and though she could hardly be said to meditate—her mind was not sufficiently awakened for that—still, as she stood at the kitchen fire, a certain thoughtfulness deepened the expression of her face, and made it less dull and heavy than it had at first appeared.

"I wonder which on 'em does it all. They must work pretty hard, I reckon; and two o' them's such little uns."

She stood a while longer; for sitting down appeared to be to Elizabeth as new a proceeding as thinking; then she went up stairs, still literally obeying orders, to shut windows and pull down blinds at nightfall. The bedrooms were small, and insufficiently, nay, shabbily furnished; but the floors were spotless—ah! poor Johanna!—and the sheets, though patched and darned to the last extremity, were white and whole. Nothing was dirty, nothing untidy. There was no attempt at picturesque poverty. Alas! whatever novelists may say, poverty can not be picturesque; but all things were decent and in order. The house, poor as it was, gave the impression of belonging to "real ladies;" ladies who thought no manner of work beneath them, and who, whatever they had to do, took the pains to do it as well as possible.

Mrs. Hand's roughly-brought-up daughter had never been in such a house before, and her examination of every new corner of it seemed quite a revelation. Her own little sleeping nook was fully as tidy and comfortable as the rest, which fact was not lost upon Elizabeth. That bright look of mingled softness and intelligence—the only thing which beautified her rugged face—came into the girl's eyes as she "turned down" the truckle-bed, and felt the warm blankets and sheets, new and rather coarse, but neatly sewed.

"Her's made 'em hersel', I reckon. La!" Which of her mistresses the "her" referred to remained unspecified; but Elizabeth, spurred to action by some new idea, went briskly back into the bedrooms, and looked about to see if there was any thing she could find to do. At last, with a sudden inspiration, she peered into a wash-stand, and found there an empty ewer. Taking it in one hand and the candle in the other, she ran down stairs.

Fatal activity! Hilary's pet cat, startled from sleep on the kitchen-hearth, at the same instant ran wildly up stairs; there was a start—a stumble—and then down came the candle, the ewer, Elizabeth, and all.

It was an awful crash. It brought every member of the family to see what was the matter.



"What has the girl broken?" cried Selina.

"Where has she hurt herself?" anxiously added Johanna.

Hilary said nothing, but ran for a light, and then picked up first the servant, then the candle, and then the fragments of crockery.

"Why, it's my ewer, my favorite ewer, and it's all smashed to bits, and I never can match it. You careless, clumsy, good-for-nothing creature!"

"Please, Selina," whispered her distressed elder sister.

"Very well, Johanna. You are the mistress, I suppose; why don't you speak to your servant?"

Miss Leaf, in an humbled, alarmed way, first satisfied herself that no bodily injury had been sustained by Elizabeth, and then asked her how this disaster had happened? For a serious disaster she felt it was. Not only was the present loss annoying, but a servant with a talent for crockery breaking would be a far too expensive luxury for them to think of retaining. And she had been listening in the solitude of the parlor to a long lecture from her always dissatisfied younger sister, on the great doubts Selina had about Elizabeth's "sniting."

"Come, now," seeing the girl hesitated, "tell me the plain truth. How was it?"

"It was the cat!" sobbed Elizabeth.

"What a barefaced falsehood!" exclaimed Selina. "You wicked girl, how could it possibly be the cat? Do you know you are telling a lie, and that lies are hateful, and that all liars go to—"

"Nonsense, hush!" interrupted Hilary, rather sharply; for Selina's "tongue," the terror of her childhood, now merely annoyed her. Selina's temper was a long understood household fact—they did not much mind it, knowing her bark was worse than her bite—but it was provoking that she should exhibit herself so soon before the new servant.

The latter first looked up at the lady with simple surprise: then as, in spite of the other two, Miss Selina worked herself up into a downright passion, and unlimited abuse fell upon the victim's devoted head, Elizabeth's manner changed. After one dogged repetition of, "It was the cat!" not another word could be got out of her. She stood, her eyes fixed on the kitchen-floor, her brows knitted, and her under-lip pushed out—the very picture of sullenness. Young as she was, Elizabeth evidently had, like her unfortunate mistress, "a temper of her own"—a spiritual deformity that some people are born with, as others with hare-lip or club-foot; only, unlike these, it may be conquered, though the battle is long and sore, sometimes ending only with life.

It had plainly never commenced with poor Elizabeth Hand. Her appearance, as she stood under the flood of sharp words poured out upon her, was absolutely repulsive. Even Miss Hilary turned away, and began to think it would have been easier to teach all day and do house-

work half the night, than have the infliction of a servant—to say nothing of the disgrace of seeing Selina's "peculiarities" so exposed before a stranger.

She knew of old that to stop the torrent was impracticable. The only chance was to let Selina expend her wrath and retire, and then to take some quiet opportunity of explaining to Elizabeth that sharp language was only "her way," and must be put up with. Humiliating as this was, and fatal to domestic authority that the first thing to be taught a new servant was to "put up with" one of her mistresses, still there was no alternative. Hilary had already foreboded and made up her mind to such a possibility, but she had hoped it would not occur the very first evening.

It did, however, and its climax was worse even than she anticipated. Whether, irritated by the intense sullenness of the girl, Selina's temper was worse than usual, or whether, as is always the case with people like her, something else had vexed her, and she vented it upon the first cause of annoyance that occurred, certain it is that her tongue went on unchecked till it failed from sheer exhaustion. And then, as she flung herself on the sofa—oh, sad mischance!—she caught sight of her nephew standing at the school-room door, grinning with intense delight, and making faces at her behind her back.

It was too much. The poor lady had no more words left to scold with; but she rushed up to Ascott, and, big lad as he was, she soundly boxed his ears.

On this terrible climax let the curtain fall.

## THE WHISKY INSURRECTION.

IN the fertile region of the Monongahela River, in Western Pennsylvania, lived a hardy race of pioneers when the Old War for Independence began. They were mostly descended from the people of North Britain and Ireland, and had built their log-cabins there soon after the close of the French and Indian war, in 1763. They were courageous, industrious, self-sacrificing, and religious. Habit and necessity made them frugal; isolation made them elannish. They were chiefly of the strictest sect of Seceders, and were usually conscientious "doers of the word." Their wealth lay in the virgin soil and dark forests, and was brought out with brawny arms guided by intelligent wills and practical judgment. Their wants were few, and their resources less, for many years, while changing the wilderness into a garden. Until the era of the National Constitution no house for public worship was erected in all that region. In winter as well as in summer their religious meetings were held in the open air. It was common for families to ride ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles each Sabbath to hear the Gospel preached. The young people frequently walked, carrying their shoes and stockings, if they had any, in their hands, that they might last a long time. A grove was the usual temple for worship. Rude



logs composed the pulpit and the audience seats; and the human voice, uttering hymns from memory, was the only organ that filled the woods with the sounds of sacred music.

These settlers were isolated and self-dependent. For a long time sheep were scarce, and wool was a great luxury. Deer-skin was a substitute for cloth for men and boys; and sometimes women and girls were compelled to resort to it. The women manufactured all the linen and woollen fabrics for their families. Overcoats were almost unknown for a long time; and blankets and coverlets were taken from the beds in the daytime and used as substitutes during the severities of the long winters. So great was the destitution of clothing at one time that, when the first court was held at Catfish—now the beautiful town of Washington, in Washington County—one of the most prominent citizens, whose attendance as a magistrate was required, was compelled to borrow the leather breeches of an equally respectable neighbor who had been summoned to act as grand-juror. The lender, having no change, was compelled to stay at home.

For some time they had no stores of any kind. They had no iron-works for the manufacture of implements, no salt, and very little money with which to purchase the necessities of life. For several years, before they had time to raise cattle and grain, peltry and furs were their chief resources. There was a hunter or trapper in every family; and in the autumn, when the farm labor was ended, the winnings of the gun and gin were carried over the mountains upon horses or mules, furnished with pack-saddles, a bag of food, a bell, and a pair of green-withe hobbles. They went in little caravans to Philadelphia and Baltimore. At night the horses were hobbled and turned out to feed, the bells being a guide to their presence in the morning. The peltries and furs were bartered for salt, iron, and other necessities; and with these the animals were again laden, and their heads turned toward the mountains and the settlements beyond.

Rye became the principal cereal crop of the pioneers when their land was cleared. It furnished them with wholesome food and an article for barter. But it was bulky and cheap, and therefore not convenient or profitable for the uses of foreign commerce. A horse could carry only four bushels over the mountains. There was but a small demand for the grain at home or abroad. What must be done with the surplus? Only one way for a profitable disposition of it seemed feasible. A horse could carry twenty-four bushels of rye when converted into whisky, and why should not this metamorphosis of Ceres into Bacchus be employed for the benefit of commerce? Neither conscience nor the Church nor the State interposed objections. Tradition urged it. They were descended from a whisky-making, whisky-loving people. The use of whisky was not discountenanced by society. Temperance lecturers were not dreamed of; and the Pennsylvania excise law, enacted in 1756,

was inoperative beyond the mountains, where distilleries had been early erected for the comfort of the settlers. Whisky was there as free as air; and as early as the close of the Revolution many a horse was seen making his weary way over the Alleghanies with twenty-four bushels of rye on his back in the shape of "old Monongahela." Whisky became the most important item of remittance to Philadelphia and Baltimore to pay for salt, sugar, and iron consumed by the dwellers beyond the mountains.

Having come from a country where the most detestable of all public functionaries was the exciseman, it may readily be imagined with what feelings the people of the Monongahela region received the intelligence of an excise law passed by the first Congress, early in 1791, which imposed a tax of from ten to twenty-five cents a gallon upon all domestic spirits distilled from grain. It was a part of the revenue scheme proposed by the eminent Alexander Hamilton, the first National Secretary of the Treasury, for the restoration of the public credit by making provision for the payment of the public debt.

It will be remembered by the intelligent reader that soon after the promulgation of Hamilton's financial scheme, at the beginning of 1790, a party opposed to the policy of the Administration of Washington, as developed in that scheme, arose, at the head of which, when it took definite shape, Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State, appeared. The party called itself sometimes Republican and sometimes Democratic. It grew rapidly in numbers and strength. It was thoroughly imbued with the segregating principles of French Democracy, as developed by the bloody revolution then in progress in France; and it hailed with delight the landing on our shores of "Citizen Genet," who came as the Ambassador of the "French Republic," and a Democratic propagandist. While Genet and his mission were lauded, and his efforts to entangle the United States in the kindling European war, as an ally of France, were warmly seconded, President Washington's proclamation of neutrality was assailed by the most violent denunciations. To further the designs of Genet and embarrass the financial and foreign policy of the Administration, "Democratic Societies," so called, in imitation of the French Jacobin clubs, were formed. They were secret in their membership, organization, and operations. Their relation to the subject of this paper was immediate.

The tax on domestic distilled spirits led the hated exciseman to the doors of the whisky-makers in Western Pennsylvania, as well as in other parts of the Union. The appearance of that functionary excited disgust and alarm, and engendered disloyalty. Ambitious politicians took advantage of the popular discontent to promote their own special interests. Among these the names of Bradford, Brackenridge, Marshall, Findley, Smilie, and Gallatin appear the most conspicuous. Bradford was a bold, bad man from Maryland, an early and wealthy settler, who built the first shingled house in Washington



County. He was then the prosecuting officer for that district. He had already made strong efforts to divide the State and form a new commonwealth composed of the counties west of the mountains. Brackenridge was a Scotchman. He was a lawyer at Pittsburg, and then Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Marshall was a wealthy settler from the North of Ireland, and then held the office of Registrar of the District. Findley was a member of Congress, wary and influential; and with Smilie, a brother Scotchman, was the most efficient instrument in exciting a rebellious feeling among the people. All of these politicians labored faithfully to destroy regard for the new Government of the United States in the hearts and minds of the inhabitants west of the Alleghanies. Then, as in our day, the most active practical enemies of the National Government were those who had been honored with the public confidence and fed by the public bounty.

Gallatin was from Switzerland, and had been in the country only eleven years. He was young and enthusiastic. He was a large and influential landholder on the Monongahela. Afterward, as a useful and patriotic citizen, he held many offices of great trust under the Government whose laws he was then in his blindness led to oppose. These leaders were all of the Democratic school according to the French model, and, with their active associates, were denominated by George Clymer as either "sordid shopkeepers, crafty lawyers, or candidates for office; and not inclined to make personal sacrifices to truth and honor." Associated with them was Herman Husband, a very old man, who had distinguished himself in insurrectionary but patriotic movements in Western North Carolina more than twenty years before.

These men played the demagogue effectually, and used the odious excise law adroitly as an instrument for wielding the popular will in favor of their political interests; the most of them, doubtless, never dreaming that their course would lead to an open armed rebellion against the laws of the land. Secretly and openly they condemned the excise law, and encouraged the people to regard as enemies the appointed collectors. At their instance a public meeting was held near the close of July, 1791, at Red Stone Old Fort (now Brownsville), when arrangements were made for committees to assemble at the respective court-houses of Alleghany, Fayette, Washington, and Westmoreland counties.

One of these committees, at the county seat of Washington, passed very intemperate resolutions on the 23d of August, which were published in a Pittsburg paper, and greatly inflamed the public mind. It was resolved that any person who had accepted or might accept an office under Congress, in order to carry out the excise law, should be considered inimical to the interests of the country; and the citizens were recommended to treat such men with contempt, and to refuse all intercourse with them. Soon afterward a collector of the revenue in Alleghany

County was waylaid by a party of disguised men, who cut off his hair, tarred and feathered him, took his horse from him, and compelled him to walk a long distance. A sort of reign of terror ensued. Processes issued from the court for the arrest of the perpetrators of the outrage could not be served, for the marshal was threatened with similar treatment at the hands of the people. In fact, a messenger sent with the processes to a deputy-marshal was whipped, tarred and feathered, deprived of his horse, blindfolded and tied, and left in the woods, where he was discovered by a friendly eye some hours afterward.

The President was perplexed by these lawless proceedings. He had no precedent to guide him. He knew that the excise law was every where unpopular, and he feared that similar open opposition might show itself in other parts of the country. Besides this, Congress had not then provided the means by which the Executive could interpose the strong arm of military power to aid the Judiciary in the enforcement of the laws.\* He also felt it desirable, in a Government like ours, to refrain from the use of coercive measures as long as possible, and he forbore to act. Congress, in May following, greatly modified the excise law by a new enactment, and it was hoped that further difficulties would be avoided.

These expectations were not realized. It suited the purposes of the Democratic leaders to keep up the excitement, and measures were adopted for intimidating the well-disposed citizens who desired to comply with the law as modified. The newspaper at Pittsburg was compelled to publish whatever the demagogues chose to print. A Convention, held at that place on the 21st of August, 1792, of which Albert Gallatin was Secretary, adopted a series of resolutions, denouncing the excise law as "unjust, dangerous to liberty, oppressive to the poor, and particularly oppressive to the Western country, where grain could only be disposed of by distilling it." It was resolved to treat all excise-officers with contempt, to withdraw from them every comfort and assistance, and to persist in "legal" opposition to the law. A Committee of Correspondence was appointed, the people at large were called upon to co-operate, and rebellion was fairly organized. Washington issued a proclamation a few weeks afterward, exhorting all persons to desist from "unlawful combinations," and directed Randolph, the Attorney-General of the United States, to prosecute the chief actors in the Pittsburg Convention. George Clymer, the Superintendent of the Revenue, was sent into the disaffected counties to obtain testimony; but the Attorney-General, who secretly favored the insurgents because their leaders were his political friends, could find no law to justify proceedings against the offenders, and the matter was abandoned.

\* A bill to provide for calling forth militia "to execute the laws of the United States, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions," was passed by Congress in April, 1792, and was approved by the President on the 2d of May.



During the year 1793, and until the summer and autumn of 1794, the people of Western Pennsylvania continued to defy the excise law, to grow bolder in their opposition, and to insult and maltreat those whom the Government appointed to execute it. Distillers who complied with the law were injured in person and property; and armed men patrolled the country, spreading terror and alarm in all directions among loyal citizens. Tar and feathers and the torch were freely used, and the violence employed was in a manner personified, and called *Tom the Tinker*. A loyal distiller was attacked and his apparatus was cut in pieces. The perpetrators ironically called their performance "mending the still." The menders, of course, must be *tinkers*, and the title, on the suggestion of a ruffian named Holcroft, collectively became *Tom the Tinker*. Advertisements were put upon trees and other conspicuous places, with the signature of *Tom the Tinker*; and letters bearing that signature, menacing certain persons, were sent to the *Pittsburg Gazette*, and published, because the editor dared not withhold his assent. Women and children in loyal families turned pale at the name of *Tom the Tinker*. He was the Robespierre of the Monongahela district.

One of the most influential and respected of the loyal men of Western Pennsylvania was John Neville, a soldier and patriot of the Revolution. He was a man of wealth; his son had married a daughter of General Morgan, the Hero of the Cowpens, and his social position was equal to any in the country. He was a native of Virginia, a friend and personal acquaintance of Washington, and had been a member of the Provincial Convention of his native State and of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania. This excellent citizen was appointed Inspector for his district, under the provisions of the odious excise law, and it was believed that he would command universal respect. Not so. The spirit of Anarchy was abroad, and its baleful influence was felt in every household. Neville's beautiful mansion, upon a slope of Bower Hill (seen by the traveler upon the turnpike-road from Pittsburg to Washington, about eight miles from the former city, when looking over a fertile bottom from the mansion of the Woodville estate), was attacked on the 16th of July, 1794, by a hundred armed men. Neville and his family made such resistance that the assailants retired; but on the following morning, reinforced to the number of five hundred, and led by John Holcroft, who called himself *Tom the Tinker*, they renewed the assault. Some soldiers from Fort Fayette, under Major Kirkpatrick, were in the house. Neville, who knew his life to be in peril, escaped. The soldiers made a brief but fruitless resistance, killing a leader of the assailants and wounding others. The family, under the protection of a white flag, were removed, and the mansion and all the out-buildings were laid in ashes. The marshal of the district and the younger Neville were made prisoners, and the former, under a menace of

instant death, promised not to serve any more processes west of the mountains.

On the following day the insurgents sent word to Inspector Neville and the marshal, then in Pittsburg, that they must instantly resign. They refused. The means for defense at Pittsburg were small; and so complete and absolute was the despotism of *Tom the Tinker* that there were very few persons in all that region, out of the immediate family connections of General Neville, who were not active or passive insurgents. Loyalists were marked as enemies of their country—in other words, of their *district*—and taunted with being *submissionists*. Their allegiance to the Government of the United States was called a cowardly yielding to the *tyranny of Federal coercion*. The mails were seized and robbed; houses of the loyalists in all directions were burned, and the militia of the four rebellious counties were summoned to rendezvous at Braddock's Field, on the Monongahela, armed and equipped, and supplied with three days' provisions. Meanwhile the inspector and marshal had fled down the Ohio in an open boat to Marietta, and then made their way to Philadelphia through the wilderness.

The summons for the meeting of the militia on Braddock's Field, circulated for only three days over a sparsely-settled country, drew together over seven thousand men. Some, as they afterward alleged, went there to gratify their curiosity, and a few, like Mr. Ross, the United States Senator, hastened to the field to restrain the people and prevent mischief. The prompt response of the masses delighted the leaders. They regarded it as a token of confidence in them and the earnestness of the people in the cause. Colonel Cook, one of the judges of Fayette county, was called to preside over the great meeting of armed citizens, and Albert Gallatin, who had lately been refused a seat in the Senate of the United States because of ineligibility, as shown by his naturalization papers, was appointed secretary. Bradford, "before whom every body cringed," assumed the position of Major-General, and reviewed the troops. His design seems to have been to march upon Pittsburg, seize upon Fort Pitt and its arms and ammunition, and declare the counties west of the Alleghanies an independent State. He was one of the earliest avowed secessionists who appears in our history. But timid or more loyal militia officers refused to co-operate with him to that infamous extent. Brackenridge counseled against the measure, and the scheme was abandoned.

Emboldened by the formidable demonstration on Braddock's Field, the insurgent leaders expelled all the excise officers who remained. Some were brutally treated and their houses burned, even in districts where the opposition had hitherto been less violent. The insurgent spirit spread into the neighboring counties of Virginia, and the rebellion began to assume huge proportions.

A meeting had been held at Mingo Creek late



in July, near where the chief insurgents resided, when it was agreed to hold a convention at Parkinson's Ferry, on the Monongahela, three weeks later. As the day for that convention approached matters assumed more threatening aspects. As in most rebellions, the measure of actual armed resistance to the execution of the national laws was advocated by only a few violent and reckless men. Of these Bradford was the chief. With a desperate few, armed by terrorism composed of threats and violence, he overawed the people, established an absolute despotism, and converted a whole community into a band of rebels, who, under wise and righteous counselors, might have been loyal petitioners to a listening government for a redress of grievances.

When intelligence of these high-handed proceedings reached Philadelphia, the "Democratic societies"—the prototypes of the Knights of the Golden Circle of our day—were jubilant because of the late brilliant victories of the French arms. They had recovered from their depression caused by former reverses suffered by the French army, and the disgrace of Genet, and were now assailing the administration with unsparing malignity. The Philadelphia society did, indeed, pass a resolution which, after execrating the excise law in terms sufficient to give sustenance to the rebellion, disapproved of the violent acts of resistance. But President Washington had no faith in the sincerity of their leaders. He regarded them as artful and designing men, while the great body of the membership whom they controlled he believed meant well, and knew little of their real plans for sowing "among the people the seeds of jealousy and distrust of the government by destroying all confidence in the administration of it." "I consider this insurrection," he wrote to Governor Lee of Virginia, in August, "as the first formidable fruit of the Democratic societies, brought forth, I believe, too prematurely for their own views, which may contribute to the annihilation of them."

The President called a cabinet council. All regarded the moment as a critical one for the republic. If the insurrection in Pennsylvania should not be immediately checked, like or similar causes might produce like effects in other parts of the republic. The example of the whiskey-makers might become infectious, and the very foundations of the state be shaken. It was agreed that forbearance must end, and the effective power of the executive arm must be put forth to suppress the rising rebellion. Accordingly, on the 7th of August, Washington issued a proclamation warning the insurgents to disperse, and declaring that if tranquillity should not be restored in the disturbed counties before the 1st of September, or in about twenty days, an armed force would be employed to compel submission to the laws. At the same time the President made a requisition on the Governors of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia for militia sufficient to compose an army of thirteen thousand men. It was esti-

mated that the insurgent counties could raise sixteen thousand fighting men.

General Mifflin, a leading Democrat, who had taken an active part in the convivial meetings of his party when they welcomed Genet to Philadelphia, was then Governor of Pennsylvania. When the proposition of a majority of the Cabinet to call out the militia was suggested to him, he expressed a doubt of the expediency of the measure, as it might exasperate the rebels and increase the difficulty. He doubted his own authority to make such a call, and questioned whether the militia of his sovereign State would "pay a passive obedience to the mandates of the Government"—whether there would not be a divided Pennsylvania. He wished to act independently of the General Government, believing that his State was able of itself to suppress insurrection within its borders, and to punish the offenders under the due course of State law. He was therefore disposed to content himself with an expression of official indignation, and the issuing of orders for the State officers in the West to use all their authority to suppress the tumults.

Randolph, the Democratic Attorney-General, coincided with Mifflin in his views. He expressed great fears that if the National Government should attempt *coercion* there would be civil war. Brackenridge had written a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, which had been sent to the Cabinet, doubtless for the purpose of intimidating it, in which he maintained that the Western counties were able to defend themselves, and suggested that the midland counties would not be disposed to *allow the march of national troops to the West over their sacred soil!* He also intimated that if *coercion* should be attempted, the insurgents might *make application to Great Britain for aid, and even march on Philadelphia, the national capital.*

Washington was not to be trifled with. He perceived the danger and the necessity for prompt action, and resolved to discard every semblance of a temporizing policy with the rebels. When Mifflin refused to call out the militia of his State, he took the responsibility on himself; and after making the necessary arrangements, by obtaining a certificate from a Judge of the Supreme Court that in certain counties the execution of the laws of the United States was obstructed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, he issued the proclamation and made the requisition already mentioned, and fixed the time for movement of the troops on the 1st of September.

The President resolved, however, to offer the insurgents the olive-branch before sending the sword. He appointed three Commissioners to proceed to the insurgent district, and arrange, if possible, any time before the 14th of September, an effectual submission to the laws. Governor Mifflin appointed two Commissioners to represent the State, and at the same time issued two proclamations, one for convening the Legislature, and the other calling upon the rebels



to submit to the laws, assuring them that he should respond to the President's requisition for troops.

These Commissioners went over the mountains together, and found the Convention already mentioned in session at Parkinson's Ferry. There were more than two hundred delegates present. The meeting was held in a grove upon the crown of a hill overlooking the Monongahela. Near by stood a tall pole bearing the words, in large letters, "LIBERTY AND NO EXCISE! NO ASYLUM FOR COWARDS AND TRAITORS!" Colonel Cook was Chairman, and Albert Gallatin was Secretary.

It was evident that those who evoked the storm were alarmed at its unexpected fury. Gallatin and Brackenridge had already perceived the folly and danger of their course, and the dilemma into which the people were plunged, and they were endeavoring by conciliatory measures to extricate them. Marshall had offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of public safety, empowered "to call forth the resources of the western country to repel any hostile attempts against the citizens." Gallatin had boldly moved to refer the motion to a select committee, but quailing before the eye of Bradford, no one present dared second it. Marshall, already wavering, had finally offered to withdraw it, provided a committee of sixty be appointed with power to call another meeting. This was done, and a committee of fifteen were appointed to confer with the National and State Commissioners. In all their proceedings no one dared to go so far as to agree to submit to the excise.

The Commissioners and the committee of fifteen met a few days afterward at Pittsburg. Marshall, Brackenridge, Cook, Gallatin, and Bradford, were of that committee. All but the latter were favorable to an accommodation. The Commissioners demanded from the committee of sixty an explicit declaration of their determination to submit to the laws of the United States, and their recommendation to the citizens at large to do likewise; and also to abstain from all opposition, direct or indirect, and especially from violence or threats against the excise officers or the loyal distillers. The Commissioners promised, on the part of the Government, in the event of a compliance with these requirements and perfect submission to the laws, a final pardon and oblivion of all offenses. The committee of fifteen agreed that these terms were reasonable, and proceeded to call a meeting of the committee of sixty.

Bradford and his bad associates were dissatisfied. *Tom the Tinker* declared in the *Pittsburg Gazette*, that the conferees had been bribed by the Government, and an armed party assembled, when the sixty convened, to overawe them. Such would have been the effect but for the courage and address of Gallatin, seconded by Brackenridge. They urged submission; but Bradford, in a violent harangue, called upon the people to continue their resistance, and to form an independent State. Bad counsels finally

prevailed, and the Commissioners returned to the seat of government without accomplishing the object of their mission.

On the day after the return of the Commissioners (September 25) the President issued another proclamation, giving notice of the advance of the troops. Governor Henry Lee, of Virginia ("Legion Harry" of the Revolution), was appointed Commander-in-chief of the expedition. The Virginia troops were led by the veteran General Morgan, and those of Maryland by General Smith, then Member of Congress, from Baltimore. These, forming the left wing, assembled at Cumberland, thence to march across the mountains by Braddock's Road. Governors Mifflin and Howell led in person the respective troops of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. These formed the right wing. They rendezvoused at Bedford, to cross the mountains by what was known as the north route.

There had been great and unexpected alacrity in the response to the President's call. A most gratifying manifestation of loyalty was exhibited on every hand. The citizens readily contributed means for the support of the wives and children of the volunteers during their absence; and the quota of each State, composed chiefly of volunteers, was promptly furnished.

It was soon evident that this military expedition was highly necessary. The insurgent spirit was rapidly spreading, and had appeared at Carlisle and other places east of the mountains. It was checked suddenly and effectually when the troops approached. Bradford and his associates, over-estimating the strength and disloyalty of the Democratic party, had laughed at the President's proclamation calling for troops. He did not believe that the people of the loyal portion of the country could be induced to appear in arms against their brethren who were, in imitation of their Revolutionary fathers, only seeking to establish their independence of the tyrannical National Government at Philadelphia, and asked for nothing more than to be *let alone*. They had resolved not to submit to a tariff on their staple production, nor allow the National Government to *coerce* them into submission to its laws; and it was an infringement of their sovereign rights as freemen, and a great public crime to inaugurate a civil war by sending troops to *subjugate* them.

But Bradford and his more violent associates were compelled to come down from their stilts. They were amazed when they heard that Democratic leaders, like Mifflin, were in arms against them; and when they learned that the troops were actually approaching the Eastern slope of the Alleghanies they fled from the country. Calmer thought and wiser counsels prevailed. A new convention was held at Parkinson's Ferry, when resolutions to submit were adopted. Findley, who had found it much easier to arouse the bad passions of men than to control them, and had mustered courage sufficient to place himself decidedly on the side of law and order, was dispatched, with another, to meet the advancing



troops with proffers of loyalty, and, if possible, to stay their progress.

The President and Secretary of the Treasury had accompanied the right wing of the army, and were at Carlisle when Findley and his associate arrived there. Washington treated the penitent insurgents kindly, but they did not bring sufficient evidences of the loyalty of their constituents to cause him to countermand the order for the forward march of the troops. The alarmed ambassadors immediately turned back, crossed the mountains in great haste, and called another meeting at Parkinson's Ferry. With fuller assurances of the absolute submission of the insurgents, Findley recrossed the Alleghanies to stay the march of the national troops. The President had returned to Philadelphia, leaving Hamilton to act as his deputy. The Minister was not satisfied. He would not trust the professions of loyalty made by men so lately in rebellion. The troops moved steadily onward. They crossed the Alleghanies in a heavy rain-storm, encountering mud knee-deep in many places. The two wings of the army met at Uniontown, and proceeded together to the disaffected district. Lee made his head-quarters at Parkinson's Ferry, and there issued a proclamation offering conditional pardon and peace. The inhabitants were all required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

A few days after this proclamation was issued General Lee made a seizure of all persons supposed to have been criminally concerned in the late violent proceedings. The most guilty had fled from the country. Many were dismissed for want of evidence against them, and a considerable number were bound over for trial at Philadelphia. Only two were found guilty of capital offenses, and sentenced to be hung—one for arson, the other for robbing the mail. There were palliating circumstances in their cases, and the President finally pardoned them.

Most of the troops were soon withdrawn from the country of the late rebels. Twenty-five hundred of them encamped in the district, under General Morgan, until spring, when every vestige of disloyalty had disappeared.

Thus terminated a rebellion engendered by politicians, which at one time threatened the stability, if not the very existence of the Republic. It was put down without the shedding of a drop of blood. This result was owing chiefly to the wisdom, prudence, vigilance, energy, and personal popularity of the President. He did not wait until the rebellion had assumed proportions too great to be managed with ease. He comprehended the magnitude of the threatened evil and his duty respecting it, and was fearless and energetic in the performance of that duty. The event, so ominous of dire calamity at one time, was overruled for the production of great good. The Government was amazingly strengthened by it. The national authority was fully vindicated; and the general rally to its support when the Chief sounded the bugle-call, even of those who had hitherto leaned toward or acted

with the opposition, was a significant omen of future stability and power. Every honest man expressed his reprobation of the violent resistance to law, and the Democratic Societies, the chief fomenters of the insurrection, showed a desire to be less conspicuous. Hamilton, who had always distrusted the strength of the Government in such an emergency, was now perfectly convinced of its inherent power, and both he and Washington regarded the affair as a fortunate circumstance for the nation. And thus it will ever be with this Republic; for its foundations are laid upon the solid foundations of Truth and Justice.

### "WHAT CAN I DO?"

THERE was something querulous and discontented in the man's voice: evidently he was not satisfied with himself.

"What can I do?" He repeated the interrogation, with a spreading of the hands and a widening of the eyes meant to express the most perfect negation of any ability on his part to help in the great work to which the nation was straining itself. "I am too feeble to bear arms. I am not rich. I have no sons to offer to my country."

"Then give yourself to patriotic utterances, Mr. Van Dyke," was the answer of a gentleman to whom the above remark was made. "Speak for your country on all occasions. Put fire into the hearts of those who have both the strength and the will to bear arms."

"But affairs are so badly managed!" And Mr. Van Dyke looked unutterable things.

"Do you think so?"

"Oh dear, yes! They're awfully managed—awfully!"

"In what respect?"

"How can you ask? Why, in all respects. There is no honesty—no true patriotism—no ability. Our placemen are venal or weak. Every where the plunderer is at work. Men seem inspired only by a love of spoils and power."

"Do you know of instances where this plunder is going on?"

"Certainly."

"Have you exposed the wrong?"

There was a change in the expression of Mr. Van Dyke's countenance, and he stammered a little in his reply:

"I can't say that I have actually a personal knowledge of any frauds upon the Government. But you know as well as I do that we are being robbed and plundered awfully—awfully!"

"Doubtless, Mr. Van Dyke, there are frauds and wrongs. While men are evil such things will exist. The action of our Government is, in some degree, hindered by the wicked self-seeking of individuals to whom have been assigned responsible places."

"But why assign such men to responsible places?" interrogated Mr. Van Dyke, sharply. "Why give them the power to hurt the nation?"



"God only knows the hearts of men," was answered. "The most corrupt may put on a fair and honorable exterior, and deceive the very elect. Few men are really known until they are tried. There is a class who keep a good reputation while rising, in order to secure the confidence of their fellow-citizens. They have their price, but it is not small. Such bide their time, and at last find the opportunity to rob on a large scale. Without question many such are now holding places of trust, and turning to their own advantage the national means with which they have been trusted."

"But why are they not ferreted out? Why are they not caught and punished?"

"They are punished and disgraced, on proof of wrong, in every instance."

"On proof!" Mr. Van Dyke curled his lip.

"Would you have them punished on mere accusation, and in default of evidence?"

"No, no—of course not." Spoken in constraint.

"I think," said the other, "that you were injured once through the dishonesty of a clerk in whom you confided?"

"I was." Mr. Van Dyke's countenance fell.

"You trusted him implicitly?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because I thought him honest."

"And yet he was a shrewd, secret-working scoundrel; not so secret, however, that he did not at times betray himself to lookers on from the outside. You were cautioned in regard to him more than once."

"I was."

"But did not heed the caution. Why?"

"Simply because my faith in him was complete. I did not believe him capable of so great a sin."

"Though he was coolly robbing you all the while. Transfer the case in part. It will serve for illustration. We have true men at the head of affairs, who are seeking, under God's direction, to guide our storm-beaten ship to a safe anchorage. It was necessary, when the tempest came swooping down from an almost summer sky, to throw skilled agents to every part of the ship where duty must be done. There was little time for discrimination. The posts must be filled, in order to the prompt execution of every command. In all cases the best men were not chosen. Some proved incapable, some traitors, some shamefully dishonest—and were set aside. This was inevitable. Traitors, incapables, and scoundrels still, no doubt, hold places and do harm. But they manage to elude vigilance, as your dishonest clerk managed to elude your vigilance. What then? Shall we hinder by indefinite complaint, fold our arms, and do nothing because some men are working injury? Is this patriotism, Mr. Van Dyke? Is this doing our duty to God and our country? If instances of fraud come under our personal observation let us expose them fearlessly."

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"And get ill-will for our pains," answered Mr. Van Dyke, in his querulous way.

"Sir!" The other started, and a flush of noble anger reddened his face. "Is this your courage? this your patriotism? You complained just now of inability to serve your country. Said you were too feeble to bear arms—were not rich—had no sons to offer your country. And now confess yourself not brave enough to expose the man who is hurting and hindering us lest you suffer from ill-will! Sir, men like you are worse than open enemies. We can meet them face to face. But you work out of sight, with your carpings and fault-findings—demoralizing the public sentiment and weakening patriotic enthusiasm. Sir, if you can not bear arms yourself, don't, in Heaven's name! depress the noble ardor of those who can. You asked a little while ago, What can I do? I answer—Hold your tongue! Good-morning!"

And the indignant monitor turned away, and left the weak complainer with a rankling arrow in his mind. He was not only surprised and hurt but consciously condemned. The anger awakened by his friend's rough rebuke was not strong enough to obscure a sense of shame. He felt humiliated, disturbed, unhappy beyond former experience. It did not help his state of mind any that he let fall indignant words such as these:

"What I call rude and ungentlemanly conduct! No man shall talk to me after that style again."

The disquietude and humiliation remained. It was not long, however, before the old complaining and self-dissatisfied state returned, and he was carping to one, talking gloomily to another, and putting to a third the oft-repeated question, "What can I do?"

"I'll tell you," said one to whom he thus addressed himself, "what a poor woman in my neighborhood, who earns her bread by washing and ironing, did. She bought a rubber blanket for a poor neighbor's son who had entered the service, and gave it to him on the day his company was ordered to march. It cost her three dollars—all the money she had in the world; but she gave it with a free heart. Give a blanket, Mr. Van Dyke, if you can do no more."

"A blanket! What is a blanket? There are six hundred thousand men in the field." A service like this seemed altogether insignificant to Mr. Van Dyke.

"And more than twice six hundred thousand men not in the field. Let one-half of these furnish water-proof blankets for the soldiers, and they will save over five per cent. of them from temporary or disabling sickness. If you can save a man from illness, and thus keep him in the service, you do almost as much for your country as if you shouldered a musket yourself."

"That's one view of it," answered Mr. Van Dyke, in the tone of a man half convinced against his will.

"And is it not a right view?"



"There's a very important *if* in the case."

"What?"

"If the six hundred thousand persons would donate a blanket each. But they won't. And what is the single blanket that I would give? A drop in the ocean! Nothing more. If a hundred or a thousand other men would agree to give a blanket a piece, I would cheerfully make one of the number. But a single blanket is of no account."

"Suppose you start a subscription for a hundred India-rubber blankets—enough for a single company?"

"Oh dear, no! I never was worth a cent at begging. Any thing but hunting up subscriptions. I'd rather saw wood or split fence rails."

"Then give some poor soldier, who is about going to fight for your peace and security, a single water-proof blanket to keep him dry and warm. Do your duty, and leave the rest to Him in whose hands are the consciences of all men. I have answered your question."

But Mr. Van Dyke neither held his tongue nor furnished a blanket. Still he kept going about in a miserable, half-hearted, complaining way; now heaping censure on public men and public measures, and now prophesying the worst of evils.

"What can I do?" The usual termination of one of his wretched harangues dropped from his lips in a company of ladies. And he added, as was his wont: "I am too old to bear arms. I am not rich. I have no sons to offer my country."

"The poorest, the weakest, the humblest can do something," was confidently answered by one of the ladies. "And I hold that each individual who enjoys the blessings of this good Government is religiously bound to do all in his power for its preservation. The rich according to their wealth, and the poor according to their poverty. The strong in their strength, and the weak in their weakness. Every one can do something. It may require the united efforts of ten to do as much as a single individual of larger ability. But if each does his best, the good accomplished will be great. The way, Mr. Van Dyke, is not so difficult as the *will*. Given the will, and the way will be plain enough. Want of will I find to be the great impediment."

Mr. Van Dyke answered, somewhat fretfully, that talking was easier than doing, and the lady understood the remark as meant for her. So she said, gravely, yet without feeling,

"But not half so pleasant. It is in doing that delight comes. Our talking disturbs us—it is only when we begin to do that we find tranquillity and satisfaction. Let me, in partial answer of your question, What can I do? relate what I saw only an hour since. You know Hannah Clay?"

"Yes."

"A poor weak invalid. For six years she has not known what it was to be free from pain during her waking hours; and for nearly the

whole of that time she has not been able to leave her bed. Well, Mr. Van Dyke, I found her, propped up in bed, knitting woolen slippers for sick soldiers. She had four pairs finished, and was at work on the fifth. I shall not soon forget how her wan face lighted as she showed me her work, and spoke, with moistening eyes, of the sick in camps and hospitals, far away from home and the tender care of sisters, wives, and mothers. 'It is so little that I can do,' she said, in her feeble voice. 'Three or four hours a day is all I am able to work. Oh, I pray often for more strength, so that I could do more.' I looked at the sick girl—so pale, so thin, so weak—and felt a thrill of admiration. I did not ask her; but I am sure she did not feel the tooth of pain in all the hours her fingers plied the needles. Mr. Van Dyke, if Hannah Clay can serve her country in this trying hour, shall we stand in weak hesitation, asking, fretfully, 'What can I do?' It's a shame, Sir, to talk in this fashion. Don't utter the sentence again; don't find fault; don't prophesy evil; don't go about in this weak, miserable, complaining way. It isn't manly, nor brave, nor patriotic. What shall you do? Take a lesson from Hannah Clay. Learn to knit slippers or stockings if you have no skill for any other work. But do something! A sick and dying woman rebukes your inactivity."

"Good-day, ladies," said Mr. Van Dyke, with a shamefacedness that he could not hide, and he bowed himself out. He was known in that circle, and half a dozen hearts thanked the plain-speaking lady for her rebuke.

On the next day Mr. Van Dyke went down town and bought an India-rubber blanket, which he gave to the son of a poor neighbor who was on the eve of marching with his regiment. We fear that the cheerful heart did not bless him as the giver; but not the less warmth and protection has the poor boy received in cold and storm, on dreary nights' camping or marching, amidst the mountains and valleys of Western Virginia.

Reader, if you can help in nothing else, give at least one rubber blanket to a soldier. It may save health or life, and thus keep him, as a brave defender, in the field fronting the enemy. And a word more—if you are tempted to complain and find fault, because every thing does not come out just as you desire, remember that such things hinder by encouraging the disloyal, and—hold your tongue!

## SHIPWRECK.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

A LONG, low reach of level sand,  
Packed erewhile by the maddened waves  
As the storm-wind drove them toward the land:  
A boat on the shore and nothing more  
To tell of the dead who sank to their graves,  
To the sound of the wild sea's roar.



The ship went down at night, they say,  
 Wrestling with wind and wave to the last,  
 Like a great sea-monster fighting at bay:  
 The fisherman tells how he heard the bells  
 Ring in the lulls of the pitiless blast,  
 Mingled with wild farewells.

The winds are asleep, and the sea is still—  
 Still as the wrecked beneath its waves,  
 Dreamless of all life's good or ill:  
 A boat on the shore and nothing more  
 Tells of the dead who sank to their graves,  
 To the sound of the wild sea's roar.

## THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



### CHAPTER XXVII.

I CHARGE YOU, DROP YOUR DAGGERS!

GENERAL BAYNES began the story which you and I have heard at length. He told it in his own way. He grew very angry with himself while defending himself. He had to abuse Philip very fiercely, in order to excuse his own act of treason. He had to show that his act was not his act; that, after all, he never had promised; and that, if he had promised, Philip's atrocious conduct ought to absolve him from any previous promise. I do not wonder that the general was abusive, and out of temper. Such a crime as he was committing can't be performed cheerfully by a man who is habitually gentle, generous, and honest. I do not say that men can not cheat, can not lie, can not inflict torture, can not commit rascally actions, without in the least losing their equanimity; but these are men habitually false, knavish, and cruel. They are accustomed to break their promises, to cheat their neighbors in bargains, and what not. A roguish word or action more or less is of little matter to them: their remorse only awakens after detection, and they don't begin to repent till they come sentenced out of the dock. But here was an ordinarily just man withdrawing from his promise, turning his back on his benefactor, and justifying himself to himself by maligning the man whom he injured. It is not an uncommon event, my dearly beloved brethren and esteemed miserable sister sinners; but you like to say a preacher is "cynical" who admits this sad truth—and, perhaps, don't care to hear

about the subject on more than one day in the week.

So, in order to make out some sort of case for himself, our poor good old General Baynes chose to think and declare that Philip was so violent, ill-conditioned, and abandoned a fellow, that no faith ought to be kept with him; and that Colonel Bunch had behaved with such brutal insolence that Baynes must call him to account. As for the fact that there was another, a richer, and a much more eligible suitor, who was likely to offer for his daughter, Baynes did not happen to touch on this point at all; preferring to speak of Philip's hopeless poverty, disreputable conduct, and gross and careless behavior.

Now MacWhirter having, I suppose, little to do at Tours, had read Mrs. Baynes's letters to her sister Emily, and remembered them. Indeed, it was but very few months since Eliza Baynes's letters had been full of praise of Philip, of his love for Charlotte, and of his noble generosity in foregoing the great claim which he had upon the general, his mother's careless trustee. Philip was the first suitor Charlotte had had: in her first glow of pleasure, Charlotte's mother had covered yards of paper with compliments, interjections, and those *scratches* or *dashes* under her words, by which some ladies are accustomed to point their satire or emphasize their delight. He was an admirable young man—wild, but generous, handsome, noble! He had forgiven his father thousands and thousands of pounds which the doctor owed him—all his mother's fortune; and he had acted *most nobly* by her trustees—that she must say, though poor dear weak Baynes was one of them! Baynes who was as simple as a child. Major Mac and his wife had agreed that Philip's forbearance was very generous and kind, but after all that there was no special cause for rapture at the notion of their niece marrying a struggling young fellow without a penny in the world; and they had been not a little amused with the change of tone in Eliza's later letters, when she began to go out in the great world, and to look coldly upon poor, penniless Firmin, her hero of a few months since. Then Emily remembered how Eliza had always been fond of great people; how her head was turned by going to a few parties at Government House; how absurdly she went on with that little creature Fitzrickets (because he was an Honorable, forsooth) at Dum-



dum. Eliza was a good wife to Baynes; a good mother to the children; and made both ends of a narrow income meet with surprising dexterity; but Emily was bound to say of her sister Eliza, that a more, etc., etc., etc. And when the news came at length that Philip was to be thrown overboard, Emily clapped her hands together, and said to her husband, "Now, Mac, didn't I always tell you so? If she could get a fashionable husband for Charlotte, I *knew* my sister would put the doctor's son to the door!" That the poor child would suffer considerably her aunt was assured. Indeed, before her own union with Mac, Emily had undergone heart-breakings and pangs of separation on her own account. The poor child would want comfort and companionship. *She* would go to fetch her niece. And though the Major said, "My dear, you want to go to Paris and buy a new bonnet," Mrs. MacWhirter spurned the insinuation, and came to Paris from a mere sense of duty.

So Baynes poured out his history of wrongs to his brother-in-law, who marveled to hear a man, ordinarily chary of words and cool of demeanor, so angry and so voluble. If he had done a bad action, at least, after doing it, Baynes had the grace to be very much out of humor. If I ever, for my part, do any thing wrong in my family, or to them, I accompany that action with a furious rage and blustering passion. I won't have wife or children question it. No querulous Nathan of a family friend (or an incommensurable conscience, maybe) shall come and lecture *me* about my ill-doings. No—no. Out of the house with him! Away, you preaching bugbear, don't try to frighten *me*! Baynes, I suspect, to brow-beat, bully, and out-talk the Nathan pleading in his heart—Baynes will outbawl that prating monitor, and thrust that inconvenient preacher out of sight, out of hearing, drive him with angry words from our gate. Ah! in vain we expel him; and bid John say, not at home! There he is when we wake, sitting at our bed-foot. We throw him overboard for daring to put an oar in our boat. Whose ghastly head is that looking up from the water and swimming alongside us, row we never so swiftly? Fire at him. Brain him with an oar, one of you, and pull on! Flash goes the pistol. Surely that oar has stove the old skull in? See! there comes the awful companion popping up out of water again, and crying, "Remember, remember, I am here, I am here!" Baynes had thought to bully away one monitor by the threat of a pistol, and here was another swimming alongside of his boat. And would you have it otherwise, my dear reader, for you, for me? That you and I shall commit sins in this and ensuing years is certain; but I hope—I hope they won't be past praying for. Here is Baynes, having just done a bad action, in a dreadfully wicked, murderous, and dissatisfied state of mind. His chafing, bleeding temper is one raw; his whole soul one rage, and wrath, and fever. Charles Baynes, thou old sinner, I pray that Heaven may turn thee to a better state

of mind. I will kneel down by thy side, scatter ashes on my own bald pate, and we will quaver out *Peccavimus* together.

"In one word, the young man's conduct has been so outrageous and disreputable that I can't, Mac, as a father of a family, consent to my girl's marrying. Out of a regard for her happiness, it is my duty to break off the engagement," cries the general, finishing the story.

"Has he formally released you from that trust business?" asked the major.

"Good Heavens, Mac!" cries the general, turning very red. "You know I am as innocent of all wrong toward him as you are!"

"Innocent—only you did not look to your trust—"

"I think ill of him, Sir. I think he is a wild, reckless, overbearing young fellow," calls out the general, very quickly, "who would make my child miserable; but I don't think he is such a blackguard as to come down on a retired elderly man with a poor family—a numerous family; a man who has bled and fought for his sovereign in the Peninsula, and in India, as the *Army List* will show you, by George! I don't think Firmin will be such a scoundrel as to come down on me, I say; and I must say, MacWhirter, I think it most unhandsome of you to allude to it—most unhandsome, by George!"

"Why, you are going to break off your bargain with him; why should he keep his compact with you?" asks the gruff major.

"Because," shouted the general, "it would be a sin and a shame that an old man with seven children, and broken health, who has served in every place—yes, in the West and East Indies, by George!—in Canada—in the Peninsula, and at New Orleans;—because he has been deceived and humbugged by a miserable scoundrel of a doctor into signing a sham paper, by George! should be ruined, and his poor children and wife driven to beggary, by Jove! as you seem to recommend young Firmin to do, Jack MacWhirter; and I'll tell you what, Major MacWhirter, I take it decidedly unfriendly of you; and I'll trouble you not to put your oar into *my* boat, and meddle with *my* affairs, that's all, and I'll know who's at the bottom of it, by Jove! It's the gray mare, Mac—it's your *better half*, MacWhirter—it's that confounded, meddling, sneaking, backbiting, domineering—"

"What next?" roared the major. "Ha, ha, ha! Do you think I don't know, Baynes, who has put you on doing what I have no hesitation in calling a most sneaking and rascally action—yes, a rascally action, by George! I am not going to mince matters! Don't come your Major-General or your Mrs. Major-General over me! It's Eliza that has set you on. And if Tom Bunch has been telling you that you have been breaking from your word, and are acting shabbily, Tom is right; and you may get somebody else to go out with you, General Baynes, for, by George, I won't!"

"Have you come all the way from Tours, Mac, in order to insult me?" asks the general.



"I came to do you a friendly turn; to take charge of your poor girl, upon whom you are being very hard, Baynes. And this is the reward I get! Thank you. No more grog! What I have had is rather *too strong* for me already." And the major looks down with an expression of scorn at the emptied beaker, the idle spoon before him.

As the warriors were quarreling over their cups there came to them a noise as of brawling and of female voices without. "*Mais madame!*" pleads Madame Smolensk, in her grave way. "*Taisez-vous, Madame, laissez-moi tranquille, s'il vous plait!*" exclaims the well-known voice of Mrs. General Baynes, which I own was never pleasant to me, either in anger or good-humor. "And your Little—who tries to sleep in my chamber!" again pleads the mistress of the boarding-house. "*Vous n'avez pas droit d'appeler, Mademoiselle Baynes petite!*" calls out the general's lady. And Baynes, who was fighting and quarreling himself just now, trembled when he heard her. His angry face assumed an alarmed expression. He looked for means of escape. He appealed for protection to MacWhirter, whose nose he had been ready to pull anon. Samson was a mighty man, but he was a fool in the hands of a woman. Hercules was a brave man and strong, but Omphale twisted him round her spindle. Even so Baynes, who had fought in India, Spain, America, trembled before the partner of his bed and name.

It was an unlucky afternoon. While the husbands had been quarreling in the dining-room over brandy-and-water, the wives, the sisters had been fighting over their tea in the salon. I don't know what the other boarders were about. Philip never told me. Perhaps they had left the room to give the sisters a free opportunity for embraces and confidential communication. Perhaps there were no lady boarders left. Howbeit, Emily and Eliza had tea; and before that refreshing meal was concluded those dear women were fighting as hard as their husbands in the adjacent chamber.

Eliza, in the first place, was very angry at Emily's coming without invitation. Emily, on her part, was angry with Eliza for being angry. "I am sure, Eliza," said the spirited and injured MacWhirter, "that is the third time you have alluded to it since we have been here. Had you and all your family come to Tours, Mac and I would have made them welcome—children and all; and I am sure yours make trouble enough in a house."

"A private house is not like a boarding-house, Emily. Here Madame makes us pay frightfully for extras," remarks Mrs. Baynes.

"I am sorry I came, Eliza. Let us say no more about it. I can't go away to-night," says the other.

"And most unkind it is that speech to make, Emily. Any more tea?"

"Most unpleasant to have to make that speech, Eliza. To travel a whole day and night—and I never able to sleep in a diligence—to

hasten to my sister because I thought she was in trouble, because I thought a sister might comfort her; and to be received as you—re—as you O, O, O—Boh! How stupid I am!" A handkerchief dries the tears: a smelling-bottle restores a little composure. "When you came to us at Dumdum, with two—o—o children in the hooping-cough, I am sure Mac and I gave you a very different welcome."

The other was smitten with a remorse. She remembered her sister's kindness in former days. "I did not mean, sister, to give you pain," she said. "But I am very unhappy myself, Emily. My child's conduct is making me most unhappy."

"And very good reason you have to be unhappy, Eliza, if woman ever had!" says the other.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" gasps the general's lady.

"If any woman ought to feel remorse, Eliza Baynes, I am sure it's you. Sleepless nights! What was mine in the diligence compared to the nights you must have? I said so to myself. 'I am wretched,' I said, 'but what must *she* be?'"

"Of course, as a feeling mother, I feel that poor Charlotte is unhappy, my dear."

"But what makes her so, my dear?" cries Mrs. MacWhirter, who presently showed that she was mistress of the whole controversy. "No wonder Charlotte is unhappy, dear love! Can a girl be engaged to a young man, a most interesting young man, a clever, accomplished, highly educated young man—"

"What?" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"Haven't I your letters? I have them all in my desk. They are in that hall now. Didn't you tell me so over and over again; and rave about him, till I thought you were in love with him yourself almost?" cries Mrs. Mac.

"A most indecent observation!" cries out Eliza Baynes, in her deep, awful voice. "No woman, no sister, shall say that to me!"

"Shall I go and get the letters? It used to be, 'Dear Philip has just left us. Dear Philip has been more than a son to me. He is our preserver!' Didn't you write all that to me over and over again? And because you have found a richer husband for Charlotte, you are going to turn your preserver out of doors!"

"Emily MacWhirter, am I to sit here and be accused of crimes, *uninvited*, mind—*uninvited*, mind, by my sister? Is a general officer's lady to be treated in this way by a brevet major's wife? Though you are my senior in age, Emily, I am yours in rank. Out of any room in England but this I go before you! And if you have come *uninvited* all the way from Tours to insult me in my own house—"

"House indeed! pretty house! Every body else's house as well as yours!"

"Such as it is, I never asked you to come into it, Emily!"

"Oh yes! You wish me to go out in the night. Mac! I say!"

"Emily!" cries the general's.



"Mac, I say!" screams the majoreess, flinging open the door of the salon, "My sister wishes me to go. Do you hear me?"

"*Au nom de Dieu, Madame, pensez à cette pauvre petite, qui souffre à côté;*" cries the mistress of the house, pointing to her own adjoining chamber, in which, we have said, our poor little Charlotte was lying.

"*Nappley pas, Madamaselle Baynes petite, sivooplay!*" booms out Mrs. Baynes's contralto.

"MacWhirter, I say, Major MacWhirter!" cries Emily, flinging open the door of the dining-room where the two gentlemen were knocking their own heads together. "MacWhirter! My sister chooses to insult me, and say that a brevet major's wife—"

"By George! are you fighting too?" asks the general.

"Baynes, Emily MacWhirter has insulted me!" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"It seems to have been a settled thing beforehand," yells the general, "Major MacWhirter has done the same thing by me! He has forgotten that he is a gentleman, and that I am."

"He only insults you because he thinks you are his relative, and must bear every thing from him," says the general's wife.

"By George! I will not bear every thing from him!" shouts the general. The two gentlemen and their two wives are squabbling in the hall. Madame and the servants are peering up from the kitchen-regions. I dare say the boys from the topmost balusters are saying to each other, "Row between ma and aunt Mac!" I dare say scared little Charlotte, in her temporary apartment, is, for a while, almost forgetful of her own grief, and wondering what quarrel is agitating her aunt and mother, her father and uncle? Place the remaining male and female boarders about in the corridors and on the landings, in various attitudes expressive of interest, of satiric commentary, wrath at being disturbed by unseemly domestic quarrel—in what posture you will. As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, she, poor thing, does not know that the general and her own colonel have entered on a mortal quarrel. She imagines the dispute is only between Mrs. Baynes and her sister as yet; and she has known this pair quarreling for a score of years past. "*Toujours comme ça, fighting vous savez, et puis make it up again. Oui,*" she explains to a French friend on the landing.

In the very midst of this storm Colonel Bunch returns, his friend and second, Dr. Martin, on his arm. He does not know that two battles have been fought since his own combat. His, we will say, was Ligny. Then came Quatre-Bras, in which Baynes and MacWhirter were engaged. Then came the general action of Waterloo. And here enters Colonel Bunch, quite unconscious of the great engagements which have taken place since his temporary retreat in search of reinforcements.

"How are you, MacWhirter?" cries the colonel of the purple whiskers. "My friend, Dr. Martin!" And as he addresses himself to the

general his eyes almost start out of his head, as if they would shoot themselves into the breast of that officer.

"My dear, hush! Emily MacWhirter, had we not better defer this most painful dispute? The whole house is listening to us!" whispers the general, in a rapid, low voice. "Doctor—Colonel Bunch—Major MacWhirter, had we not better go into the dining-room?"

The general and the doctor go first, Major MacWhirter and Colonel Bunch pause at the door. Says Bunch to MacWhirter, "Major, you act as the general's friend in this affair? It's most awkward, but, by George! Baynes has said things to me that I won't bear, were he my own flesh and blood, by George! And I know him a deuced deal too well to think he will ever apologize!"

"He has said things to me, Bunch, that I won't bear from fifty brother-in-law's, by George!" growls MacWhirter.

"What? Don't you bring me any message from him?"

"I tell you, Tom Bunch, I want to send a message to him. Invite me to his house, and insult me and Emily when we come! By George! it makes my blood boil. Insult us after traveling twenty-four hours in a confounded diligence, and say we're not invited! He and his little catamaran."

"Hush!" interposed Bunch.

"I say catamaran, Sir! don't tell me! They came and staid with us four months at Dumdum—the children ill with the pip, or some confounded thing—went to Europe, and left me to pay the doctor's bill; and now, by—"

Was the major going to invoke George, the Cappadocian champion, or Olympian Jove? At this moment a door by which they stood opens. You may remember there were three doors all on that landing; if you doubt me, go and see the house (Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées, Paris). A third door opens, and a young lady comes out, looking very pale and sad, and her hair hanging over her shoulders—her hair, which hung in rich clusters generally, but I suppose tears have put it all out of curl.

"Is it you, uncle Mac? I thought I knew your voice, and I heard aunt Emily's," says the little person.

"Yes, it is I, Charly," says uncle Mac. And he looks into the round face, which looks so wild and is so full of grief unutterable that uncle Mac is quite melted, and takes the child to his arms, and says, "What is it, my dear?" And he quite forgets that he proposes to blow her father's brains out in the morning. "How hot your little hands are!"

"Uncle, uncle!" she says, in a swift, febrile whisper, "you're come to take me away, I know. I heard you and papa, I heard mamma and aunt Emily speaking quite loud, loud! But if I go—I'll—I'll never love any but him!"

"But whom, dear?"

"But Philip, uncle."

"By George! Char, no more you shall!" says



the major. And herewith the poor child, who had been sitting up on her bed while this quarreling of sisters—while this brawling of majors, generals, colonels—while this coming of hackney-coaches—while this arrival and departure of visitors on horseback—had been taking place, gave a fine hysterical scream, and fell into her uncle's arms laughing and crying wildly.

This outcry, of course, brought the gentlemen from their adjacent room, and the ladies from theirs.

"What are you making a fool of yourself about?" growls Mrs. Baynes, in her deepest bark.

"By George, Eliza, you are too bad!" says the general, quite white.

"Eliza, you are a brute!" cries Mrs. MacWhirter.

"So she is!" shrieks Mrs. Bunch from the landing-place overhead, where other lady-boarders were assembled looking down on this awful family battle.

Eliza Baynes knew she had gone too far. Poor Charly was scarce conscious by this time, and wildly screaming, "Never, never!"..... When, as I live, who should burst into the premises but a young man with fair hair, with flaming whiskers, with flaming eyes, who calls out, "What is it? I am here, Charlotte, Charlotte!"

Who is that young man? We had a glimpse of him, prowling about the Champs Elysées just now, and dodging behind a tree when Colonel Bunch went out in search of his second. Then the young man saw the MacWhirter hackney-coach approach the house. Then he waited and waited, looking to that upper window behind which we know his beloved was *not* reposing. Then he beheld Bunch and Doctor Martin arrive. Then he passed through the wicket into the garden, and heard Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Baynes fighting. Then there came from the passage—where, you see, this battle was going on—that ringing, dreadful laugh and scream of poor Charlotte; and Philip Firmin burst like a bomb-shell into the midst of the hall where the battle was raging, and of the family circle who were fighting and screaming.

Here is a picture, I protest. We have—first, the boarders on the first landing, whither, too, the Baynes children have crept in their night-gowns; secondly, we have Auguste, Françoise, the cook, and the assistant coming up from the basement; and, third, we have Colonel Bunch, Doctor Martin, Major MacWhirter, with Charlotte in his arms; Madame, General B., Mrs. Mac, Mrs. General B., all in the passage, when our friend the bomb-shell bursts in among them.

"What is it? Charlotte, I am here!" cries Philip, with his great voice; at hearing which, little Char gives one final scream, and, at the next moment, she has fainted quite dead—but this time she is on Philip's shoulder.

"You brute, how dare you do this?" asks Mrs. Baynes, glaring at the young man.

"It is *you* who have done it, Eliza!" says aunt Emily.

"And so she has, Mrs. MacWhirter!" calls out Mrs. Colonel Bunch from the landing above.

And Charles Baynes felt he had acted like a traitor, and hung down his head. He had encouraged his daughter to give her heart away, and she had obeyed him. When he saw Philip I think he was glad: so was the Major, though Firmin, to be sure, pushed him quite roughly up against the wall.

"Is this vulgar scandal to go on in the passage before the whole house?" gasped Mrs. Baynes.

"Bunch brought me here to prescribe for this young lady," says little Doctor Martin, in a very courtly way. "Madame, will you get a little sal volatile from Anjubeau's, in the Faubourg; and let her be kept very quiet!"

"Come, Monsieur Philippe. It is enough like that!" cries Madame, who can't repress a smile. "Come to your chamber, dear little!"

"Madame," cries Mrs. Baynes, "*une mère—*" Madame shrugs her shoulders. "*Une mère, une belle mère, ma foi!*" she says. "Come, mademoiselle!"

There were only very few people in the boarding-house; if they knew, if they saw, what happened, how can we help ourselves? But that they had all been sitting over a powder magazine, which might have blown up and destroyed one, two, three, five people; even Philip did not know, until afterward, when, laughing, Major MacWhirter told him how that meek but most savage Baynes had first challenged Bunch, had then challenged his brother-in-law, and how all sorts of battle, murder, sudden death might have ensued had the quarrel not come to an end.

Were your humble servant anxious to harrow his reader's feelings, or display his own graphic powers, you understand that I never would have allowed those two gallant officers to quarrel and threaten each other's very noses, without having the insult wiped out in blood. The Bois de Boulogne is hard by the Avenue de Marli, with plenty of cool fighting ground. The *octroi* officers never stop gentlemen going out at the neighboring barrier upon dueling business, or prevent the return of the slain victim in the hackney-coach when the dreadful combat is over. From my knowledge of Mrs. Baynes's character, I have not the slightest doubt that she would have encouraged her husband to fight; and, the general down, would have put pistols into the hands of her boys, and bidden them carry on the *vendetta*; but as I do not, for my part, love to see brethren at war, or Moses and Aaron tugging white handkerchiefs out of each other's beards, I am glad there is going to be no fight between the veterans, and that either's stout old breast is secure from the fratricidal bullet.

Major MacWhirter forgot all about bullets and battles when poor little Charlotte kissed him, and was not in the least jealous when he saw the little maiden clinging on Philip's arm. He was melted at the sight of that grief and innocence, when Mrs. Baynes still continued to



bark out her private rage, and said: "If the general won't protect me from insult, I think I had better go."

"By Jove, I think you had!" exclaimed MacWhirter, to which remark the eyes of the doctor and Colonel Bunch gleamed an approval.

"*Allons*, Monsieur Philippe. Enough like that—let me take her to bed again," Madame resumed. "Come, dear miss!"

What a pity that the bedroom was but a yard from where they stood! Philip felt strong enough to carry his little Charlotte to the Tuileries. The thick brown locks, which had fallen over his shoulders, are lifted away. The little wounded heart that had lain against his own, parts from him with a reviving throb. Madame and her mother carry away little Charlotte. The door of the neighboring chamber closes on her. The sad little vision has disappeared. The men, quarreling anon in the passage, stand there silent.

"I heard her voice outside," said Philip, after a little pause (with love, with grief, with excitement, I suppose his head was in a whirl). "I heard her voice outside, and I couldn't help coming in."

"By George, I should think not, young fellow!" says Major MacWhirter, stoutly shaking the young man by the hand.

"Hush! hush!" whispers the doctor; "she must be quite quiet. She has had quite excitement enough for to-night. There must be no more scenes, my young fellow."

And Philip says, when in this his agony of grief and doubt he found a friendly hand put out to him, he himself was so exceedingly moved that he was compelled to fly out of the company of the old men into the night, where the rain was pouring—the gentle rain.

While Philip, without Madame Smolensk's premises, is saying his tenderest prayers, offering up his tears, heart-throbs, and most passionate vows of love for little Charlotte's benefit, the warriors assembled within once more retreat to a colloquy in the *salle-à-manger*; and, in consequence of the rainy state of the night, the astonished Auguste has to bring a third supply of hot water for the four gentlemen attending the congress. The colonel, the major, the doctor, ranged themselves on one side the table, defended, as it were, by a line of armed tumblers, flanked by a strong brandy-bottle and a stout earthen-work, from an embrasure in which scalding water could be discharged. Behind these fortifications the veterans awaited their enemy, who, after marching up and down the room for a while, takes position finally in their front and prepares to attack. The general remounts his *cheval de bataille*, but can not bring the animal to charge as fiercely as before. Charlotte's white apparition has come among them, and flung her fair arms between the men of war. In vain Baynes tries to get up a bluster, and to enforce his passion with by Georges, by Joves, and words naughtier still. That weak, meek, quiet, hen-pecked, but most blood-thirsty old general found

himself forming his own minority, and against him his old comrade Bunch, whom he had insulted and nose-pulled; his brother-in-law, MacWhirter, whom he had nose-pulled and insulted; and the doctor, who had been called in as the friend of the former. As they faced him, shoulder to shoulder, each of those three acquired fresh courage from his neighbor. Each, taking his aim deliberately, poured his fire into Baynes. To yield to such odds, on the other hand, was not so distasteful to the veteran as to have to give up his sword to any single adversary. Before he would own himself in the wrong to any individual, he would eat that individual's ears and nose; but to be surrounded by three enemies, and strike your flag before such odds, was no disgrace; and Baynes could take the circumbendibus way of apology to which some proud spirits will submit. Thus he could say to the doctor, "Well, doctor, perhaps I was hasty in accusing Bunch of employing bad language to me. A by-stander can see these things sometimes when a principal is too angry; and as you go against me—well—there, then, I ask Bunch's pardon." That business over, the MacWhirter reconciliation was very speedily brought about. Fact was, was in a confounded ill-temper—very much disturbed by events of the day—didn't mean any thing but this, that, and so forth. If this old chief had to eat humble pie his brave adversaries were anxious that he should gobble up his portion as quickly as possible, and turned away their honest old heads as he swallowed it. One of the party told his wife of the quarrel which had arisen, but Baynes never did. "I declare, Sir!" Philip used to say, "had she known any thing about the quarrel that night, Mrs. Baynes would have made her husband turn out of bed at midnight, and challenge his old friends over again!" But then there was no love between Philip and Mrs. Baynes, and in those whom he hates he is accustomed to see little good.

Thus, any gentle reader who expected to be treated to an account of the breakage of the sixth commandment will close this chapter disappointed. Those stout old rusty swords which were fetched off their hooks by the warriors, their owners, were returned undrawn to their flannel cases. Hands were shaken after a fashion—at least no blood was shed. But, though the words spoken between the old boys were civil enough, Bunch, Baynes, and the doctor could not alter their opinion that Philip had been hardly used, and that the benefactor of his family merited a better treatment from General Baynes.

Meanwhile that benefactor strode home through the rain in a state of perfect rapture. The rain refreshed him, as did his own tears. The dearest little maiden had sunk for a moment on his heart, and, as she lay there, a thrill of hope vibrated through his whole frame. Her father's old friends had held out a hand to him, and bid him not despair. Blow wind, fall autumn rains! In the midnight, under the gusty



trees, amidst which the lamps of the *reverberés* are tossing, the young fellow strides back to his lodgings. He is poor and unhappy, but he has Hope along with him. He looks at a certain breast-button of his old coat ere he takes it off to sleep. "Her cheek was lying there," he thinks, "just there." My poor little Charlotte! what could she have done to the breast-button of the old coat?



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH MRS. MACWHIRTER HAS A NEW BONNET.

Now though the unhappy Philip slept quite soundly, so that his boots, those tramp-worn sentries, remained *en faction* at his door until quite a late hour next morning; and though little Charlotte, after a prayer or two, sank into the sweetest and most refreshing girlish slumber, Charlotte's father and mother had a bad night; and, for my part, I maintain that they did not deserve a good one. It was very well for Mrs. Baynes to declare that it was MacWhirter's snoring which kept them awake (Mr. and Mrs. Mac being lodged in the bedroom over their relatives)—I don't say a snoring neighbor is pleasant—but what a bedfellow is a bad conscience! Under Mrs. Baynes's night-cap the grim eyes lie open all night; on Baynes's pillow is a silent wakeful head that hears the hours toll. A plague upon the young man! (thinks the female *bonnet de nuit*)—how dare he come in and disturb every thing? How pale Charlotte will look to-morrow when Mrs. Hely calls with her son! When she has been crying she looks hideous, and her eyelids and nose are quite red. She may fly out, and say something wicked and absurd, as she did to-day. I wish I had never seen that insolent young man, with his carrotty beard, and vulgar Blucher boots! If my boys were grown up, he should not come hectoring about the house as he does; *they* would soon find a way of punishing his impudence! Balked revenge and a hungry disappointment, I think, are keeping that old woman awake;

and if she hears the hours tolling, it is because wicked thoughts make her sleepless.

As for Baynes, I believe that old man is awake, because he is awake to the shabbiness of his own conduct. His conscience has got the better of him, which he has been trying to bully out of doors. Do what he will, that reflection forces itself upon him. Mac, Bunch, and the doctor all saw the thing at once, and went dead against him. He wanted to break his word to a young fellow, who, whatever his faults might be, had acted most nobly and generously by the Baynes family. He might have been ruined but for Philip's forbearance; and showed his gratitude by breaking his promise to the young fellow. He was a hen-pecked man—that was the fact. He allowed his wife to govern him: that little, old, plain, cantankerous woman asleep yonder. Asleep. Was she? No. He knew she wasn't. Both were lying quite still, wide awake, pursuing their dismal thoughts. Only Charles was owning that he was a sinner, while Eliza, his wife, in a rage at her last defeat, was meditating how she could continue and still win her battle.

Then Baynes reflects how persevering his wife is; how, all through life, she has come back and back and back to her point, until he has ended by an almost utter subjugation. He will resist for a day: she will fight for a year, for a life. If once she hates people, the sentiment always remains with her fresh and lively. Her jealousy never dies; nor her desire to rule. What a life she will lead poor Charlotte now she has declared against Philip! The poor child will be subject to a dreadful tyranny: the father knows it. As soon as he leaves the house on his daily walks the girl's torture will begin. Baynes knows how his wife can torture a woman. As she groans out a hollow cough from her bed in the midnight the guilty man lies quite mum under his own counterpane. If she fancies him awake it will be *his* turn to receive the torture. Ah, Othello, *mon ami*! when you look round at married life, and know what you know, don't you wonder that the bolster is not used a great deal more freely on both sides? Horrible cynicism! Yes—I know. These propositions served raw are savage, and shock your sensibility; cooked with a little piquant sauce, they are welcome at quite polite tables.

"Poor child! Yes, by George! What a life her mother will lead her!" thinks the general, rolling uneasy on the midnight pillow. "No rest for her, day or night, until she marries the man of her mother's choosing. And she has a delicate chest—Martin says she has; and she wants coaxing and soothing, and pretty coaxing she will have from mamma!" Then, I dare say, the past rises up in that wakeful old man's uncomfortable memory. His little Charlotte is a child again, laughing on his knee, and playing with his accoutrements as he comes home from parade. He remembers the fever which she had, when she would take medicine from no other hand; and how, though silent



with her mother, with him she would never tire of prattling, prattling. Guilt-stricken old man! are those tears trickling down thy old nose? It is midnight. We can not see. When you brought her to the river, and parted with her to send her to Europe, how the little maid clung to you, and cried, "Papa, papa!" Staggering up the steps of the ghaut, how you wept yourself—yes, wept tears of passionate tender grief at parting with the darling of your soul. And now, deliberately, and for the sake of money, you stab her to the heart, and break your plighted honor to your child. "And it is yonder cruel, shriveled, bilious, plain old woman who makes me do all this, and trample on my darling, and torture her!" he thinks. In Zoffany's famous picture of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Macbeth stands in an attitude hideously contorted and constrained, while Lady Mac is firm and easy. Was this the actor's art, or the poet's device? Baynes is wretched, then. He is wrung with remorse, and shame, and pity. Well, I am glad of it. Old man, old man! how darest thou to cause that child's tender little bosom to bleed? How bilious he looks the next morning! I declare as yellow as his grim old wife. When Mrs. General B. hears the children their lessons, how she will scold them! It is my belief she will bark through the morning chapter, and scarce understand a word of its meaning. As for Charlotte, when she appears with red eyes, and ever so little color in her round cheek, there is that in her look and demeanor which warns her mother to refrain from too familiar abuse or scolding. The girl is in rebellion. All day Char was in a feverish state, her eyes flashing war. There was a song which Philip loved in those days: the song of Ruth. Char sate down to the piano, and sang it with a strange energy. "Thy people shall be my people"—she sang with all her heart—"and thy God my God!" The slave had risen. The little heart was in arms and mutiny. The mother was scared by her defiance.

As for the guilty old father; pursued by the fiend remorse, he fled early from his house, and read all the papers at *Galignani's* without comprehending them. Madly regardless of expense, he then plunged into one of those luxurious restaurants in the Palais Royal where you get soup, three dishes, a sweet, and a pint of delicious wine for two frongs, by George! But all the luxuries there presented to him could not drive away care or create appetite. Then the poor old wretch went off and saw a ballet at the Grand Opera. In vain. The pink nymphs had not the slightest fascination for him. He hardly was aware of their ogles, bounds, and capers. He saw a little maid with round, sad eyes; his Iphigenia whom he was stabbing. He took more brandy-and-water at cafés on his way home. In vain, in vain, I tell you! The old wife was sitting up for him, scared at the unusual absence of her lord. She dared not remonstrate with him when he returned. His

face was pale. His eyes were fierce and blood-shot. When the general had a particular look, Eliza Baynes cowered in silence. Mac, the two sisters, and, I think, Colonel Bunch (but on this point my informant, Philip, can not be sure) were having a dreary rubber when the general came in. Mrs. B. knew by the general's face that he had been having recourse to alcoholic stimulus. But she dared not speak. A tiger in a jungle was not more savage than Baynes sometimes. "Where's Char?" he asked, in his dreadful, his Bluebeard voice. "Char was gone to bed," said mamma, sorting her trumps. "Hm! Augoost, Odeveé, Osho!" Did Eliza Baynes interfere, though she knew he had had enough? As soon interfere with a tiger, and tell him he had eaten enough Sepoy. After Lady Macbeth had induced Mae to go through that business with Duncan, depend upon it she was not very deferential and respectful to her general. All the king's horses and men could not bring his late majesty back to life again. As for you, old man, though your deed is done, it is not past recalling. Though you have withdrawn from your word on a sordid money pretext; made two hearts miserable, stabbed cruelly that one which you love best in the world; acted with wicked ingratitude toward a young man, who has been nobly forgiving toward you and yours; and are suffering with rage and remorse, as you own your crime to yourself; your deed is not past recalling as yet. You may soothe that anguish, and dry those tears. It is but an act of resolution on your part, and a firm resumption of your marital authority. Mrs. Baynes, after her crime, is quite humble and gentle. She has half murdered her child, and stretched Philip on an infernal rack of torture; but she is quite civil to every body at Madame's house. Not one word does she say respecting Mrs. Colonel Bunch's outbreak of the night before. She talks to sister Emily about Paris, the fashions, and Emily's walks on the Boulevard and the Palais Royal with her major. She bestows ghastly smiles upon sundry lodgers at table. She thanks Augoost when he serves her at dinner—and says, "*Ah, Madame, que le boof est bong aujourd'hui, rien que j'aime comme le potofou.*" Oh, you old hypocrite! But you know I, for my part, always disliked the woman, and said her good-humor was more detestable than her anger. You hypocrite! I say again: ay, and avow that there were other hypocrites at the table, as you shall presently hear.

When Baynes got an opportunity of speaking unobserved, as he thought, to Madame, you may be sure the guilty wretch asked her how his little Charlotte was. Mrs. Baynes trumped her partner's best heart at that moment, but pretended to observe or overhear nothing. "She goes better—she sleeps," Madame said. "Mr. the Doctor Martin has commanded her a calming potion." And what if I were to tell you that somebody had taken a little letter from Charlotte, and actually had given fifteen sous to a Savoyard youth to convey that letter to some-



body else? What if I were to tell you that the party to whom that letter was addressed, straightway wrote an answer—directed to Madame de Smolensk, of course? I know it was very wrong; but I suspect Philip's prescription did quite as much good as Doctor Martin's, and don't intend to be very angry with Madame for consulting the unlicensed practitioner. Don't preach to me, Madam, about morality, and dangerous examples set to young people. Even at your present mature age, and with your dear daughters around you, if your ladyship goes to hear the Barber of Seville, on which side are your sympathies—on Dr. Bartolo's, or Miss Rosina's?

Although, then, Mrs. Baynes was most respectful to her husband, and by many grim blandishments, humble appeals, and forced humiliations, strove to conciliate and soothe him, the general turned a dark, lowering face upon the partner of his existence: her dismal smiles were no longer pleasing to him: he returned curt "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" to her remarks. When Mrs. Hely and her son and her daughter drove up in their family coach to pay yet a second visit to the Baynes family, the general flew in a passion, and cried, "Bless my soul, Eliza, you can't think of receiving visitors, with our poor child sick in the next room? It's inhuman!" the scared woman ventured on no remonstrance. She was so frightened that she did not attempt to scold the younger children. She took a piece of work and sat among them furtively weeping. Their artless queries and unseasonable laughter stabbed and punished the matron. You see people do wrong though they are long past fifty years of age. It is not only the scholars but the ushers, and the head-master himself, who sometimes deserve a chastisement. I, for my part, hope to remember this sweet truth though I live into the year 1900.

To those other ladies boarding at Madame's establishment, to Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Colonel Bunch, though they had declared against him, and expressed their opinions in the frankest way on the night of the battle royal, the general was provokingly polite and amiable. They had said, but twenty-four hours since, that the general was a brute; and Lord Chesterfield could not have been more polite to a lovely young duchess than was Baynes to these matrons next day. You have heard how Mrs. Mac had a strong desire to possess a new Paris bonnet, so that she might appear with proper lustre among the ladies on the promenade at Tours? Major and Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Bunch talked of going to the Palais Royal (where MacWhirter said he had remarked some uncommonly neat things, by George! at the corner shop under the glass gallery). On this Baynes started up, and said he would accompany his friends, adding, "You know, Emily, I promised you a hat ever so long ago!" And those four went away together, and not one offer did Baynes make to his wife to join the party; though her best bonnet, poor thing, was a dreadfully old performance, with

moulting feathers, rumpled ribbons, tarnished flowers, and lace bought in St. Martin's Alley months and months before. Emily, to be sure, said to her sister, "Eliza, won't *you* be of the party? We can take the omnibus at the corner, which will land us at the very gate." But as Emily gave this unlucky invitation the general's face wore an expression of ill-will so savage and terrific that Eliza Baynes said "No—thank you, Emily; Charlotte is still unwell, and I—I may be wanted at home." And the party went away without Mrs. Baynes; and they were absent I don't know how long: and Emily MacWhirter came back to the boarding-house in a bonnet—the sweetest thing you ever saw!—green piqué velvet, with a *ruche* full of rosebuds, and a bird of paradise perched on the top, pecking at a bunch of the most magnificent grapes, poppies, ears of corn, barley, etc., all indicative of the bounteous autumn season. Mrs. General Baynes had to see her sister return home in this elegant bonnet; to welcome her; to acquiesce in Emily's remark that the general had done the genteel thing; to hear how the party had farther been to Tortoni's, and had ices; and then to go up stairs to her own room, and look at *her* own battered, blowzy, old *chapeau*, with its limp streamers, hanging from its peg. This humiliation, I say, Eliza Baynes had to bear in silence, without wincing, and, if possible, a smile on her face.

In consequence of circumstances before indicated, Miss Charlotte was pronounced to be very much better when her papa returned from his Palais Royal trip. He found her seated on Madame's sofa, pale, but with the wonted sweetness in her smile. He kissed and caressed her with many tender words. I dare say he told her there was nothing in the world he loved so much as his Charlotte. He would never willingly do any thing to give her pain, never! She had been his good girl and his blessing all his life! Ah! that is a prettier little picture to imagine—that repentant man, and his child clinging to him—than the tableau overhead, viz. Mrs. Baynes looking at her old bonnet. Not one word was said about Philip in the talk between Baynes and his daughter, but those tender paternal looks and caresses carried hope into Charlotte's heart; and when her papa went away (she said afterward to a female friend), "I got up and followed him, intending to show him Philip's letter. But at the door I saw mamma coming down the stairs; and she looked so dreadful, and frightened me so, that I went back." There are some mothers I have heard of who won't allow their daughters to read the works of this humble homilist, lest they should imbibe "dangerous" notions, etc. etc. My good ladies, give them *Goody Twoshoes* if you like, or whatever work, combining instruction and amusement, you think most appropriate to their juvenile understandings; but I beseech you to be gentle with them. I never saw people on better terms with each other, more frank, affectionate, and cordial, than the parents and the grown-up



young folks in the United States. And why? Because the children were spoiled, to be sure! I say to you, get the confidence of yours—before the day comes of revolt and independence, after which love returneth not.

Now, when Mrs. Baynes went into her daughter, who had been sitting pretty comfortably kissing her father, on the sofa in Madame's chamber, all those soft tremulous smiles and twinkling dew-drops of compassion and forgiveness which anon had come to soothe the little maid, fled from cheek and eyes. They began to flash again with their febrile brightness, and her heart to throb with dangerous rapidity. "How are you now?" asks mamma, with her deep voice. "I am much the same," says the girl, beginning to tremble. "Leave the child; you agitate her, Madam," cries the mistress of the house, coming in after Mrs. Baynes. That sad, humiliated, deserted mother goes out from her daughter's presence, hanging her head. She put on the poor old bonnet, and had a walk that evening on the Champs Elysées with her little ones, and showed them Guignol: she gave a penny to Guignol's man. It is my belief that she saw no more of the performance than her husband had seen of the ballet the night previous, when Taglioni, and Noblet, and Duvernay, danced before his hot eyes. But then, you see, the hot eyes had been washed with a refreshing water since, which enabled them to see the world much more cheerfully and brightly. Ah, gracious Heaven gives us eyes to see our own wrong, however dim age may make them; and knees not too stiff to kneel, in spite of years, cramps, and rheumatism! That stricken old woman, then, treated her children to the trivial comedy of Guignol. She did not cry out when the two boys climbed up the trees of the Elysian fields, though the guardians bade them descend; she bought pink sticks of barley-sugar for the young ones. Withdrawing glistening sweetmeats from their lips, they pointed to Mrs. Hely's splendid barouche as it rolled citywards from the Bois de Boulogne. The gray shades were falling, and Auguste was in the act of ringing the first dinner-bell at Madame Smolensk's establishment, when Mrs. General Baynes returned to her lodgings.

Meanwhile aunt MacWhirter had been to pay a visit to little Miss Charlotte, in the new bonnet which the general, Charlotte's papa, had bought for her. This elegant article had furnished a subject of pleasing conversation between niece and aunt, who held each other in very kindly regard, and all the details of the bonnet, the blue flowers, scarlet flowers, grapes, sheaves of corn, lace, etc., were examined and admired in detail. Charlotte remembered the dowdy old English thing which aunt Mac wore when she went out. Charlotte did remember the bonnet, and laughed when Mrs. Mac described how papa, in the hackney-coach on their return home, insisted upon taking the old wretch of a bonnet, and flinging it out of the coach window into the road, where an old chif-

fonnier passing picked it up with his iron hook, put it on his own head, and walked away grinning. I declare, at the recital of this narrative, Charlotte laughed as pleasantly and happily as in former days; and, no doubt, there were more kisses between this poor little maid and her aunt.

Now, you will remark, that the general and his party, though they returned from the Palais Royal in a hackney-coach, went thither on foot, two and two—viz., Major MacWhirter leading, and giving his arm to Mrs. Bunch (who, I promise you, knew the shops in the Palais Royal well), and the general following at some distance, with his sister-in-law for a partner.

In that walk a conversation very important to Charlotte's interests took place between her aunt and her father.

"Ah, Baynes! this is a sad business about dearest Char," Mrs. Mac broke out with a sigh.

"It is, indeed, Emily," says the general, with a very sad groan on his part.

"It goes to my heart to see you, Baynes; it goes to Mac's heart. We talked about it ever so late last night. You were suffering dreadfully; and all the brandy-pawnee in the world won't cure you, Charles."

"No, faith," says the general, with a dismal screw of the mouth. "You see, Emily, to see that child suffer tears my heart out—by George, it does. She has been the best child, and the most gentle, and the merriest, and the most obedient, and I never had a word of fault to find with her; and—poo-ooh!" Here the general's eyes, which have been winking with extreme rapidity, give way; and at the signal pooh! there issue out from them two streams of that eye-water which we have said is sometimes so good for the sight.

"My dear kind Charles, you were always a good creature," says Emily, patting the arm on which hers rests. Meanwhile Major-General Baynes, C.B., puts his bamboo cane under his disengaged arm, extracts from his hind pocket a fine large yellow bandana pocket handkerchief, and performs a prodigious loud obligato—just under the spray of the Rond-point fountain, opposite the Bridge of the Invalides, over which poor Philip has tramped many and many a day and night to see his little maid.

"Have a care with your cane, then, old imbecile!" cries an approaching foot-passenger, whom the general meets and charges with his iron ferule.

"*Mille pardong, mosoo, je vous demande mille pardong,*" says the old man, quite meekly.

"You are a good soul, Charles," the lady continues; "and my little Char is a darling. You never would have done this of your own accord. Mercy! And see what it was coming to! Mac only told me last night. You horrid, blood-thirsty creature! Three challenges—and dearest Mac as hot as pepper! Oh, Charles Baynes, I tremble when I think of the danger from which you have all been rescued! Suppose you brought home to Eliza—suppose dearest Mac brought



home to me killed by this arm on which I am leaning. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful! We are sinners, all that we are, Baynes!"

"I humbly ask pardon for having thought of a great crime. I ask pardon," says the general, very pale and solemn.

"If you had killed dear Mac, would you ever had rest again, Charles?"

"No; I think not. I should not deserve it," answers the contrite Baynes.

"You have a good heart. It was not *you* who did this. I know who it was. She always had a dreadful temper. The way in which she used to torture our poor dear Louisa who is dead I can hardly forgive now, Baynes. Poor suffering angel! Eliza was at her bedside nagging and torturing her up to the very last day. Did you ever see her with her nurses and servants in India? The way in which she treated them was—"

"Don't say any more. I am aware of my wife's faults of temper. Heaven knows it has made me suffer enough!" says the general, hanging his head down.

"Why, man—do you intend to give way to her altogether? I said to Mac last night, 'Mac, does he intend to give way to her altogether? The *Army List* doesn't contain the name of a braver man than Charles Baynes, and is my sister Eliza to rule him entirely, Mac!' I said. No; if you stand up to Eliza, I know from experience she will give way. We have had quarrels, scores and hundreds, as you know, Baynes."

"Faith, I do," owns the general, with a sad smile on his countenance.

"And sometimes she has had the best and sometimes I have had the best, Baynes! But I never yielded, as you do, without a fight for my own. No, never, Baynes! And me and Mac are shocked, I tell you, fairly, when we see the way in which you give up to her!"

"Come, come. I think you have told me often enough that I am hen-pecked," says the general.

"And you give up not yourself only, Charles, but your dear, dear child—poor little suffering love!"

"The young man's a beggar!" cries the general, biting his lips.

"What were you, what was Mac and me when we married? We hadn't much besides our pay, had we? we rubbed on through bad weather and good, managing as best we could, loving each other, God be praised! And here we are, owing nobody any thing, and me going to have a new bonnet!" and she tossed up her head, and gave her companion a good-natured look through her twinkling eyes.

"Emily, you have a good heart! that's the truth," says the general.

"And *you* have a good heart, Charles, as sure as my name's MacWhirter; and I want you to act upon it, and I propose—"

"What?"

"Well, I propose that—" But now they have reached the Tuileries garden gates, and pass through, and continue their conversation

in the midst of such a hubbub that we can not overhear them. They cross the garden, and so make their way into the Palais Royal, and the purchase of the bonnet takes place; and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by *that* event, of course, all discussion of domestic affairs becomes uninteresting.

But the gist of Baynes's talk with his sister-in-law may be divined from the conversation which presently occurred between Charlotte and her aunt. Charlotte did not come in to the public dinner. She was too weak for that; and "*un bon bouillon*" and a wing of fowl were served to her in the private apartment, where she had been reclining all day. At dessert, however, Mrs. MacWhirter took a fine bunch of grapes and a plump rosy peach from the table, and carried them to the little maid, and their interview may be described with sufficient accuracy, though it passed without other witnesses.

From the outbreak on the previous night Charlotte knew that her aunt was her friend. The glances of Mrs. MacWhirter's eyes, and the expression of her bony, homely face, told her sympathy to the girl. There were no pallors now, no angry glances, no heart-beating. Miss Char could even make a little joke when her aunt appeared, and say, "What beautiful grapes! Why, aunt, you must have taken them out of the new bonnet!"

"You should have had the bird of paradise, too, dear, only I see you have not eaten your chicken! She is a kind woman, Madame Smolensk. I like her. She gives very nice dinners. I can't think how she does it for the money, I am sure!"

"She has been very, very kind to me; and I love her with all my heart!" cries Charlotte.

"Poor darling! We have all our trials, and yours have begun, my love!"

"Yes, indeed, aunt!" whimpers the young person; upon which osculation possibly takes place.

"My dear! when your papa took me to buy the bonnet we had a long talk, and it was about you."

"About me, aunt!" warbles Miss Charlotte.

"He would not take mamma; he would only go with me, alone. I knew he wanted to say something about you; and what do you think it was? My dear, you have been very much agitated here. You and your poor mamma are likely to disagree for some time. She will drag you to those balls and fine parties, and bring you those *fine partners*."

"Oh, I hate them!" cries Charlotte. Poor little Hely Walsingham, what had he done to be hated?

"Well. It is not for me to speak of a mother to her own daughter. But you know mamma has a *way* with her. She expects to be obeyed. She will give you no peace. She will come back to her point again and again. You know how she speaks of some one—a certain gentleman? If ever she sees him she will be rude to him. Mamma can be rude at times—that I must say



of my own sister. As long as you remain here—"

"Oh, aunt, aunt! Don't take me away, don't take me away!" cries Charlotte.

"My dearest, are you afraid of your old aunt, and your uncle Mac, who is so kind, and has always loved you? Major MacWhirter has a will of his own, too, though of course I make no allusions. *We* know how admirably somebody has behaved to your family. Somebody who has been most *ungratefully* treated, though of course I make no allusions. If you have given away your heart to your father's *greatest benefactor*, do you suppose I and uncle Mac will quarrel with you? When Eliza married Baynes (your father was a penniless subaltern then, my dear—and my sister was certainly neither a fortune nor a beauty) didn't she go dead against the wishes of *our* father? Certainly she did! But she said she was of age, that she was, and a great deal more, too—and she would do as she liked, and she made Baynes marry her. Why should you be afraid of coming to us, love? You are nearer somebody here, but can you see him? Your mamma will never let you go out, but she will follow you like a shadow. You may write to him. Don't tell *me*, child. Haven't I been young myself; and when there was a difficulty between Mac and poor papa, didn't Mac write to me, though he hates letters, poor dear, and certainly is a *stick* at them? And, though we were forbidden, had we not twenty ways of telegraphing to each other? Law! your poor dear grandfather was in such a rage with me once, when he found one, that he took down his great buggy whip to me, a grown girl!"

Charlotte, who has plenty of humor, would have laughed at this confession some other time, but now she was too much agitated by that invitation to quit Paris, which her aunt had just given her. Quit Paris? Lose the chance of seeing her dearest friend, her protector? If he was not with her, was he not near her? Yesterday night, that horrible yesterday—when all was so wretched, so desperate, did not her champion burst forward to her rescue?

"You are not listening, you poor child!" said aunt Mac, surveying her niece with looks of kindness. Now listen to me once more. Whisper!" And sitting down on the settee by Charlotte's side, aunt Emily first kissed the girl's round cheek, and then whispered into her ear.

Never, I declare, was medicine so efficacious, or rapid of effect, as that wondrous distillment which aunt Emily poured into her niece's ear! "Oh you goose!" she began by saying, and the rest of the charm she whispered into that pearly little pink shell round which Miss Charlotte's soft, brown ringlets clustered. Such a sweet blush rose straightway to the cheek! Such sweet lips began to cry, "Oh you dear, dear aunt!" and then began to kiss aunt's kind face, that, I declare, if I knew the spell, I would like to pronounce it right off, with such a sweet young patient to practice on.

"When do we go? To-morrow, aunt, *n'est-ce pas?* Oh, I am quite strong! never felt so well in my life! I'll go and pack up *this instant!*" cries the young person.

"*Doucement!* Papa knows of the plan. Indeed it was he who proposed it."

"Dearest, best father!" ejaculates Miss Charlotte.

"But mamma does not; and if you show yourself very eager, Charlotte, she may object, you know. Heaven forbid that I should counsel dissimulation to a child; but under the circumstances, my love— At least I own what happened between Mac and me. Law! I didn't care for papa's buggy whip! I knew it would not hurt; and as for Baynes, I am sure he would not hurt a fly. Never was man more sorry for what he has done. He told me so while we walked away from the bonnet-shop, while he was carrying my old yellow. We met somebody near the Bourse. How sad he looked, and how handsome too! I bowed to him and kissed my hand to him, that is, the nob of my parasol. Papa couldn't shake hands with him, because of my bonnet, you know, in the brown-paper bag. He has a grand beard indeed! He looked like a wounded lion. I said so to papa. And I said, 'It is you who wound him, Charles Baynes!' 'I know that,' papa said. 'I have been thinking of it. I can't sleep at night for thinking about it; and it makes me deed unhappy.' You know what papa sometimes says? Dear me! You should have heard them, when Eliza and I joined the army, years and years ago!"

For once Charlotte Baynes was happy at her father's being unhappy. The little maiden's heart had been wounded to think that her father could do his Charlotte a wrong. Ah! take warning by him, ye gray-beards! And however old and toothless, if you have done wrong, own that you have done so; and sit down and mumble your humble pie!

The general, then, did not shake hands with Philip; but Major MacWhirter went up in the most marked way, and gave the wounded lion his own paw, and said, "Mr. Firmin. Glad to see you! If ever you come to Tours, mind, don't forget my wife and me. Fine day. Little patient much better! *Bon courage*, as they say!"

I wonder what sort of a bungle Philip made of his correspondence with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that night? Every man who lives by his pen, if by chance he looks back at his writings of former years, lives in the past again. Our griefs, our pleasures, our youth, our sorrows, our dear, dear friends, resuscitate. How we tingle with shame over some of those fine passages! How dreary are those disinterred jokes! It was Wednesday night, Philip was writing off at home, in his inn, one of his grand tirades, dated "Paris, Thursday"—so as to be in time, you understand, for the post of Saturday, when the little waiter comes and says, winking, "Again that lady, Monsieur Philippe!"





THE POOR HELPING THE POOR.

"What lady?" asks our own intelligent correspondent.

"That old lady who came the other day, you know."

"*C'est moi, mon ami!*" cries Madame Smo-

lensk's well-known grave voice. "Here is a letter, *d'abord*. But that says nothing. It was written before the *grande nouvelle*—the great news—the good news!"

"What good news?" asks the gentleman.



"In two days Miss goes to Tours with her aunt and uncle—this good Macvirterre. They have taken their places by the diligence of Lafitte and Caillard. They are thy friends. Papa encourages her going. Here is their card of visit. Go thou also; they will receive thee with open arms. What hast thou, my son?"

Philip looked dreadfully sad. An injured and unfortunate gentleman at New York had drawn upon him, and he had paid away every thing he had but four francs, and he was living on credit until his next remittance arrived.

"Thou hast no money! I have thought of it. Behold of it! Let him wait—the proprietor!" And she takes out a bank-note, which she puts in the young man's hand.

"*Tiens, il l'embrasse encor c'te vieille!*" says the little knife-boy. "*J'aimerais pas ça, moi, par examp!*"

### TANGLED THREADS.

THERE are not many sadder eyes this present year than those which looked out from under the white forehead of young Sylvia Farnham.

And yet the wave of trouble and death and anguish which has flown with such heavy surge and coldness through so many hearts of the land had passed her by, to all outward seeing, quite untouched.

Sylvia Farnham's mental ailment was of that kind, talking over which the best of us are apt to shrug a little, and say, "Nonsense!" So reluctant we are to admit our belief of things we do believe. We *know* how Sylvia Farnham might sit bereaved, though death had neither touched nor threatened the least of her beloved.

Think of the capacity for human tenderness and devotion a gentle, clear-headed girl will garner up from her own nature and our literature in the years which pass between sixteen and twenty-three. And if—the time seeming full come—it seeks lavish outlet, and is driven back ashamed, will not the heart sink and quiver under the sickening weight?

Sylvia had never been specially in love, though she knew very well that, as American girls go, her wedding bells must ring before many years, if at all—and she thought marriage the "true state," as we all think, whether we say it or not.

Not long ago she had observed among the office-signs of the town a new name, "Philip Elcaren," and by-and-by she began to "include" its owner—a man firm of hand and step, with eyes and voice passing those of most men in clear, kindly breadth and fullness.

Will you tell me the common result of a girl of Sylvia Farnham's stamp seeing much of such a man? The demand of a right soul for virtues like its own being apparently fully met, how about the *human* instincts the noblest truly feel? What need to go over the old theme wherewith the sweet singers and ready writers have found their best occasion for all times?

Sylvia and Elcaren had not very long met at social gatherings, and talked and played chess, before, scarcely with her cognition—silently, and, as it were, in the night—the flood-gates felt the opening pressure, and the tide of her whole life's love set forth in steady flow toward this one man.

And so, reader, if you have been in love, as you very probably have, you will see how a girl who had been cool and stately as Diana for twenty-three years, could come to thrill and glow by virtue of a single step, and voice, and touch.

She was afraid of herself, she was coming to love him so! How *could* she, who had "detested" such things, let her hand be retained so long in his the last time they parted? More easily, clearly, than to have drawn it "properly" away. I tell you there is a painfulness almost counterpoising the bliss in that sort of incident. The high reserve of a whole pure maidenhood can not be thrown off, though but partially, with ease, even under rising love's quickening light.

You having been in the state presupposed, will know how it was with Sylvia after an event like the following. She was, you will remember, in the mood we have just discussed, entered on a passion which, at its full, would have thrown herself and the whole world besides at the feet of this beloved. And yet, back of it all, was the maiden delicacy grown doubly sensitive, and ready to take keen alarm at a word.

It was a social evening at Mrs. Mayhew's. The parlors were full—the talk and passing to and fro very brisk. Not specially observed, as she thought, Elcaren was soon at her side; but before long a gay little piece of the world, in person of Miss Euphrasia Lance, came between them in a little breeze of airy, vexatious, yet insinuating *de trop*-ness, and the result was that Sylvia found herself, after a brief eye-parley with her companion, separated from him, and seated at chess, on a thoroughly golden rule principle, with good but prosy and purblind Doctor Akerly, the checkered field before him his world for the time being.

For nearly an hour she saw nothing of Elcaren. She was beginning to really chafe at this quiet puppet-handling which the Doctor enjoyed so much, when the voice again reached her ear. Any other one at the same pitch she would simply have heard and not understood; but you know there will be voices for us alone, whose most careless cadence rings clear as silver bells.

She could just distinguish Alfred Mayhew's words, though he spoke in a higher key. The first were:

"Now, Phil, you may as well be honest, and own you're trapped at last. No girl in her senses could ever have looked and acted that way to a fellow who hadn't made himself pretty definite."

It seemed to Sylvia as though the blood had all gone out of her heart, for it hardly seemed to quiver in its still suspension, while her whole



face glowed furiously. So her burning ears took in the second speaker's words:

"How little you know me, Alf, to jump at that style of conclusion! I assure you no word of this kind has ever passed my lips." (But what had not he looked!) "If you knew her as well as I do, you would never have fallen into this mistake. She either wants to be married or wants to flirt, and what they vulgarly call the 'dead set' is her plan of operation. I tell you, Alf, I would not marry Venus herself if that were her style of attack. My ideal of the sex never can stoop quite so briskly nor so low to conquer."

Then that was his estimate of her, Sylvia Farnham! How the tide rolled back upon her suffocating heart! How she disengaged herself from Dr. Akerly she never knew; but what remained of that evening she spent in a shaded corner of the deserted dressing-room—not crying, but knowing for the first time what real misery meant. Yet as she donned her hood with the rest you must have looked carefully at her, and known her well, to have told that hers had not been a generous share of the enjoyment of the occasion.

At the hall-door she met a form she knew quite too well, waiting, before he went his own way, to bestow her safely in the carriage, which bore her home some distance out of town.

What matter if she could not help thrilling under the old look? The one she gave back was as full of gathered and haughty reproach as ever eut keen from eyes voicing an insulted heart.

His own glance changed to one of surprised inquiry. But what of it? He knew his part well enough, no doubt.

So you see it was quite over. The tide could not well be colder and wider which flowed between her and him. She did not meet him very often, but when she did, that man must have been singularly obtuse who did not see that the *ex eunt omnes* was thenceforth pronounced on all mental intercourse of his as concerned herself.

Girls like Sylvia Farnham do not peak and pine over things of this sort. She went about her household tasks, as it were, with more gentleness and efficiency than ever. The only change outside seemed that she was more tender and thoughtful of actual suffering, or possibility of it, than before.

Her nimble needles clicked and glittered among the very first which unsheathed themselves, on comfortable deeds intent, for those brave but chilly fellows dwelling for the time being in martial but too airy tents.

What if the lines of thought meshed in with every sock all these kind fair fingers are knitting this winter were to become visible and palpable as the homely fabric itself!

In and out, tears never shed, and lonesomeness never spoken, thoughts busy and sad as death. Out and in, fancies warm and bright as a mid-summer of paradise—high, tender glows from full-pulsed, healthful hearts. All these very possibly in a single stocking!

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The too quiet and almost too long days came and went for Sylvia. "Winter's wild birth-right" was passed, and now the winter's life was full come in all its storm and cold.

Sylvia received a note one day from Miss Katinka Creevy, bustling manageress of half the benevolent societies in town, requesting her presence at the organization and initial meeting of the "Soldiers' Dorcas Society."

On the evening named Sylvia set out, without companion except the boy who drove, on her lonely ride to the town. Had her heart been ever so light, the scene of the journey would have taken somewhat from its cheer. The snow stretched out in long ghastly reaches under the dead gray sky, its whiteness only broken by distant strips of forest which lay along the land, as she thought, like dead giants, prone and black-palled.

Reaching town finally, she found Miss Creevy's parlor full of a smiling, nimble-handed company, among which she took her place, glancing for a moment at the gentlemen, variously disposed, many of them holding skeins of yarn for ladies to wind, others, in lieu of that, keeping balls in diligent ward. No doubt much of the most invigorating electricity wrought back and forth on the lines so formed. Her eyes sought her work relieved; he was not there—though for that matter had he been a thousand miles away the chill waters between them could not have flowed more coldly than if he had been at her side.

For nearly an hour she busied herself with her work and a pleasant lady companion. Finishing the task at length, her hands rested a moment in her lap. Then Miss Creevy's vivid voice:

"Miss Farnham, please come and wind this yarn off Mr. Elcaren's hands; every body else is busy."

How little Miss Katinka knew, as she waited to supervise her visitor's compliance, how thunder-bolt like her simple request had been!

Sylvia took in "the situation," as they say in the papers, at a glance.

Most of the company had looked up at Miss Creevy's ting-a-ling voice, and were taking in Sylvia's movements with placid observation. How those eyes would have widened, and those tongues rattled, if Sylvia had acted out her impulse before them! She could not do that; but it was scarcely easier to take the thread from her hostess's hands and wind round after round from these others, whose owner had done her such heart despite, and between whom and herself word even had not passed for months.

The company soon resumed their occupation, and Sylvia wound on and on it seemed for hours almost—only vaguely glad the often treacherous thread did not tangle. A little snap, and lo! the supply had ceased, and the end of the yarn had hidden in the skein, and was not to be seen!

The gentleman leaned forward for her to regain it, and as she sought futilely, with fingers nearly quivering, spite of her almost fierce effort



to keep them firm, she heard a question, as others might have done, but whose two-fold meaning was for her, and understood by her only.

"What has made this breach?"

She looked up at him instinctively for the first time, and found his eyes, full and earnest, steadily on her.

"Ask yourself, Sir."

"I have done so often, and there is no reply in me."

"Then your mind fails to include a conversation some time ago at Mrs. Mayhew's, with her son."

He seemed in surprised reflection.

"I certainly remember a talk with young Mayhew; but where in any thing then said offense to you can lie I declare I do not know."

"You do not see, I presume"—and her voice was full of indignant pain—"how a lady can hear herself adjudged forward and unmaidenly, nay, desirous of forcing herself upon a man, and yet feel no displeasure?"

We can believe the yarn was got in a fine tangle by this time, albeit Miss Creevy, glancing that way just then, wondered, in an undertone, to Dr. Akerly, who was officiating as her holder, how some folks could contrive to snarl and fool over yarn in such a purblind way; whereat the worthy Doctor, who, by dint of holding the skein close to his nose, had not slipped a thread, proudly braced out his yarn, and watched it till his elderly eyes and arms must have ached.

Meanwhile Phil Elcaren's memory had run swiftly back, and was sharply reviewing every word of that long-forgotten dialogue. Then he looked mentally around the parlor whose festive garlands had been three months dead—saw Sylvia at chess with the Doctor, and heard himself warding off the green young collegian's accusation as regarded himself and that shallow little flirt, *Euphrasia Lance!*

Eureka! He didn't say the word, but long before that yarn began to reel off smoothly it would have told two young folks' mental states thoroughly.

Two-thirds of the great skein had vanished into the growing sphere she held, when, fearing to tire him, she asked:

"Shall we not break off now, and throw the rest aside?"

"Stop a minute," said he, in a low, quick voice; "the threads have run double almost from the first. If you break off this visible gray one I shall take it the other is snapped beyond repair; otherwise (oh, happy chance!) it will run on goldenly through life, and take us both to wind it side by side!"

She did not break the thread; but, after one quick look, wound on and on until, finished, it slipped softly through his fingers.

And so Sylvia set out on her journey home over the winter hills. The moon was up in the sky no less than in her heart; and is it wonderful that under the glamour of two moons the trees should have turned from dead giants to harps of Æolus, which seemed touched by hands

of fair spirits as the wind stirred softly in their million boughs? and the land no longer grim, but lying with a calm smile—pure, white, undefiled—as it were Nature's millennium come?

## THE YARD-MEASURE EXTENDED TO THE STARS.

AS soon as astronomy had learned to know its position, it began to suspect that this earth, with its sun, and moon, and planets, and comets—the whole solar system—is but a speck in the vast firmament of the heavens. The more men worked and thought the stronger grew the conviction that Sirius, the little twinkling star, must be a sun immensely brighter than our own. For they had tried in vain to find out his distance. In vain! The distance always came out infinite. The measuring line placed in the hand of man shrank into nothingness in respect to the whereabouts of the nearest of those little orbs, and astronomy retired abashed. Do you ask me what is the measuring line which man has in his hand to apply to the stars? I shall tell you that it is no small matter as men count smallness. It is two hundred millions of miles—a line long enough, you would think; yet this line actually shrank into nothingness so absolute that, half a century ago, it seemed as hopeful to mount to the stars as to compass their distance with so puny a line. But the thing has been done at last, and triumphantly done. We know the distance of a few of the nearest stars now pretty accurately, at any rate. And I propose to endeavor to convey an idea of how this knowledge has been attained.

Well, then, to begin at the beginning, the first line to which all others are referred, the primary unit, is the yard-measure, by which ladies' dresses are measured—nothing more nor less. It does not concern us to inquire what that yard-measure is. Suffice it that the legislature provide means to prevent its fluctuation from year to year, or from century to century. Now the yard can readily be multiplied to a considerable extent—for example, into a chain of twenty-two yards—and with this chain a line of three or four miles can be measured on the earth's surface. The yard is thus expanded into miles. It is no easy matter, certainly, to measure a few miles on the surface of the earth; but it is possible, and has been done. An extension of this process would, of course, measure a very long line; but this is not necessary. Having once got over a few miles, the yard-measure, and the steel-chain, and all similar appliances are discarded, and the measured line itself is assumed as a new measuring-rod. True, it can not be carried about from place to place. Mohammed can not go to the mountain; so the mountain must be brought to Mohammed. This is done by making direction serve as the evidence of distance. If you measure off on the paper a line a foot long, and take a point somewhere over the centre of it, you will see how the angles of direction from the ends of the line depend



on its distance from the line. So, conversely, if a church-steeple, or some other prominent object, be visible from both ends of the line measured on the earth's surface, its distance from either of them can be determined at once by means of angles, without approaching the object at all. You see, then, how we can get a good long line of sixty or seventy miles. Now, as the earth is a sphere or nearly so, if you travel due north a 360th part of the earth's circumference, you will find that the pole star has assumed a position one degree higher in the heavens. Accordingly, if you can measure distances and angles, the determination of the circumference of the earth is reduced to a matter of mere multiplication. The old Indians had got thus far; the old Greeks too. Two hundred and thirty years before the Christian era Eratosthenes, the librarian of the Alexandrian library, observed the meridian height of the sun at Alexandria at the time of the summer solstice, and then set to work to measure the distance up the Nile to Syene, where the granite quarries still show the marks of the chisel that cut out those wonderful obelisks from them. Here he found, or somebody found for him, a telescope ready to his hand—the earliest telescope on record. It was a reflecting telescope, like Herschel's, polished by nature's own machinery. The mirror was the surface of standing water, and the tube was one of those vertical shafts, which, as in Joseph's well, have stood the wear of ages, and are wonderful even in the land of the pyramids and the sphinxes. Far, far down in the bowels of the earth the brighter stars were visible by day. This telescope disclosed the fact that Syene is just under the northern tropic. And so Eratosthenes, like his great benefactor Alexander, conquered the world. *He* did not weep because there were no more worlds to conquer; for were not the bright orbs, the allies of his first victory, like the Thebans, sure to become an easy prey to his chariot-wheels? But the work of Eratosthenes was done, and they gave him as a reward a mountain in the moon, which bears his name.

To be sure, the 250,000 stadia which Eratosthenes estimated as the circumference of the earth, was a rough enough approximation as compared to the precision of modern times. But it was a great work for one man. Since then the nations of Europe have set themselves to the task. One instance deserves mention.

In 1791-'2, the National Convention of France conceived the magnificent idea of establishing a new standard for every thing—morals, money, and measure. "Let the heavens," they said, "furnish new units of time, and the earth new units of space. Let the week, and the month, and the year, yield up their ancient prerogatives. Let the former history of the world be forgotten, and let all history date from this time. Let the month be divided into thirty days, and let the Sabbath occur every tenth day. Let the day be divided into ten hours, and let new dials be constructed to show them. Let a girdle be

drawn round the earth, which shall connect Paris with the Poles: let this girdle be the standard of measure, and let men be sent out to ascertain its amount." A magnificent order, truly! Yet it does seem easy enough to count by thirties and by tens—to make the months thirty days, and the week ten; but to measure the circumference of the earth, this is a work, a labor! It so happened, however, that the thirty days, and the new sun-dials, and the unscriptural Sabbaths failed to struggle into existence—a higher power protected France from herself; while the measure of the meridians—a work beset with appalling difficulties—was accomplished; and the *mètre*, the ten-millionth part of the measured quadrant of the earth's circumference, is the national standard throughout France to this day.

Enough. We have measured the earth, but we are a great way from the stars still. Our yard-measure has brought us thousands of miles on our journey; but the stars are millions of millions of miles away, and how are we to get at them? We shall see. Remember, then, that, when we had a base-line of a few miles, we could determine the distance of an object seen from either end, by means of angles alone. In the same way, we get at the distance of the sun, or of a planet, by the longer base-line of the earth itself. We get at it roughly, it must be confessed. Copernicus, Tycho, even Kepler himself, had no idea that the sun is so far from us as he really is. Had the sun been fixed immovably in the heavens, it might have been easy, or, at least, it might have been deemed easy, to compare his distance with the size of the earth. But the sun wanders among the stars and rolls round the earth, and thus seems to defy the efforts of the measurer. It was the good fortune of James Gregory to point out a method by which his distance may be determined, spite of his unsteadiness. The orbits of the two planets, Mercury and Venus, lie between the sun and the earth, so that those planets occasionally cross the face of the sun—Mercury frequently, Venus more rarely. It occurred to Gregory that observers at different parts of the earth's surface would witness a transit across different parts of the sun—one seeing it cross the centre, another observing it graze the edge. And, as the time it took in crossing might be readily ascertained in either case, the places at which it crossed would be thereby determined. And thus, knowing the positions of the two places of observation, and the corresponding positions of the projection of the planet on the sun's disk, the determination of the distance of the sun would, by a little help from theory, be reduced to a mere matter of triangles. Perhaps Gregory hardly appreciated the full value of the suggestion he was making. At any rate, nothing followed the publication of his hint for a great number of years. At length, about the beginning of the last century, it assumed, in the mind of Halley, the definite and practicable form which renders it now the corner-stone of astronomy. Halley



perceived that the planet Venus was greatly to be preferred to Mercury for the determination of the sun's distance from the earth. His lucid statements and earnest exhortations aroused the whole astronomical world, and a transit of Venus was anxiously awaited. Halley himself, indeed, when he directed attention to the importance of the method, had no hope of living to see it tested. He stood like Moses on the top of Pisgah, and looked on the Promised Land; but to cross the Jordan was not his earthly lot. He had been laid with his fathers many a year before the occurrence of the transit from which he had prepared men to expect so much. At length, in 1761, the looked-for time arrived. Now transits, which are of very rare occurrence, when they do happen, occur in pairs, at an interval of only eight years. Thus, when, after anxious waiting, astronomers beheld the transit of 1761, they knew that in eight years they should witness another. It was probably this circumstance of a second transit to fall back upon that rendered the observations of 1761 so little worth. That date being past, and the occasion lost, the succeeding transit of 1769 was all that the world had to rely on for another century. Had this opportunity been again lost, what a different position would our astronomy and our navigation have been in from that which they now occupy! Happily, all Europe was astir. Men were sent out north and south, east and west, to make the whole length and breadth of the globe available base-lines. England fitted out an expedition to the South Seas, and placed it under the command of Captain Cook. Who has not read Cook's first voyage? Most of us have devoured it, every part but the account of the observation of the transit, the real object of the expedition. Possibly it would have been otherwise had the astronomer Green returned to tell his own tale. But it was not so to be. His body was consigned to the deep during the homeward voyage. But his observation was made under favorable circumstances, and is invaluable. In this respect Green was happier than some of his fellow-laborers. The Abbé Chappe erected his observatory in California, and died ere his work was well complete. M. Le Gentil had been sent out to Pondicherry to observe the previous transit of 1761; but the winds and the waves detained him on ship-board until after the event had taken place. But Le Gentil was a man of spirit, not easily discouraged. Accordingly, he resolved to lessen the chance of a second disappointment, by remaining at Pondicherry until 1769 for the second transit. But, alas! alas! after eight years of weary waiting, a little cloud effectually hid the phenomenon from his sight, and Le Gentil had to return to France empty as he left it. Poor Le Gentil! for him there is no cross of honor in life, no national monument at death. He is like the poor subaltern who leads the forlorn hope, and perishes in an unsuccessful attack. Let us drop a tear to his memory and that of Green ere we proclaim that the stronghold has fallen!

The solar system is now measured. The distance of the sun is now ascertained with positive certainty. Seven different base-lines, a host of independent observations, all concur in giving the distance of the sun from the earth (in round numbers) as ninety-five millions of miles. It is a grand era in astronomy. What would Copernicus, what would Tycho have said? They, worthy men, great astronomers as they were, never dreamed that the sun is a tenth part as far away. Even Halley, when he proposed this most successful problem, labored under the delusion that he was some thirty millions of miles nearer the sun than he actually was.

Well, we have extended our yard-measure to a pretty good length now. As the earth goes round the sun every year in an orbit nearly circular, the position we shall occupy six months hence will be just a hundred and ninety millions of miles from where we now are. And we can observe a star from both ends of this line, just as we observed a steeple previously from the two ends of a field. Our measuring tape for the stars is a hundred and ninety millions of miles. Yet, great as this distance is, so inconceivably far away are the stars, that all the refinements of modern science were unable, half a century ago, to deduce any thing about them but this negative conclusion—that the nearest of them is at least a hundred thousand times as far from us as spring is from autumn, or summer from winter—a hundred thousand times a hundred and ninety millions of miles; no star nearer than that! You can not think of such distances as these—the mind is unable to grasp them. Dobrizhoffer, the Jesuit missionary, tells us that the Abipones of Paraguay, among whom he labored, have no better mode of expressing numbers above a score or so, than by taking up a handful of sand or grass and exhibiting it. They had to pass through a deal of schooling to learn to count up to a thousand. The Professor at Angers, wishing to exhibit to his class the relative magnitudes of the sun and the earth, poured sixteen pecks of wheat on his lecture-table. "This," said he, "represents the sun, and one of the grains represents the earth." If we try a similar method we shall not succeed so well. Let us, however, try. You have some faint idea of three thousand miles, from having painfully measured it on the Atlantic, it may be. The thirtieth of an inch, on the other hand, you can estimate well enough. It is the dot you place over the letter *i*, as you write. Well, suppose this dot to represent the distance between Liverpool and New York; then will the actual distance—three thousand miles—represent the interval nearer than which there is no fixed star. Three thousand miles of dots, when each separate dot stands for three thousand miles! Or you may help your mind, or cheat yourself into the belief that you do so, by some such process as the following. Light travels with such a velocity, that it would fly round the earth, at the equator, eight times in a second. Yet there is no star so near us but that its light occupies



more than three years on its journey to the earth. The whole starry firmament, seemingly so bright, may, for aught we know, have been quenched in everlasting darkness three years ago. Were such a catastrophe conceivable, the lamps of heaven would go out, one by one, to mortal eyes, year after year, and century after century, until, some two thousand years hence, the faint light of stars of the sixth and seventh magnitude would alone hold on its journey.

All that was known about the distances of the stars thirty or forty years ago was this negative fact. No star nearer than the parallaxic unit, as it is called, of twenty millions of millions of miles! Whether any were so near, or any thing approaching the distance, nobody could say. At length the question of distance was resolved. And here occurs one of those singular duplications—twins in the births of thought—with which the history of science abounds. The first determination of the distance of a star from the earth was worked out simultaneously by two men, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of mutual assistance; and the results were presented to the world within a few days of each other. The memoir of Bessel, which announced a sensible parallax for 61 *Cygni*, appeared on the 13th of December, 1838. That of Professor Henderson, in which the parallax of *α Centauri* was established, was read to the Astronomical Society on the 6th of January, 1839, and had of course been in the hands of the Society some days previously. There was no desire on the part of either astronomer to contest the claims of the other. Many years subsequently it was my good fortune to unite with Professor Henderson in entertaining his illustrious friend, Bessel; and it was a gratifying sight to witness the warmth of affection with which these two good men welcomed each other as fellow-workers in the same field. They have both gone to their rest—Henderson too early for science; Bessel at an advanced age, and full of honors.

The stars which Henderson and Bessel selected were in one respect very unlike. That of Henderson is a bright star in the southern hemisphere; that of Bessel is a faint, inconspicuous star in the northern. But the stars have one thing in common—both have large proper motions. They are not fixed stars, in the strict sense of the word; they move on by a few seconds annually. And this circumstance of a proper motion was an argument in the minds of the astronomers that those stars are in close proximity to our system. This fact, and not their size, was the ground on which they were selected. Professor Henderson commenced his calculations with a different object, and only diverted them into the channel of distance when he ascertained the amount of proper motion which the star has. His observations were not undertaken with a view to this question; they were ordinary meridian observations. And it is not to be wondered at that astronomers were very cautious in admitting results so obtained, when it is consid-

ered that observations of this kind are beset with such numerous sources of error, in refraction, aberration, and the like. The method adopted by Bessel, on the other hand, obviates those sources of error. It has some analogy to the method of obtaining the distance of the sun by means of a transit of Venus, inasmuch as the observations are not those of the absolute position of one body, but of the relative positions of two.

The basis on which the operations are conducted is this: Certain stars are so nearly in the same direction in the heavens as not to be easily separated. Some of these are in reality double—twin stars revolving about each other—at any rate, physically connected. Others have no such connection; and it is argued that, in certain cases, the smaller of the two is likely to be at an enormous distance behind the other. When such is actually the case, there will be a change of the relative positions of the two as viewed from different parts of the earth's orbit, and the amount of that change will depend on the proximity of the nearer star to our system, in precisely the same way as a tree will shift its place more or less rapidly, with respect to a distant hill, as the spectator is carried along in his journey. It is on stars so circumstanced that observations with the view of detecting a parallax were instituted by Bessel. No absolute measures of position of either star are required; simply the relative distances and directions of the one with respect to the other. Thus all sources of error due to refraction, aberration, and many other causes, which equally affect both stars, are got rid of.

The conclusion may be stated in a single sentence. The star selected by Henderson is only a little beyond the parallaxic unit (twenty millions of millions of miles); that selected by Bessel is about three times as far away. Other stars have been reached, but these two are the nearest known. With a trembling and uncertain hand astronomers have stretched out their line to one or two stars ten times as far away as the farthest of these. But the great host of heaven lie incalculably farther back. Shall we ever reach them? Judging from present appearances, we are compelled to answer in the negative. The stars, as we gaze into the sky, seem to defy us. For what do we see there? Close around us we see bright lamps pretty equally distributed over the vault of heaven. They twinkle and dance before us as though conscious of the close proximity of our gaze. But let us look again. Claspings the whole vault of heaven, we see a belt of faint light, some twelve degrees in breadth. This is the milky way, the galactic circle. To the ancients, it was part of the milk which washed the purple stains from the lily; to the moderns, it is the universe itself—the stupendous whole, of which the brighter stars are but the portions which lie nearest to this little spot of earth. You may understand this if you bear in mind that the spherical appearance of the heavens is a neces-



sary consequence of vast and unknown distance. There is no reality in this appearance. The arrangement of the stars is somewhat like an extended sheet of cardboard, of small thickness. Or, rather, you should imagine a vast plain planted with orange-trees, all loaded with yellow fruit. These oranges in countless myriads are the stars. We are situated near the centre of this grove. Our sun is a small orange; the earth and the planets are tiny buds grouped around it. The neighboring branches are thinly supplied with fruit, and few fruit-stalks bear more than a single orange. But the grove is of boundless extent. Looking on every side, the eye takes in myriads of golden balls, extending away right and left, until individual oranges are no longer distinguishable, except by the glow of light which they send to the eye. This glow is the milky way. Looking upward or downward from the milky way, there is no such profusion of scattering. Much bright fruit does, indeed, cluster on the upper and lower branches; and an unpracticed eye is deceived into the belief that the number is infinite. But the eye of an astronomer, armed with proper instruments, finds it far otherwise. He can count the stars; he can gauge the heavens; and the conclusion to which he will arrive is, that the number which the eye takes in diminishes gradually from the galactic circle upward or downward. And this diminution is not only regular, but is very great indeed. From such considerations as these, conjecture has ripened into conviction, that the solar system is a part of the milky way; that the scattered bright stars are those parts of the same which lie in our immediate neighborhood; and that the whole group forms a vast, extended, rolling prairie of stars. The milky way is, therefore, to human apprehension, nothing less than the universe itself. True, there may be other galactic systems, other prairies, other orange groves, as far separated from ours as the prairies of America are from the groves of Europe. Some of the remarkable nebulae seem to hint at the possibility of the thing. On such a subject it is

premature to speculate. Now, it is only those oranges that cluster round us, those which grow on the same branch with our sun, that we have succeeded in stretching out our hand to. What arithmetic shall suffice to count the distance of those which lie on the remoter trees of our grove, the faintest groups of the milky way? What imagination shall wing its flight to those still more shadowy groups which constitute the unresolved nebulae? The yard-measure is too puny; the hand of man is too feeble. An angel's hand must grasp the rod that shall mete out the length and breadth of this golden grove. Man has gone up through the immensity of space and strained his line till it will bear no more. Other generations may mount higher, but only to find the vast circles ever widening beyond. The position which we have reached is a lofty one; but, lofty as it is, future ages shall use it as their point of departure. It is an ennobling thought to console us amidst our many failures. Man rises by the aid of that Divine faculty which pertains to him alone of all created beings—the faculty of accumulating stores of knowledge, of working in succession, of acting on intelligence transmitted from age to age. The great English philosopher, Bacon, describes man as the “interpreter of nature.” But this is not his highest, not his characteristic designation; for, are not the beasts, are not the birds, are not the very insects interpreters of nature? It is as the interpreter of man, the interpreter of man's records, that man stands distinguished. Herein reason transcends instinct, that its gifts are transmissive and cumulative. Mind does not stand supported by the mind which exists around it, not simply, not mainly. There is a higher and a broader support. The minds of the great of by-gone ages live and work in the breasts of their successors. The old Greeks, I suppose, knew this, and embodied it in the fable of Athene, the goddess of knowledge, who sprang into existence not as a naked, helpless child, but as a grown-up being, clad in complete armor, from the head of Zeus.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

THE news of the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell caused, as we note more fully elsewhere, great excitement in Great Britain. Meanwhile Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, under date of November 30, had forwarded to Mr. Adams, our Minister to England, a dispatch, in which he commends the general action of Mr. Adams; affirms that the insurrection is only kept alive by the hope of a recognition by England and France, and that it “would perish in ninety days if these hopes should cease;” and says that he has never believed “that such a recognition could take place without producing immediately a war between the United States and the recognizing Powers.” He adverts to a conversation between our Minister and Lord Palmerston, from which he infers that “the British Government

is now awake to the importance of averting possible conflict, and is disposed to confer and act with earnestness to that end. If so, we are disposed to meet them in the same spirit.” Mr. Seward continues:

“Since that conversation was held, Captain Wilkes, in the steamer *San Jacinto*, has boarded a British colonial steamer and taken from her deck two insurgents, who were proceeding to Europe on an errand of treason against their own country. This is a new incident, unknown to, and unforeseen, at least in its circumstances, by Lord Palmerston. It is to be met and disposed of by the two Governments, if possible, in the spirit to which I have adverted. Lord Lyons has prudently refrained from opening the subject to me, as he is, I presume, waiting instructions from home. We have done nothing on the subject to anticipate the discussion; and we have not furnished you with any explanations. We adhere to that course now, because we think it more prudent that the ground taken by the British Government should be first made known to us here; and that the discussion, if there must



be one, shall be had here. It is proper, however, that you should know one fact in the case, without indicating that we attach importance to it, namely, that in the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board a British vessel, Captain Wilkes, having acted without any instructions from the Government, the subject is therefore free from the embarrassment which might have resulted if the act had been specially directed by us.

"I trust that the British Government will consider the subject in a friendly temper, and it may expect the best disposition on the part of this Government."

On the same day (November 30) Earl Russell forwarded a dispatch to Lord Lyons, the English Minister at Washington, in which he details the circumstances of the seizure of the Confederate Envoys, who, he says, "were taken from on board a British vessel, the ship of a neutral Power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag, and a violation of international law." Earl Russell then presents the British demands as follows:

"Her Majesty's Government, bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long subsisted between Great Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States naval officer who committed the aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government, or that, if he conceived himself to be so authorized, he greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received. For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honor to pass without full reparation; and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two Governments a question of so grave a character, and with regard to which the whole British nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, trust that, when this matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the Government of the United States, that Government will, of its own accord, offer to the British Government such redress as alone could satisfy the British nation, namely: The liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed. Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward, you will propose them to him."

Mr. Seward, on the 26th of December, replied to this dispatch. He maintains that ambassadors and their dispatches are contraband of war, and that consequently Captain Wilkes might lawfully stop and search the *Trent*; and having found the supposed contrabands on board, he had a right to capture them. But they also had a right to trial before a tribunal competent to decide the questions of neutrality and contraband; and Great Britain, who had taken these men under her flag, was bound to protect them if they were not contraband, and is entitled to be satisfied upon that important question. But the laws of contraband deal directly with property, not persons. Our Government, indeed, early suggested that captured persons should be taken into port, and directly subjected to judicial proceedings. To this it was replied that the end might be reached indirectly. It was said:

"Convey the suspected men, together with the suspected vessel, into port, and try there the question whether the vessel is contraband. You can prove it to be so by proving the suspected men to be contraband, and the Court must then determine the vessel to be contraband. If the men are not contraband, the vessel will escape condemnation. Still there is no judgment for or against the captured persons. But it was assumed that there would result from the determination of the Court concerning the vessel a legal certainty concerning the character of the men."

No other form of judicial process exists than this circuitous and illogical one, and none other has yet been suggested. "Practically, therefore," says

Mr. Seward, "the choice is between that judicial remedy, or no judicial remedy whatever. If there be no judicial remedy, the result is that the question must be determined by the captor himself on the deck of the prize vessel." The objections to such a course are pointed out by the Secretary, who continues:

"In the present case, Captain Wilkes, after capturing the contraband persons, and making prize of the *Trent* in what seems to us a perfectly lawful manner, instead of sending her into port, released her from the capture, and permitted her to proceed with her whole cargo upon her voyage. He thus effectually prevented the judicial examination which might otherwise have occurred."

"I trust that I have shown to the satisfaction of the British Government, by a very simple and natural statement of the facts and analysis of the law applicable to them, that this Government has neither meditated nor practiced, nor approved, any deliberate wrong in the transaction to which they have called its attention, and, on the contrary, that what has happened has been simply an inadvertency, consisting in a departure by the naval officer—free from any wrongful motive—from a rule uncertainly established, and, probably, by the several parties concerned, either imperfectly understood or entirely unknown. For this error the British Government has a right to expect the same reparation that we, as an independent State, should expect from Great Britain, or from any other friendly nation, in a similar case."

The principles upon which the Administration has decided this case are embodied in the instructions given in 1804, by James Madison, Secretary of State in the Administration of Thomas Jefferson, to James Monroe, Minister to England:

"Whenever," he says, "property found in a neutral vessel is supposed to be liable on any ground to capture and condemnation, the rule in all cases is that the question shall not be decided by the captor, but be carried before a legal tribunal, where a regular trial may be had, and where the captor himself is liable to damages for an abuse of his power. Can it be reasonable, then, or just, that a belligerent commander who is thus restricted, and thus responsible in a case of mere property, of trivial amount, shall be permitted, without recurring to any tribunal whatever, to examine the crew of a neutral vessel, to decide the important question of their respective allegiances, and to carry that decision into execution by forcing every individual he may choose into a service abhorrent to his feelings, cutting him off from his most tender connections, exposing his mind and his person to the most humiliating discipline, and his life itself to the greatest danger? Reason, justice, and humanity unite in protesting against so extravagant a proceeding."

Mr. Seward thus concludes his dispatch:

"I express my satisfaction that, by the adjustment of the present case, upon principles confessedly American, and yet, as I trust, mutually satisfactory to both of the nations concerned, a question is finally and rightly settled between them which, heretofore exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the arbitrament of war itself, for more than half a century alienated the two countries from each other, and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all other nations."

"The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them."

Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their Secretaries, McFarland and Eustis, were accordingly, on the 1st of January, put on board the English sloop of war *Rinaldo*, which had touched at Provincetown, Massachusetts, for that purpose.

In the mean while, on the 3d of December, M. Thouvenel, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, addressed to the French Minister at Washington a note setting forth the views of the French Government upon this question. It assumes that the prisoners can not be regarded as "contraband of war;" that they do not come within the category of persons who, under the special stipulations concerning military people, inserted in treaties, could be seized



upon by belligerents; and that if they were arrested as rebels, "whom it is always lawful to seize," it was still done in "misapprehension of the principle which makes a vessel a portion of the nation whose flag it bears, and in violation of that immunity which prohibits a foreign sovereign, by consequence, from the exercise of his jurisdiction." In every view of the case, therefore, the French Government considers the seizure to have been unwarrantable. The note concludes:

"Lord Lyons is already instructed to present the demand for satisfaction which the English Cabinet is under the necessity of reducing to form, and which consists in the immediate release of the persons taken from on board the *Trent*, and in sending explanations which may take from this act its offensive character toward the British flag. The Federal Government will be inspired by a just and exalted feeling in deferring to these requests. One would search in vain to what end, for what interest, it would hazard to provoke by a different attitude a rupture with Great Britain.

"For ourselves, we should see in that fact a deplorable complication, in every respect, of the difficulties with which the Cabinet of Washington has already to struggle, and a precedent of a nature seriously to disquiet all the Powers which continue outside of the existing contest. We believe that we give evidence of loyal friendship for the Cabinet of Washington by not permitting it to remain in ignorance, in this condition of things, of our manner of regarding it. I request you, therefore, Sir, to seize the first occasion of opening yourself frankly to Mr. Seward, and, if he asks it, send him a copy of this dispatch."

Mr. Seward, in reply, refers to the decision of the President in this case, adding:

"When the French Government shall come to see at large the views of this Government, and those of the Government of Great Britain, on the subject now in question, and to compare them with the views expressed by M. Thouvenel, on the part of France, it will probably perceive that, while it must be admitted that these three Powers are equally impressed with the same desire for the establishment of principles favorable to neutral rights, there is, at the same time, not such an entire agreement concerning the application of those principles as is desirable to secure that important object. The Government of the United States will be happy, if the occasion which has elicited this correspondence can be improved so as to secure a more definite agreement upon the whole subject by all maritime Powers."

Our Record closes on the 9th of January. In Congress much time has been spent in considering various propositions looking to the enfranchisement of the slaves of those who have taken part in the insurrection. In the House, all propositions of this nature were, on the 17th of December, referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The most important bills actually passed in either House, are the following: Appointing a Joint Committee to inquire into the conduct of the War.—Providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad gun-boats, to be built by contract or otherwise, as the Secretary of the Navy may deem expedient.—Appropriating \$1,500,000 for the construction of gun-boats on the Mississippi.—Increasing the duties, imposed by the tariff of August, on tea, sugar, and coffee. It imposes upon tea 20 cents instead of 15; upon coffee 5 instead of 3½; upon clayed sugar 3 instead of 2; upon brown sugar 2½ instead of 2. By a joint resolution, subsequently passed, those articles now in the bonded warehouses may be withdrawn upon the payment of the duties imposed by the tariff of August.

The National finances present the most important business before Congress. In the House, the Committee of Ways and Means have resolved upon raising \$150,000,000 by taxes. They have also reported a Bill authorizing the issue of \$100,000,000 in Demand Treasury Notes. The immediate passage of this Bill is anticipated. The following is its essential provision:

"Be it enacted, etc., That, for temporary purposes, the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized to issue, on the faith of the United States, \$100,000,000 of Treasury Notes, not bearing interest, payable on demand, without specifying any place of payment, and of such denominations as he may deem expedient, not less than \$5 each, and such Notes and all other Treasury Notes not bearing interest that have been heretofore authorized to be issued, shall be receivable for all debts and demands due to the United States, and for all salaries, dues, debts, and demands, owing by the United States to individuals, corporations, and associations, within the United States, and shall also be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, and shall be exchangeable at any time at their par value, the same as coin, at the Treasury of the United States, and the offices of the Assistant Treasurers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and the depository in Cincinnati, for any of the coupon or registered bonds which the Secretary of the Treasury is now, or may hereafter be authorized to issue, and such Treasury Notes may be reissued from time to time as the exigencies of the public service may require."

The essential points in which these notes differ from those formerly issued are, that they are made legal tender for all private and public debts, and that each note is receivable at any of the branch Treasuries in exchange for all Government securities. The Committee have also prepared a Bill for a General Banking Law, embodying the main features suggested by the Secretary of the Navy, as noted in our last Record.

The military operations of the month have been of some importance, though nothing decisive has taken place.—On the 13th of December, a sharp action occurred at Alleghany Camp, in Western Virginia, between the Union forces under General Milroy, and the enemy under General Johnson. It lasted from daylight till dark, when General Milroy withdrew his troops, intending to renew the engagement in the morning, but during the night the enemy abandoned their position. Our loss was 20 killed and 30 wounded; that of the enemy, by their own accounts, 31 killed and 97 wounded.—On the 17th, the Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers were attacked near Munfordsville, Kentucky, by three regiments of the enemy, who were beaten off, after a short fight, with the loss of 62 killed, and many wounded. We lost 13 killed, and 30 wounded.—On the 18th, General Pope cut off a hostile camp near Shawnee Mound, in Missouri, scattering the troops, and taking 300 prisoners. Almost simultaneously, another portion of General Pope's forces, under Colonel Davis and Major Marshall, surprised another camp near Milford, taking 1300 prisoners and capturing a large amount of supplies and ammunition.—On the 20th, General Ord's brigade, consisting mainly of Pennsylvania regiments, had a sharp engagement with the enemy near Dranesville, Virginia, totally routing them, with considerable loss.—On the 1st of January a fight took place at Port Royal Ferry, near Beaufort, South Carolina, to which place a detachment was sent to dislodge the enemy from a strong position. The attempt was entirely successful, the enemy falling back to another position on the railroad.—On the 5th, a successful attack was made by General Milroy upon Huntersville, in Western Virginia. The enemy was driven out, with considerable loss, abandoning stores and provisions to a considerable amount.

A disastrous fire broke out in Charleston, South Carolina, on the night of the 11th of December, destroying a large part of the business portion of the city. The entire loss is estimated at seven or eight millions of dollars.—On the 21st, the main entrance to the harbor of Charleston was closed by sinking 17 vessels of the "stone fleet" in such a manner as to



obstruct the channel.—The negroes near Beaufort have been employed in gathering cotton, and considerable quantities have been sent to New York.

Informal measures have been taken for an exchange of prisoners; 240 of those taken at Bull Run have been exchanged for an equivalent number in our hands. Mr. Ely, member of Congress from New York, was exchanged for Mr. Faulkner, lately our Minister to France.

The banks in New York suspended specie payments on the 30th of December. This movement was in consequence of the withdrawal by depositors of large amounts of coin, mainly for the purpose of selling it at a premium. The suspension in New York was accompanied by a similar measure in Boston and Philadelphia.

#### SOUTHERN AMERICA.

*Mexico.*—The several divisions of the Spanish expedition, under General Gasset, rendezvoused before Vera Cruz on the 10th of December. An immediate surrender of the city and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa was demanded. General Uraga, the Governor, yielded to the demand, asking only a delay of 24 hours in which to effect the evacuation. This was granted, and on the 15th Vera Cruz and its defenses were surrendered. The Spanish General issued a proclamation stating that he had no mission of conquest; his object being merely to obtain satisfaction for past injuries, and guarantees for the future; and when these ends were attained, the army would be withdrawn.

*Argentine Republic.*—The army of President Urquiza has been routed, and almost annihilated at Pabon by forces of Buenos Ayres, under General Mitre. This battle, it is supposed, will end the war, all the demands of Buenos Ayres being conceded.

*Bolivia.*—A bloody affair took place at La Paz on the 23d of November. General Fernandez, one of the ministers of President Achia, entered into a plot to overthrow the Government. He pronounced against the President in the south, while Colonel Balza, who had commanded at La Paz, and been superseded with others, in consequence of the massacre of October 23, but who still retained the command of a battalion, attacked the loyal troops in the street. After a sharp fight Balza was defeated, and took refuge in the house of the American Minister. Meanwhile General Yanez, who had ordered the October massacre, took refuge in the palace, where he barricaded himself. The barricades being forced, he fled to the roof, from which he was brought down wounded by shots. He was exposed to every indignity, and then put to death. In this émeute fifty or more were killed and some hundreds wounded.

#### EUROPE.

The intelligence of the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell reached England on the 27th of November. The accounts of the particulars of the arrest, given by the officers of the *Trent*, represented it to have been made in a very offensive manner. The feeling of indignation was strong; the press and public men seemed unanimous in the opinion that the most ample reparation should be demanded. The Government, however, proceeded with great calmness. We have in a former paragraph given its official demand, made on the 30th, three days after the receipt of intelligence of the affair. On the 4th of December a royal proclamation was issued, prohibiting the exportation of arms, ammunition, lead, and naval and military stores. The object of this proclamation was to prevent the dispatch of these articles to the United States. Naval and military preparations were urged forward. Large ad-

ditions to the forces in Canada were ordered. The iron-clad steamer *Warrior* was directed to be in readiness to proceed to America, if required; all seamen on leave of absence were ordered to rejoin their ships at once. The prevalent feeling seemed at first to be that a war with the United States was probable if not inevitable. Public feeling was, however, considerably calmed by the publication of the substance of Mr. Seward's dispatch to Mr. Adams, which reached England about the 20th of December, and apparently foreshadowed a disposition on the part of the American Government to accede to what were presumed to be the demands of Great Britain. We have yet to learn the view which will be taken of the definite action of our Government, as embodied in the reply of Mr. Seward to the formal demand of the British Government. Awaiting this, military and naval operations were hurried on. At the latest dates, which come down to the end of December, the *Warrior* had her sails bent, and was ready to be dispatched at immediate notice. The first division of steam gun-boats are ordered to be got ready for immediate service, and the other divisions can be prepared in a very short time. Their number is, in all, about 24, besides which there is a large fleet of mortar-boats. Every regiment in the camp at Aldershot had been medically inspected, so that they might be in readiness to depart immediately for Canada. The whole number of troops already ordered for Canada is stated at 8256, to transport which requires eleven of the largest vessels in the navy. Until hostilities are actually declared, it is said, semi-officially, that no further body of troops is likely to be placed under orders.—There is a prospect of trouble with the Sikhs in India, and batteries of artillery, which were on the point of embarkation for England, were stopped by pressing dispatches from Bengal. The Board of Trade returns show a decline in exports during the year of about 8 per cent.; this decline occurring almost entirely in cotton manufactures.—The Prussian Government is said to have addressed a letter to its Minister at Washington, strongly condemning the seizure of Messrs. Slidell and Mason.

Prince Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel, of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, husband of Queen Victoria, died at Windsor on the 14th of December. He was born at the Castle of Rosenau, near Coburg, August 26, 1819. He was married to the Queen on the 10th of February, 1840. Although he had no official relation to the Government, it was understood that his indirect influence was not inconsiderable. Generally, he was extremely popular in England, but in 1851, Lord Palmerston having been dismissed from office, the idea was entertained that it was owing to the influence of the Prince Consort, whose sympathies were said to be opposed to the interests of his adopted country. Three years later this feeling was renewed to such an extent that the Prince was hissed as he passed into the House, while accompanying the Queen to open Parliament. This suspicion soon disappeared, and since that time the popularity of the Prince has been unabated. His untimely death has caused general grief. The funeral was celebrated on the 23d.

The Austrian Budget has been presented. The debt, which in 1846 was \$500,000,000, is now \$1,200,000,000, equal to the entire revenue for eight years. The deficit for 1861 is \$32,000,000, and that of 1862 \$29,000,000. This is to be met, if possible, by borrowing, and by the sale of Crown property. The unsettled state of affairs in Hungary alone has caused a loss to the revenue of \$6,000,000.



## Editor's Table.

**TACTICS FOR PEACE AND WAR.**—Landseer's famous pictures of Peace and War always startle us when we look at them by their thrilling contrast of tranquil waters, and smiling fields, and browsing cattle, with battling squadrons, and smoking ruins, and writhing men and horses. Yet what we call times of peace may present contrasts equally startling; and perhaps almost every day a busy man who goes from the thick of the fight of traffic and ambition to his quiet home may reasonably think, as he looks in the evening upon the copies of those two pictures upon his walls, that he has lived through very much the same scenes since the morning when he started for the battle in the Exchange, the Court, or the Senate, to return at night to his kindly family, and smiling table, and soothing cigar. Thus every day may have its times and moods of peace and war; and at seasons when the one or the other mood prevails the imagination takes its hue and motive, and pictures life itself as a battle-ground or a garden, by bringing together from the great gallery of remembrance all the imagery that can help out either picture. Probably in the lives of most men there is some one image that most suggests the one or the other idea. We each of us cherish some pet notion of halcyon ease, and a favorite arm-chair by the fireside, or a dear old seat by the honey-suckle on the piazza or under the elm on the lawn, may be to us the very symbol and poetry of comfort, the very sight of which puts away care and welcomes all shapes of contentment; while, on the other hand, there may be some corner of the street, some building, room, or face, that stands to us for every thing that is hostile and hateful, and before which a fury is always beating the drum and calling up the horrid shapes of enmity and ruin. We have all in times that are called peaceful had our battles and felt our wounds; and probably most men have their hardest conflicts to go through when no armies are marching and no cannon are booming. We then are less in the humor for a pastoral poem than for a battle-hymn; and if we open Holy Writ for comfort, we turn less readily to the idyl of Ruth or the Song of Solomon than to the awful visions of Ezekiel or the glaring images of the Apocalypse. In fact, we each of us sometimes, without meaning it, play the prophet or seer, and memory and fancy combine to call up their thronging visions of judgment, and to unroll their pictured canvas of terrors.

Whenever, either from our share in public calamities or from our own personal struggles, we find ourselves in the militant vein, and especially ready to believe that life is on the whole very hard, and that we all have a great deal to go through and contend against, it is well to think somewhat soberly over the ordeal; and, without the madness of passion or the torpor of despair, ask ourselves whether there be not a tactics for peace as well as for war, and whether the arts of war may not be so studied as to add to the arts of peace. These times are very favorable to such meditations, and we may take it for granted that all of our readers have breathed enough of the martial atmosphere to be in the vein of our subject, and to look upon the enemies of our country not only as foes to be met in battle, but as types of all the hostilities, disappointments, and troubles that we are ever called to contend against.

The first question that a soldier asks when he goes into the field is, "*How many* is the enemy?" Of course this is not the only question, nor always the

most important one, but it is the most obvious one; and whether looking to our own personal difficulties or to the adversaries of the nation, we begin by counting them. This is wise as well as natural; for we can not easily tell their character before seeing their magnitude, and the survey of numbers precedes the inspection of quality, as sight generally precedes insight. Yet, when we count our enemy, we must keep in mind one very simple truth that is very apt to be lost sight of in the excitement and solicitude of the attack. We must count not our imagined, but our actual enemy—not those who may wish us ill, or who may by some stretch of heated fancy be conjured into the field or the air from the chambers of imagery—but those who are likely to be in arms against us. We often make strange mistakes in this respect, and are so bent on beating the shapes that swarm the air as to lose sight of the more prosaic, yet more fearful foes in the field; and probably most men, at the outset of any important undertaking, are more appalled by borrowed troubles than by real ones. The cause is very obvious; for when we begin a new career or campaign we not only see what is actually before us, but whatever may possibly rise up along our path, and thus encounter at once all the legions that can be mustered or imagined. Any man knows what this state of mind is if he will recall his experience at beginning an important undertaking, as in beginning the world for himself. The first day that we go out to our great contest for a living we think of all things that we shall even probably have to contend against, and the street and the air swarm with their gathering squadrons. We soon find, to our no small surprise and comfort, that we have generally to meet with but one obstacle at a time, and only one battle is upon our hands at once. Although all Russia may be nominally against us, it is only at some one Sebastopol that we are to launch our ships and cannon or sit down in persistent siege.

It is certainly a great secret of true tactics, whether for war or peace, to know what portion of our anticipated foes we may dismiss utterly from mind as either unreal or as not within any practical or engaging distance. Of things actually adverse in bearing, the greater portion by far can not strike us at any one time, and may be virtually dismissed from mind. It is from forgetting this fact, and treating all possible enemies as actual ones, that so many people break down at the outset, and run away or fall fainting before firing a gun or crossing a bayonet. They do not stop to look the enemy fairly in the face, and a single battalion is to them but the advanced-guard of swelling legions. Look him fairly in the face, or take a good *reconnaissance* of his force, and we gain vastly in ease and spirit, and may keep for sterner challenges the reserves that we need not call up for this little skirmish. True indeed that this rule of counting as actual only what may be in actual service works both ways, and that many resources that we are apt to reckon fondly upon are not really available, and our census of our numbers never is equalled by the register of our own actual forces. We are very apt, when we begin any important undertaking, to take it for granted that all our plans are wise, all our purposes practical, and all knowledge or culture is effective; while the truth is that we generally have to learn every thing over anew in the arena of actual service, and revise our methods and appliances as nations revise



their bureaus, armaments, and staffs when the war actually begins. How feeble mighty England, with all her wealth, arsenals, ships, and men, found herself during the first months of the Crimean war; and what a chapter of disappointments has been the first half year's history of the struggle of our constitutional republic against her insurgent enemies! The history of nations in this respect but illustrates the first step of every striving career.

We are therefore to count carefully the forces likely to be in the field against us, or actually there, and the forces that we can command. It may require no small discernment to make this estimate; and he is a good general who can tell the number of the enemy, and say how many men in his own ranks he may rely upon. As we look upon our own career in the soberness of present experience, we can see how many mistakes we have made, and how often we have reckoned without our host, and made too much or too little of the numbers with us or against us. As we think of the results of the existing civil war, we can not but be astonished in some respects in both ways at the facts. Most of us have not yet seen the face of one of the enemy; and we are surprised to find that the war which we feared would drench the whole country in blood, has hardly interfered with the accustomed currents of industry, or taken from labor its usual work and wages. No more memorable fact can be adduced in this direction than the undoubted record that the working-classes of this great city have not, on the whole, disturbed their deposits at the savings' banks, and as much money has been deposited by them as withdrawn. If we have been surprised that the destroying hand of the enemy has not been upon us here, we have also been surprised that our hand has not been more heavy upon him; and while we have nominally so much larger forces, generally when we have met in the field he has outnumbered us. We have hardly begun to make due allowance for the causes of this mortifying fact, and to cease to count as actually ours the powers that are or have been merely nominal. The question is not how many men can be numbered in our population, or even in our army, but how many can be put at the precise point at which they are needed. We may number twenty millions; but we number them to little account if we meet our enemy with thirty thousand against his fifty thousand.

To make our counting satisfactory, we are not only to open our eyes but stir our feet and hands, that we may find our figures in the right place, and bring sufficient numbers to bear upon the point assailed. It is idle to talk of outnumbering the enemy if we do not outnumber him on the field; and we might as well have no troops as not have them within fighting distance, or at command. It matters little, moreover, what legions our enemy may have on his rolls if, when we come together, we are the stronger; and therefore it is a great part of true tactics to divide, that we may conquer, or so disintegrate the opposing forces as to strike the enemy a heavier blow than he can strike us. Frederick, Nelson, Napoleon, and all great captains understood this art, and no man is efficient in any campaign who does not bring it constantly to bear. We are beset with an immense host of cares and perplexities, and if we meet them all at once we are struck down and trampled under foot, as Leonidas and his band would have been had they encountered the Persian host on the open plain. Stand, like Leonidas, at some pass of Thermopylæ, and meet the enemy one by

one, or score by score, and our three hundred then can cope with thousands, and dividing we conquer, even if at last we die. It is wonderful what obstacles a man may overcome by applying this principle to life, and what results he may accomplish by a true method, that wisely divides the hours and the labors in such a way as to bring him face to face and hand to hand with the right task at the right time.

A true method is more than half the battle, and if we post ourselves wisely at the right point, we find that very few difficulties reach us at once; and of the great host drawn up against us few can assault us at any one time. Captain Bobadil was, after all, something of a philosopher, in spite of his bragging, when he offered to dispose of a whole army by killing them off one by one in a duel; and if the enemy might not consent to appeal to such a succession of duels, or if this ordeal might not chance always to be favorable to the Captain and his friends, something can be done to approximate toward the result, by dividing the hostile ranks as far as may be. A novice is apt to look upon every campaign or career as to be gone over in a breath or in one heat; but the veteran takes it more easily and more effectively, and if he is to march a thousand miles, he halts and sleeps duly as he goes, and arrives at the goal in good health and spirits, while the novice would have fallen breathless on the road. It will be well for us if, as we study the discipline and march of our armies, we have an eye to this everyday tactic, and so divide our hours and our cares as to bring our forces to bear always at the true point, and to strike precisely in the quarter where the resistance is less than our strength. Nothing more impresses us in the bearing of a good soldier than his union of calmness with caution, courage with conduct. In the midst of dangers that alarm and distract inexperienced men he is cool and thoughtful, neither alarmed by the number nor distracted by the variety in the field against him. The secret is in his method as much as in his temper, and he on system looks difficulties calmly in the face, and meets each one at the right time and with the right weapon. Perhaps a still more admirable specimen of the same power is seen in the method of the practical man, who copes daily with a thousand cares without worry or distraction, and who brings to bear upon his daily life, for years and years, the majestic order which God has written upon the heavens and the earth, and interpreted in the march of the seasons and the wonderful economy of the universe. The Lord of Hosts is thus our teacher and leader in every battle. The true habit is victory, and, as the word denotes, it implies a strong-hold in which it conquers. Habit is that which holds us; and when we are held loyally at the true post at the true time our hold is our victory, and the numbers against us come to naught.

But there is another aspect of difficulties that needs to be considered, and one too that is more interior and perplexing. The worst enemy is not so much to be *counted by sight* as to be *discerned by insight*; and it is this malign or intense character that is more to be feared than numbers. In fact, if we watch closely the adversaries or adversities that threaten us most by their multitude, we shall find that they have their force mainly from some prevailing person or principle, and the legion is generally under some one leader. Thus all physical disturbances, in the elements or in the human constitution, generally spring from some prevailing cause; and the storms in nature or the diseases in the blood are



to be traced to some central cause, as in excessive solar heat or improper potions. How the Storm King raises the tempest we do not undertake to say; but we expect to have it removed, not by fighting away all the clouds in the horizon, but by the balance of the invisible electric currents and the gentle play of the sunshine. When we feel pains shooting through all our limbs, we do not chase after them one by one, but strike at the root of the matter; and a skillful touch of the lancet, or the wise application of a few drops of bark, may drive away the whole legion at once. In a man's fortunes and in his mental horizon, perhaps the most numerous and obtrusive difficulties are, in like manner, the attendants and sometimes the mere symptoms of some master-ill that lurks within, and if this is conquered the whole retinue vanishes. Thus an intemperate man wonders that the whole world is in such conspiracy against him, that every scheme fails and every effort stumbles, and even the streets are always trying to trip him up, and the stars over his head do not throw a steady light on his path, and he is ready to strike down the daring Mentor who ventures to tell him that all his troubles come from one, and that is found at the bottom of his cup. It may not be a very flattering question for a man to ask, but it is surely a most wholesome one, "What is the cause of my troubles, and what is it that is at the root of my complaints?" It would be a pretty severe ordeal even for respectable men to go through, if they were confronted with some sagacious and candid adviser who could and would tell them precisely what the matter really is. It would be found that many who went up to the judgment-seat cursing their luck, or their stars, or their wives, or kindred, or neighbors, for being their ruin—and thus making a kind of self-righteousness out of demerit—would go away in quite a different temper, convinced that their own sin, and not another's, was the main source of the mischief. In every army there must be a leader; and if we dispose of the leader it is comparatively easy to rout his minions.

It is not always easy, indeed, to see what our main fault or exposure is, and we are helped much to a wise insight by considering our prevailing disposition, and how we are likely to be acted upon. If we fear a master antagonist, it must be either because he may depress us by his overwhelming power or irritate us by his stinging insolence; and we measure his injury by the extent of our despondency or our passion. On the same principle we ought to measure our duty by the force of our patience and our courage—our patience that should bear with irritation, and our courage that should overcome depression. We are to estimate in the same way our public enemies, and by true insight discern what it is that keeps us in a ferment of passion or throws us down under a millstone of despair. We surely have within the last year been tried in both ways, and have been now irritated and now depressed almost beyond the limits of endurance. We were depressed many months by the uncertainties of our condition, hardly knowing who were our enemies and who were our friends; in fact, hardly knowing whether we were a nation at all. Then came the blow that stung us into consciousness of ourselves, and we sprang to our feet to strike at the assailant, finding ourselves the moment that we found our enemy. Still we have not fully established either our temper or our policy, and have been swaying from heaviness to wrath, and back again as fresh provocations or disasters have come upon us. If we see exactly

what we have to contend against, we are in a far better way to victory. We can not go on much further without coming to a very decided point.

We are quite sure that we have an enemy, and that he is a very strong one. The most obvious estimate of him is geographical, and it is very easy to say that the South is at war with the North, yet the South as such has no quarrel with the North as such; and the Southerner's warmth harmonizes well with the Northerner's reserve, and the social circles in which the two tempers meet are more whole and attractive from the union of divers elements. Nor can we say that it is wholly the two systems of production that provoke the quarrel, for the interests of both are in the main identical, and both have been prosperous under the old Union. Undoubtedly slavery is at the root of the agitation that has led to the war, but it is slavery less as a financial interest than as a political power; for it is the politicians, not the great planters, who have begun this revolt. It is the slave power as a political organ that has threatened and still threatens our nationality, and the doctrine of secession is the device by which it tries to accomplish its work. We may as well look the enemy in the face at once, and say that it is the pretension of the slave power to rule the land that has kept us in a ferment for so many years, and now calls us to stand up for very life. We secure peace the moment we put this power upon its back, and bring the nation once more into allegiance to our Constitutional Union. It is not necessary to take from the States the control of their own local institutions; and we justify the present revolution by a counter-revolution the moment we deprive any State of its rights under the Constitution. We have a straightforward course to pursue, and that is simply to crush out this rebellion and put the slave power into its own place, which is a very subordinate one. Wherever our arms go into the disloyal States the slaves must follow their own inclinations toward liberty, and if loyal to us they may claim protection and freedom. Martial law will thus extend the area of liberty Southward sufficiently to secure an encouraging boundary to our present hold and ample field for future progress. It is not best to calculate too closely what we shall do with the slaves who come in our way so long as we are sure that it is not the business of our troops to be slave-hunters. There has been talk and legislation enough on the subject, and our generals only need use their legitimate power to carry the atmosphere of free institutions with them in their march. Paper proclamations are idle, and the question now is not what we shall say but what shall we do, and deeds not words are the thing.

When the principle of secession is put down the war is ended, and the battle is transferred from the field to the census; and here the right is sure to triumph, and for fear of this the conspiracy of despots kindled their incendiary torch. How much is meant by putting down the principle of secession it may not be easy to say; for this power is not so much a specific material interest as it is a personal and social spirit, to analyze and define which requires no small degree of insight. It is foolish to regard secession merely as a political or metaphysical abstraction from the mint of some subtle brain. It was forged as a weapon to answer a specific purpose, and not as a medal to record a certain fact or idea. It was started as a theory by which the National Union could be dissolved upon speculative principles; and we have little faith that the fathers and champions



of the notion would hold it for a moment in its affirmative as well as its bearing, or allow their own Confederate States to secede from their new Confederacy after they had seceded from the old Union. No, the very knife of secession, that had been forged to cut the tie between the South and the Federal Union, would be hammered into a link of the chain that fastens the new Confederates together; and the treatment of Kentucky shows how little regard the Southern powers feel for State Rights when not on their own side. The spirit of secession is political ambition, the passion for despotic power; and it is well for us to understand its ruling elements now that we have so much reason to be surprised at its force.

We evidently have against us an enemy far more trained to the temper and art of command than ourselves. The habit of governing men as master or owner begets not only an imperious temper but a certain force of character. It is the equestrian or cavalier temper transferred from the tamer of horses to the tamer of men. He who bears himself as if born to rule feels and carries with him a certain lordly air that impresses his subjects mightily, and he is naturally led to study the arts of arms and of command that most readily back up his aristocratic pretensions. He likes to make himself cavalier in a two-fold sense: first, by being master of horses, and, secondly, by being master of men; and he has a certain marked ease and *abandon* by transferring his work to the hands of slaves as readily as he transfers the labor of locomotion to the legs of his horse. He claims thus to be a mounted gentleman in a double manner, and to have strong and obedient muscles under him in his business and in his journeys, in his money getting and in his pleasure seeking. This imperious temper in the Southerner has been exaggerated by the treatment which he has generally received from his superiors in culture at the North, or from the disposition among us to treat him with a courtous respect, in great part probably from the idea that he holds the balance of political and industrial power, and we need his business, his crops, and his votes for our salvation. So we have done our best to spoil him, and now we are startled to find our own spoiled child rushing at us knife and pistol in hand. Abroad he has been exposed to the same temptation, and has been flattered to his own hurt, perhaps his ruin. He has played the aristocrat in the aristocratic circles of the Old World, and is now intriguing at European courts to draw down upon us and the nation the wrath of kings, and join the spindles of Manchester with the bayonets and cannon of Woolwich in open war against our land.

Perhaps we have unwittingly played into the hands of this aristocrat by allowing him to pass off his own love of dominion as passion for liberty, and to make our war for the nation seem to the middle class at the South but a war of subjugation; thus giving the fire of freedom to the standard of tyranny. We need to discern seriously these various elements that go to make up the powerful spirit of the secession conspiracy, and try by judicious and vigorous measures to rob it of its force. We can not hope to effect much by any novel speculations or flaming manifestoes. Words amount to nothing unless power goes with them; and if our power is felt in the right quarter, it will not need many words to make itself understood. Nothing can settle the question now before us but victory, and all the ideas and eloquence in the world will avail nothing unless backed by the

strong arm. Victory will dispose at once of our domestic and foreign troubles, by robbing the clique of Southern despots of their prestige, and making their alliance no blessing to European courts. Victory alone can kill the spirit of secession in its leaders, and leave the people whom they have misled to see how monstrously they have been blinded to their true interest and duty, and to strip the mask of liberty from the face of tyranny.

The principle of Secession aims a deadly blow at all government. Instead of a nation, claiming the supreme allegiance of every citizen, it would reduce us to a collection of isolated communities, with no bond of union that might not be dissolved at the will of any one; and each individual is primarily subject to the will of his own special community. Every obligation entered upon to the General Government may be annulled by the action of the local authorities. When the founders of the organized Christian Church wished a term to express the most solemn symbols of the faith, they chose the word *Sacramentum*, which denoted the military oath by which the soldier swore to be faithful to his standard. This military oath—or *sacrament*—has ever been held the most sacred obligation that can be assumed. Yet Secession sets this at naught; and presents to us the spectacle of men who have sworn this oath time and again deserting their flag and going over to the enemy, at the bare call of their own States. Secession thus implies all possible treason; and whether in the career of a man or a nation, he begins in fatal weakness who begins in disloyalty. We are to strike down this treason in the field, and leave it to die of its own infirmity and corruption.

The course of our Government has been such as to win the respect of just and honorable men at the South, and to allow conservative and patriotic people to take the oath of allegiance without the least surrender of self-respect or dignity. While martial law is left to take its own imperative and necessary course, the pillars of the Constitution have been left inviolate, and our President deserves the gratitude and support of all good citizens for his refusal to yield to any revolutionary measures, and endanger the central power itself by usurping the powers that belong to the States. We believe that his course accords with the strongest policy as well as the soundest principle, and that they are more visionary than practical who are eager to end the war by any sweeping schemes of universal emancipation by Congressional or Presidential edict. Emancipation must be, not a word or idea alone, but a solid fact to amount to any thing, and it can be a solid fact only when enforced by the strong arm and established law. The proclamation of it in itself can only be a vain parade where it can neither be executed nor even circulated, and nothing more belittles a government than great professions and small performance. There will be, indeed, different opinions as to the amount to be expected from the slave population in the event of such proclamation, but it seems to us unreasonable to expect of them much of the active passion for liberty that is inborn and inbred in races free for centuries. The negro is not only subordinate to his master in condition but in character, and his will is comparatively passive from temperament as well as training. We therefore expect him to serve his master while his master rules, and for the same reason to transfer his allegiance to the conqueror when his master is conquered. The slaves will go, we believe, with the dominant power, but they can not be expected to do a great deal to



destroy the existing power. One of our most sagacious men has said that the negro is not very *dry powder*, and surely he does not go off at the touch as he was expected to do. We are not warranted in trusting much to his independent action, reasonable as it may be to expect acquiescence from him and co-operation wherever our arms prevail. The same victory that takes from the master his spirit takes from the slave his obedience and homage; and so we come back to the same burden, and cry, action! action! now that words are naught.

While we thus scrutinize the animating spirit of the powers opposed to us, we must exercise due insight into the sources of our own strength, and not make the miserable mistake of looking upon the *materiel* of our wealth and armaments as the whole of our force. We know very well that the spirit of the man is a great part of the secret of his success in his personal career, and his heart as well as his weapons helps him forward in spite of the lions in the way. We ought to know as much in respect to the energies of the nation, and to allow that, with all our enthusiasm for our country, we have hardly begun to catch the true inspiration, and we guard our liberty less warmly than our adversaries guard their despotism. We have had indeed many shining and burning words spoken during these late fearful agitations, but we have not had them from the right quarter; and a single pointed sentence from the head of a victorious army would kindle the nation more than all the orations of Demosthenes concentrated into one electric speech, if only spoken in the forum or senate. We certainly need to do more to bring out the latent fire of our people, and we may find some compensation for our recent fears of foreign interference in the new life they will give to our own patriotism. There has been some difficulty in giving enough point to the causes of the present war to spur the quiet temper of our people to the true militant point, and we do not find their heat rising with time, as was expected. The moment, however, that it is seen that we are contending for our own liberty, and Secession is in league with foreign courts, and threatening the essential principles of popular government, a new chord is touched, and the old revolutionary fires burn again. To this point we are evidently coming, and we must make up our minds that the leaders of the conspiracy are actually offering America to the thrones of Europe, and we must stand up for ourselves or perish. Let us meet the crisis then like men, and strike home upon our near foe before he mates himself, as he ere long will be likely to do, with foreign fleets and armies. We have had a pretty broad hint given us from England, and if we loiter much longer on the way of our duty we may find hordes of new enemies swarming in our path.

Whether for our own private career or the national cause, we need carefully to study the springs of power, and see and stir the spirit that wins the victory. As a people we are capable of great enthusiasm, and our very endurance and quietude prove our capacity to carry fire more readily than to catch fire. In our own way we can be great zealots, and our Roundhead type of character is very hard to deal with when once inflamed. Our habitual industry becomes the channel of immense moral force in times of trial, and they who are accustomed to bear heavy burdens every day can bear up under loads that overwhelm prouder necks, and they actually find their sense of duty strengthening under the ordeal that breaks down more imperious

tempers. We are capable of feeling profoundly the sacredness of our national mission, and of putting forth energies that have been trained not only in our lifetime but for centuries before us, in the great school of Providence, for the work of God and humanity. We are willing to serve that we may command; and if we do as well for the life of the nation in this crisis as we have done for the light of its culture and for the treasures of its wealth, the victory is sure. There is no spirit like that which measures dignity by humility and power by usefulness, and the good conscience is right as well as strong in the lowliness of its dependence and the force of its will. Most of us from boyhood have been obliged to face a great deal of pride and impudence, and put it down by loyal faith and hard work, and if we have done any thing well it has been in spite of some bully or upstart who has threatened to crowd us from the road of success. We must now, as a people, practice upon the same principle, and guard our birthright against the mighty bully that is in arms against us, and seeking to win to his side the pride and power of the Old World.

One more leading aspect of the subject presents itself—one that relates mainly to *time*; and it is not enough to count our enemy's numbers and look into his ruling spirit, but we must estimate the duration of his hostility. How *many* are his forces, how *great* his power? we must ask; but, perhaps chiefly of all, How *long* will his strength last? Thus the view that begins with *sight*, and continued with *insight*, must end with *foresight*. It is a great matter to calculate the orbit of a single word, or thought, or deed; and it would be a somewhat new study to make out a table of our emotions and enterprises with reference to duration, just as we make out tables of plants and animals as to the duration of their lives or period of production. One fact is very certain, that whatever is violent tends to come to a speedy end, and all excess runs itself down by its own heat. So all fiery passions, all fierce wars, burn out; and a wise man will always try to take the benefit of this law of nature, and quietly leave every volcano to burn itself out, and every mad impulse to do the same. He who carries out this principle through life will find himself wonderfully relieved of trouble, and will thank Father Time for ridding him of most of his enemies without his striking a single blow. Letting thus alone the heats that will of themselves be exhausted, he is in the better condition, alike from saving of time and temper, for abating the ills that will not die out.

In estimating the duration of hostile powers, he will find that they are the least patient that are nearest the animal nature; and while an enemy can not wait long for a loaf of bread, but must eat or surrender, the higher instincts and dispositions are quite persistent, and the great virtues, with the corresponding vices that are perversions of their force, can wait an indefinite time. Loyalty can keep its trust for years, and come out of its hiding-place or exile all the truer from the discipline of self-sacrifice; and something of the same persistency attaches to the counterfeit loyalty that calls evil good, and carries into its Pandemonium the stolen liveries and banners of Heaven. Great loves, that are born not of passion alone, but principle, can wait; and so can great hates, that have thought in their animosity, and organize ill-will into a ruling habit of life. Justice can wait; and so can revenge, which perverts its sense of right into the sense of merely personal wrong, and makes its own petty quarrel of



more account than the cause of God. But we need not pursue the enumeration, but must be willing to leave every man to make his own estimate, and adapt his measures to the supposed endurance of his enemies.

In estimating the persistency of public enemies, it is evident that they who put forth the greatest effort must—other things being equal—give out the soonest, from the exhaustion of strength and material. It is equally evident that the nations or communities that have the greatest variety of resources among themselves, and are in freest communication with the products of the world, can longest sustain themselves. As obvious is it that wherever industry is so well adjusted as to give the most mutual advantage and development, and to unite labor and capital in the same paths of enterprise, schemes of education and means of enjoyment and prosperity, there will be not only greater resources but more abiding and trust-worthy defenses. Capital can wait long for its returns, and its returns are sooner in proportion as labor is ready to serve its interests, and find its own interests served in return; for then labor itself becomes capital, and by its earnings adds to the public wealth, and by its expenditures helps the public industry and taste. When a community depends mainly upon one staple its persistency is comparatively feeble, for all is lost when that fails. What is true of communities is also true of individuals, and those men have the most precarious fortunes who can do but one thing, and that a very uncertain one and depending upon changing markets and caprices. No wise man, therefore, will train himself or his children to trust solely to a single art or product, instead of securing a broad, practical culture that is assurance against most, if not all, of the emergencies and disasters that may arise.

The question of the continuance of national prosperity is one that we can not go into now, interesting as it might be to interpret public interests by the standard of time, and to search out those elements of stability and progress that secure the peace and power of nations for ages. It is comforting to believe that our civilization is ruled over by some powers that do not depend wholly upon our speculative opinions and legislative policy. God is in history, and the civilization that moves in the lines of his Providence and serves his Right has an ally whose power, not a day nor a year, but ages only can interpret. False growths, indeed, ripen in time, and the years that mature the oak also mature the upstart. But in the moral and civil order whatever is evil tends toward corruption and death, and in battling against it we have unseen and mighty allies on our side. Every good institution has within itself the seeds of divine life, and they that plant and tend it may be comforted that the increase rests with a higher power than theirs, and the fruits appear when their hand is weary in sleep and still in death.

### Editor's Easy Chair.

THE year opened with a cloud overhanging us—the threat of a war with England. The prospect was confronted by the people and the Government of this country in the most admirable temper. The papers were singularly mild in tone and able in argument; and while every citizen naturally wished and resolved that no stain should fall upon the national honor, we all wished that war should be avoided.

And this, not only because it is better to do one thing at a time, and wise to be off with the old foe before you are on with the new, but because a war between England and America is monstrous. It would have all the fury and ferocity of a civil war. Were it once engaged, it would be the death-grapple of the two nations, and one would emerge superior forever. But the monstrous character of the war would lie in this, that it ought to have no adequate occasion. The good sense, the enlightenment of the two nations, if not willfully and blindly abdicated by either, are quite enough to keep the peace between us.

For it may be assumed—it must be assumed—that neither really wishes war. A sensitive apprehension may strike England with the feeling that when we have restored peace at home we are necessarily her peer in every department of national power. But to suppose that enough to drive her into a causeless war, or to lead her to torture occasion of war out of events that were not intended as insults, is to call in question the progress of a century, and to abandon faith in the growth of general human intelligence.

Justice requires, of course, that no nation should take the law from another. When it can not help itself it must yield; but when it can maintain this position, it maintains it for all nations. Nothing then could change the obvious simplicity of the case between us. If we had done wrong we were not unwilling to say so, or that it should be proved to us. If that could not be done—if we had still believed ourselves to be right, and England still believed that she was right—we were willing, and, if England acted in good faith, she was willing, to leave the question to the settlement of other powers, or of one power mutually selected.

Had we refused to do this—had we insisted that we were merely right, and then declined to submit the decision to any arbiter but the sword, we should have been guilty of a heinous crime. The woe of the war would justly have been upon our heads, and we should have deserved the injury that the enemy would have tried to deal us; and if, upon the other hand, Great Britain had refused to listen, and had insisted that her whim shall govern the world, we should have been fighting the battle of the world in resisting her claim at every cost.

There could be no war, then, unless one of the two nations had been resolved upon it at all hazards, and that was not a fairly supposable case. Interest and Jealousy and Pride are strong, and wars spring from passion rather than principle. But civilization and enlightenment also count. They are just as substantial facts as interest or rage; and the same slow modification of sentiment which eliminates dueling from society works for the ending of war.

The cloud has passed away. In a dispatch as frank and fair and able as was ever written the law of the case, as this Government views it, is laid down, and it is against the Government. We decide against ourselves. Our pride may be wounded, but our honor is unstained.

Washington long ago told us that one nation should never expect favors from another. This year has taught us that we have no friends. No man can hide from himself the truth that war with England would not now be so surprising to us as that she should last spring have declared this Government and the rebels equally belligerents. After that, almost any event is possible. England has chosen, by her conduct during the year, to lose our friendship.



But we need not necessarily be enemies. Yet could the great mass of thoughtful Englishmen know how ruthlessly the tone and temper of the English papers and orators—in other words, the public sentiment of the country—has utterly destroyed the reverent faith with which thoughtful Americans had clung to the English name, they would ask themselves, and vainly, What have we gained by hastening to injure a homogeneous people?

In the old histories and the new novels there are no more exciting passages than those which describe the march of armies. And in the recollections of those who have lived in foreign countries is there any thing more stirring and romantic than the same scenes?

Is the Easy Chair likely to forget that blithe spring morning in Paris when, awakened by the loud chorus and the heavy tramp of passing regiments, it hurried to the balcony over the street, the Rue de Rivoli, and saw the hosts march by? They moved with the swinging negligence of an army already on the road. There was none of the Prussian precision of drill upon the march, which looked more like a gala-parade than war; but the endless columns poured and swarmed along the streets, a sinuous, shining, jointed leviathan of battle. The sun shone bright over them. The garden of the Tuileries was brilliantly green at their side. The year laughed with spring; but the multitudinous chorus of *Mourir pour la patrie* or the *Marseillaise* filled the air with a profound and romantic sadness.

For the soldier reminds us that even our great moral debates must be settled at last, as the quarrels of lions and tigers are, by brute force. There is no need of winking it away. It is only weakness and folly to misunderstand it. You would not hesitate to defend wife and child, and your own life, by any means, however bloody, from the lion's paw; can you hesitate to save your rights and those of all others by withstanding, even to blood, the paw of leonine passion and the tiger-leap of ferocity? Wild beasts must be treated as such: and the enraged passions are only brutes.

This thought is at once the justification and the sadness of a military march. This it is which puts the wild wail into the singing, and the pathos into the flutter of the flag. How the bayonets gleamed that sunny morning! How they flashed farewell around the corner of the street, while the sound of the song died slowly away:

"How stands the glass around?  
For shame, ye take no care, my boys;  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound:  
The trumpets sound;  
The colors they are flying, boys.  
To fight, kill, or wound,  
May we still be found  
Content with our hard fare, my boys,  
On the cold ground.

"Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys?  
Why, soldiers, why?  
Whose business 'tis to die!  
What, sighing? fie!  
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!  
'Tis he, you, or I!  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

"'Tis but in vain—  
I mean not to upbraid you, boys—  
'Tis but in vain  
For soldiers to complain:  
Should next campaign  
Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
We're free from pain!  
But if we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cure all again."

But this is the song of vulgar war—of stock fighting and fighters. The story is that Wolfe sang it the night before the battle of Quebec. But I like to think rather of the other story, that, as he floated down stream in his boat, under the stars, he repeated Gray's elegy, and said to his officers, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow." This is not the song you overhear in the camp of Cromwell's men, nor within the Covenanters' lines—no, nor farther back, from the hosts of the Norman William.

For soldiering is clearly of two kinds. There is the fighting in Flanders and the fighting on Bunker Hill. The soldiers that march under your windows in Paris, singing *Partant pour la Syrie*, upon their way to strike a blow for Italy, impress you very differently from those who might be going to carry the line of France to the Rhine. How sweet and solemn, then, sounds the marching of the soldiers under our windows in Broadway! In the cadence of the step, in the chorus of the song, as in the aspect of the men, how easy to hear and see the intelligent earnestness of purpose which inspires them!

I stood at an ample window when the Vermont Cavalry passed by. The spectacle of marching soldiers is so common now that there was no peculiar excitement, but the great street was thronged, and there were eager gazers at every window and upon every balcony. The flags floated in the breeze as they did on the 17th of April, when New York saw the first soldiers moving; and could you have read the hearts as you did the faces of those who looked you would have seen a firmer faith and a faster resolution.

The clatter of the horses upon the smooth pavement of the city to which they were entirely unused, the costume, the pennons and arms, the shrill bugle-call, were all purely military. They were what any Easy Chair might have seen from his Paris balcony any summer morning when troops were marching. But there the likeness ended. You could not sing or say "Why, soldiers, why?" to these men. A bottle and kind landlady were not all they wanted. They were soldiers, but the soldier was the outside, the citizen was beneath. One of the horses slipped, his rider caught him up. He slipped again, and for a third time, then fell heavily upon the polished pavement, bringing the leg of the rider under him. The soldier held fast to the frightened horse and to his pennon. His huge boots and weapons encumbered him, and his leg must have been sorely bruised; but he held on grimly, and, struggling up with the assistance of the crowd, he limped away, leading his charger. I knew that it was symbolic, and that they would all hold fast to their cause with the same tenacity.

Then the crowd that follows soldiers marching to actual war is always respectful and sympathetic. The mere resolution to go and take the risk is felt to be heroic. Those who hurry along the sidewalks and press into the streets by the side of the soldiers half feel that they themselves are not so brave, and that



the troops are better fellows. So there is no gibing; but every vagabond is ready and glad to help his comrade in uniform. It is no fancy parade, no target-shooting business, but a matter of bullets, and blood, and battle. I have never seen sincerer admiration shown for any kind of hero than that of a Western crowd at a railway station for Heenan, the pugilist, who happened to stop to dine. It was the homage to a proved power which the most vulgar man could understand. But the regard which hangs upon the marching of soldiers is of a finer strain; for the qualities instinctively honored in them are not muscular, but mental.

And another day shall see the troops returning. Another pathos will invest them, and their stained uniforms, and torn flags, and the vacancies in the ranks which we shall not recognize, but each one of which will be counted by loving, longing hearts. Farewell, brave brothers! Wherever you fall, you are buried in the memory of a faithful country.

THOSE who remember the Broadway of twenty years ago can hardly walk the street now without incessant wonder and surprise. For although the transformation is gradually wrought, it is always going on before the eye. Twenty years ago it was a street of three-story red brick houses. Now it is a highway of stone, and iron, and marble buildings. The few older ones that remain and are individually remembered as among the best of their kind and time, are now not even quaint, but simply old-fashioned and unhandsome.

And yet, among all the costly and colossal buildings that have of late been erected how few show any real taste or grace; how little but stone, and iron, and space has been bought for the money! The fine architectural effects of some streets in Genoa, in Naples, in Rome, in Paris, in Berlin, in Venice, and other great foreign cities, are unknown in New York. There are some exceptions. Some of the new stores in Broadway are almost as imposing as some of the palaces in Italian cities. But how very few the exceptions are! And how the best are disfigured by the ugliest signs!

The changes, too, in the business character of Broadway are not less striking; and the change is not a gain to the brilliancy and gayety of the city. The chief promenading thoroughfare of a metropolis should sparkle with the small retail shops, in which the details finish the street with pretty arabesque. The Italian Boulevard in Paris is the model of such a street. It is *riant*, smiling. The lounging gentlemen smoking and sipping upon the broad walks in front of the cafés, the crowds of pretty toilets floating by, the rolling of fine equipages, are all in harmony with the bright little boutiques, all gold, white paint, and glass case, in which sit the bright little women bending with bright little eyes over their bright little business. It is the top sparkle and bubble of the deep stream of city life.

But in Broadway the cellar and wareroom are invading the boudoir. Great wholesale stores stand where the pretty shops stood, and if you go below Canal Street of an evening there is something ghastly in the gloom of the closed warehouses. Twenty years ago you sauntered from Canal Street to Chamber, stopping at Contoit's Garden to eat an ice-cream. City civilization then paused at Bleecker or Fourth streets. The New York Hotel stands now, down town, where then a quiet farm-house stood aloof in leafy seclusion. Beyond Ninth Street the city raveled out into the fields. Union Park was an in-

closure. Madison Square was out upon the island. Where now the choicest fashion dwells cows and donkeys browsed. Dear me, how changed every thing is!

Of course in all these changes the city has lost much of its old town character, and becomes every year more and more a metropolis. The crowd in Broadway, when Broadway is fullest, seems to have come from out of town. It has a strange, wondering air. And the population of the city itself is so incessantly reinforced by those who come from the country that the city has always a little air of novelty to its own citizens. The customs of smaller towns, the street distinction of certain people, are gradually going. It is not many years since every noted man was known to all Broadway. It is not long since, on Sunday mornings, the clergymen, with wide-flying black-silk gowns, floated and ambled along the street to church. These things have disappeared almost unconsciously. They belonged to the age of three-story red brick houses, and they have gone together.

Yet the moral of the chief change in Broadway is plain enough. The pretty marble palaces replace the old brick houses. Year by year the city takes the physiognomy of a foreign city. The warehouses are grand, and spacious, and costly, like the mansions of princes and nobles beyond the sea. Those foreign mansions are the homes of the ruling class. Yes: and these are the same. There they are the homes of the feudal principle. Here they are the homes of Trade. They stand for the commonwealth; for the well-being and dominance of the people, and not of a class. They are the monuments of sturdy enterprise and native sagacity, not of hereditary favor. They are not very tasteful yet. They are not in the least romantic. But they are symbols and beacons. And as any Easy Chair stumps up and down the street and looks at its state-ly walls, he may tell off each building like a bead, and make Broadway a rosary of meditation.

YET with all the fine palaces that grow in our great street other things grow too. With the flowers spring weeds, and deadly weeds.

In the days when you sauntered below Canal Street in the pleasant evenings, stopping at Contoit's Garden, because you were with ladies; you might have stopped, had you been alone, at the Washington Hotel or the *Café de l'Indépendance*, where you could have taken a cue and run off a score at billiards, or a glass, or a cigar. Yes; and you might have stepped at one or two very dark and discreet-looking houses upon Broadway, or have slipped quietly round the corner into Barclay Street to the same houses—gaming-houses, in fact, nothing else. And in Park Row there was the Park Theatre, and down Leonard, at the corner of Church, the National, and Mitchell's gay Olympic in Broadway, and Niblo's Garden, gone forever. But the Negro Minstrels had not yet come; and it is not until within a few months, and since the Minstrels are beginning to decline, that the "Concert saloons" have appeared.

Never dive in Broadway. You think that there is not much chance of your doing so? that you have no wish to dash your head against a stone? But diving is made easy there. You may readily leave every thing valuable behind, and go entirely under. What pretty pitfalls; what devilish snares there are spread all along the street!

The other day I was crossing the North River in the Erie Railroad ferry-boat with a youth who had



just arrived by the train from the interior of the State. As I stood upon the front of the boat, while we were still in the slip, he dashed by me, and stared about so earnestly that I thought some one had fallen overboard.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, I never saw one before," answered he.

"Never saw one what?"

"Why, a ship. I never saw a ship, nor a drop of salt-water. Golly! golly! murderation!" he exclaimed, as the boat moved out and revealed to him the shipping in the harbor.

Fortunately he was a recruit going to camp in charge of an officer. But suppose that the simple fellow had landed in the city quite alone, and with that utterly artless confidence. He would have walked in Broadway. He would have seen the inviting signs; the concert saloons; the pretty waiting-girls; the light, the glare, the novel charm; and all gratis. Do you think he would not have tripped—that he might not have gone entirely under? And if not, would it have been because there was no opportunity of diving offered him in the huge, heartless, horrible city?

The Grand Jury have done their duty in presenting these traps of the unwary. These places should be just as strictly regulated by the police as may be necessary. Men may keep coffee-houses, and give exhibitions of dancing if they choose; but they must choose to do these things subject to the public morality. They may also publish and sell books, if they will. But if they choose to print and offer indecent books, they will be made to suffer, and ought to be.

The cry of Puritanical legislation proceeds from those who don't care a button whether there is any public decency or not—from men who fatten upon the public filth, and flourish as the state decays. The Puritans were at least as decent as the Cavaliers; and when England, wearied with Puritanism, called Charles and the Cavaliers back, she spewed them out forever a few years later. No community harms itself that tries to help its weaker members. Yet how shall it help them? Shall it punish the drunkard or the liquor seller? Could the latter intoxicate the former if he did not choose to drink? Yet could he drink to his ruin if the liquor were not sold to him? Where, then, shall we stop, and who shall decide? Shall coffee be prohibited, and tea, and beer, and soda, and cigars, and short cake? For no friend of humanity will contend that short cake is truly beneficial to the system.

It is easy enough to run into ridicule. The question is not settled because we laugh. Whenever a community is persuaded that a thing is baneful it will, in some way, ameliorate or remove it. But the community must first be persuaded. Laws are worse than useless which transcend the general conviction; and he is the best of lawgivers who has the gift to know the real public desire. A law which is generally odious, for whatever reason, is generally evaded, and the evasion brings all law into contempt. The interesting point in Buckle's last volume is showing the hollowness of Spanish progress in the eighteenth century. For it was a progress which the rulers attempted to impose upon the nation, instead of one that sprang from the perception and conviction of the people. If you want roses, it is in vain to stick a flower in the ground; you must cherish the tree, and it will blossom in its own season.

And in this lies the importance of affecting pub-

lic opinion. There is the sphere of labor. Work upon public opinion. Make that true, healthy, robust, and it will put forth noble, and purifying, and energetic laws. And each good law will mark the high-tide point of the nation in that direction. It will not have been forced up by artificial means, and be sure to fall to-morrow; but it will be the calm level of general conviction. The presentation by the Grand Jury of the snares and pitfalls of Broadway is an influence brought to bear upon public opinion. In due season they may be suppressed upon precisely the same grounds that certain books and pictures are seized, and their sale forbidden. Every honest citizen owes the Grand Jury thanks. Every scoundrel in the country will call them Puritans.

THERE is one thing which our Christmas always lacks, and that is the burlesques and pantomimes which we associate so strongly with an English Christmas; and it is from the English Christmas that we derive so much of our poetic feeling for the holidays. The German Christmas-tree we have transplanted, and it flourishes wonderfully in Yankee soil. Nor does it interfere with Santa Claus his prerogative. For what is it but a glimpse of one tree of the marvelous garden in which the good Santa Claus plucks the gift-fruit of every kind with which so mysteriously he fills the stocking? Or is it Santa Claus himself who has worked the miracle of a tree growing in a night in the back parlor and blossoming with bright boxes, baskets, balls, trinkets, toys, and the precious cornucopia? So kindly the German exotic takes, why not try the English?

One reason clearly, and perhaps sufficient, is the pure domesticity of the tree. It flourishes most luxuriantly in the home. It implies only the wonted fireside excitement. It does not require late hours and the circumstance of the theatre. And is it not enough, Master Charles, that you have a tree with flowers of fire and fruit already candied; must you also see Aladdin's lamp, and the terrible two-headed greedy giant of Wales whom Jack outwitted? Master Charles thinks he must. Master Charles believes, and openly says, the more the merrier.

But if he had been with this Easy Chair during the late holidays he would have seen something to make him forget Jack and Aladdin for a little while. It was in a great country house, not far from the city, yet really in the country, where a daughter of Lady Bountiful lives. Like the lady herself, she knows the poorer people and their families in the neighborhood. She is their friend and counselor; and since every body in the great house loves her, it is not surprising that the smaller houses love her too.

This year she stopped her knitting for the soldiers long enough to arrange a pretty tree for the poor children round about, who have learned by pleasant experience of the three or four or dozen Christmases they have known, that "about this time" they are to look out for happiness. Does it occur to you as you walk up and down Broadway, in the best of all the days in the year, the Christmas days, that actual happiness is for sale in those bright shops—happiness, that is, for those who can enjoy it? Not for you who are unluckily aware of it. Is it that you have lost your taste, or that the Champagne is stale; or did you meet Eve in Eden, and did she give you a bite of the apple, the eye-opener? Suppose Roney, successor to May—suppose that Heinrich, suppose that Green at his Bazaar, and the innumerable others



who deal in the article—should put out, upon beautiful gold and green and blue placards, and in the largest letters, “A fresh lot of Felicity”—“Raptures at wholesale and retail”—“Children’s Joys”—“Pure Ecstasy,” the sign would be just as true as the other signs of rocking horses, tin soldiers, Noah’s arks, stables, and horses and wagons. As for “new and attractive juveniles,” a friend of the Easy Chair’s at Nightingale House, quietly remarks that that means simply babies born at Christmas!

It is for these things for which we pay the money but can not by any possibility truly enjoy, that the poorer children look out as the holidays approach. Then on the afternoon before Christmas—Christmas eve by sunlight—they are brought by their mothers tidily dressed, to the great house, and after playing about a little, they are summoned into another room. This year it was a darkened room where gas was burning, making a wonderfully weird light, that they all sat, the older ones in front and the infants in the arms of mothers behind, facing a door. What a mysterious door! What an inexorable door! What a great mean, hateful door, that would not open at once, but stood so stiff and hard showing its ugly painted panels, as if that were a sight to see!

When the gas was turned down and twilight was almost lost in night, there was the magnetic thrill of expectation in that little company, which you have known, if, when you were a child, you heard the prompter’s bell. After an age of a minute that wicked door was opened, and there stood the beautiful, benignant Christmas-tree. For a moment the hush of the children and the calmly burning tapers made it seem almost an altar and the little crowd worshipers. And surely they did worship it with their ardent eyes. In a few minutes they began to exclaim, and to point out gleefully the various treasures upon the tree. But the happiness was not perfect until the lady produced cornucopias for every body and rifled the glittering boughs.

Perhaps it was not fair to say that happiness is not bought at the toy-shops for men and women, because, as we white-haired patriarchs looked at the eager, delighted little crowd, the sight of their happiness probably made us happy—a good deal happier than the applause we get at the musical party when we stand by the piano and emit the *ut de poitrine*, the chest C. Indeed there seemed to be no fair doubt of this left when, two evenings afterward, we went to see another Christmas-tree for other children. The evening after Christmas it was, and that was chosen that the pleasure of the season might be prolonged, and that the young folks might have no collision of attractions.

Is not that thoughtfulness an adequate introduction to the other kind lady who provided the other Christmas-tree? If you know that, can you not infer what a gorgeous fountain of happiness, whose spray is fire, the tree must have been that she provided? Even you did not see a finer one. Perhaps the Trinity tree was larger, but it could not have been more skillfully clothed with its magic fruit. There was a sweet little cherub who sat up aloft in the very tip-top of the tree, shadowed by the green rather than embowered in it, looking cheerfully down from his little nest, and evidently singing in his little inaudible voice—“Wish you Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!”

This was a wonderful tree, for it grew the very fruit that you wanted. Its gentle dryad had divined what most suited each, and old and young—even those old gray-beard patriarchs as well as we children

—found that they were remembered. Once something on the tree took fire for a moment, and that was splendid. We children shuddered a little when we thought of all that we might lose—but to have the tree burn up, and perhaps even—although that was too much joy—burn up the house too, would that not be worth the sacrifice of our gifts? However, the house was saved, and the tree, and the presents; and we were all satisfied.

And if we were so, how much more so the kind genius of the tree! not the little cherub up aloft, but she who put him there—she who for so many hours and so many days had been industriously and ingeniously designing and working to please us all. Whether any of us looked at her with secret awe, believing that we beheld Mrs. Santa Claus herself, we have never told. But surely she provides a merry Christmas for herself who makes so many children of every age happy.

Since the Christmas-tree is so welcome and beautiful, perhaps we shall, by-and-by, add to it the burlesque and pantomime. For really to see the giants and the fairies of which we read—to behold Hop o’ my Thumb in the flesh, and the actual bean stalk of Jack, would that be a sparkling drop in the cup of Christmas felicity? in fact, a dainty dish to set before a king? Most of us poor barbarians in this country, who belong to that reckless and ignorant and brutal mob which our friend John Bull, who treats us always with such religious affection and impartial justice, believes us to be, have never seen the Christmas burlesque or Fairy Land made visible. By-and-by, when we have become great and good as he is, we shall perhaps be indulged with the pantomime. Meanwhile we will content ourselves in the glowing shade of the glittering tree, of which you, Princess Bountiful, and you, Celtic Lisette, are the guardian geniuses.

As Thackeray’s “Philip” draws toward the end, his “Lovel the Widower” has been thus sharply criticised in the London *Athenæum*:

“Mr. Thackeray has the responsibility of being one of the chief writers of the light literature of the present day. All that he writes is sure to be read, all that he asserts as his own opinion is sure to be listened to, if it is not accepted. How does Mr. Thackeray use his power? In the present story—with which alone we have to do—there is not one single touch to kindle in the reader a spark of generosity or kindly feeling; not one word to awaken or to stimulate a noble thought. After closing the book, the reader will feel conscious of having suffered a moral deterioration, from the intense ingrained vulgarity of spirit which pervades and shapes the whole story. Mr. Thackeray should do better work than this in his generation. If he shall always be content to be a satirist of men and manners and no more, there will be for him no enduring fame.”

This is plain talk. But it is not altogether true talk. There is this always to be said of a work like “Lovel the Widower,” that although the characters are low and repulsive, the impression is not necessarily so, nor the influence necessarily debasing. If there be a sneer in it, as so often in Swift’s portraits—if the manifest intention of the author be to deride nobility and defame purity of character, and to insinuate that there is nothing in human nature which is not mean or sordid—then, indeed, the draught he offers, however pungent and sparkling, is pure poison.

But how would it do to say of Hogarth’s “Marriage à la Mode” or “Rake’s Progress” what the re-



viewer says of "Lovel the Widower?" The characters are ignoble, the scenes are revolting; is the spectator, therefore, untouched with one spark of generous feeling—does he suffer moral deterioration? Evidently not; but why? Because the moral significance is so clear throughout. It is a material, rubicund, beef-eating morality; but that is what the British mind requires. The British moral teaching of the last century was of this kind. Be a good boy, an industrious apprentice, and you shall become Lord Mayor. Be an idle boy, and you shall be hung. This confusion of virtue and plum-tarts is peculiarly British. Sinners will starve, says British morality as by law established; saints shall have turtle-soup and stewed terrapin in its season. Is any thing falsier? Can any thing show such an "intense, ingrained vulgarity of spirit" as such teaching? It makes a martyr a fool, and a hero a zany.

But while this is the obvious, superficial impression, there is something a little deeper—and that it is which lifts Hogarth and his works into the realm of pure art. The true moral is that virtue is best. Beef is but a symbol. An alderman is not, ex officio, a saint; but he who trusts in God, though he starve, is yet content. That is what lies under the seeming vulgarity of Hogarth, and he was himself probably not conscious of it.

Now the question is whether you may not convey the lesson indirectly as well as directly. Hogarth thinks you can; so does Thackeray. That is to say, their genius works in that way. Because the personages in Hogarth's "Marriage" are disgusting—what then? "Behold," the pictures say, "how useless are beauty, rank, wealth, when there is nothing more!" It is not necessary that a Bishop should be perpetually moving in the perspective, nor a Dairyman's Daughter be audibly praying in the fore-ground. The scene is, apparently, one of unredeemed meanness. But the meanness is so truly drawn that the spectator shudders, and ignobility was never so ignoble to him before.

It seems as if the same thing might be said, and without any unseemly strain, of such stories as "Vanity Fair" and "Lovel the Widower." They are certainly lamentable pictures of human nature. If Life were only that, life would be hardly worth living. Exactly, and there the satirist begins. "See what it may be; what it often is. Be warned; be simple, honest, pure." That is the moral of such books and of such pictures. They do indirectly, inversely, what others do directly and positively. But certainly the artist may choose whether he will warn you or win you. For a long time it seemed to be thought essential that the hero of every novel should be brave and handsome, rich and strong and picturesque; and that the heroine should be beautiful and graceful. That fashion has gone by. Major Dobbin is very tall and very gawky; but what a man he is compared with Pelham, or Vivian Grey, or Ivanhoe!—who are not men at all, but school-girls' puppets.

The point of departure of Thackeray and Hogarth, and all the realists in Art, is dependence upon Nature. If they do not exaggerate the form or the color, nature will take care of the morality. "Lovel" is certainly a sketch, and but a sketch, of dreary characters. But is any body attracted by them? Is any body fascinated? Is vice made lovely, or meanness winning? Or, again, are life and nature degraded by such a picture? No: not if it be true, and if it be painted to warn the beholder. It is not

a great book, but it is not a bad book. It may be stupid, it may be stale, it may depict vulgar people; but, for all that—measured by the fair intention of the author, as displayed in all his works—it is not a demoralizing book.

As for "Philip," which has been laid before the readers of this Magazine regularly for a twelve-month, no one who likes the "Newcomes" but must enjoy it. True, yes, it has the old flavor. True, we seem to have seen Philip before, and the dreadful Mrs. Baynes, and the General, and the Little Sister. True, we have been invited before to the feast of folly and fashion; to the coarseness of brutal mothers-in-law; to the swagger of Irish chieftains; to the proud recklessness of youth; to the trusting, constant, loving maiden heart. All this we have seen and known; and having had it once, if it comes again we instinctively ask, "But why has an author not more variety of invention? Why does he walk us around the same old path?"

Well, well—the question is fair. But it was good before, and it is good now. The reality, the humanity of the portraits, are not less than they were. I do not hear any hiss in the tender voice that tells the tale of Charlotte's devotion to Philip—of the silent life of sacrifice of Madame Smolensk—of the hearty, impetuous youth of Philip. It is no ogre likening his chaps as he surveys succulent youth and the ripened game of age: it is a man who feels our common weakness, who knows how readily we go astray, but who draws and honors a real manliness as heartily as Walter Scott, and who recognizes the real womanliness in many a voice which speaks love in bad grammar and has no other charm than truth.

How little we know of any thing that ever happened! A man looks round upon his books, and among them the patrieans are the histories. They are the "substantial reading" so strongly commended to young minds. They are not "light," or frivolous, or distracting. To read "a course of history" is to do a very fine and meritorious work.

Yet into nothing does prejudice more deeply enter than into history: so deeply, indeed, as to affect the credibility of the story. There, upon that shelf, for instance, is Hume—with Smollett and Bisett—a goodly range of nineteen volumes. It is called a history of England. Now the history of England is the story of the long debate in Parliament, in courts, and upon the battle-field, between Prerogative and Privilege—between the power of the crown and the rights of the people. It is a bitter, impassioned quarrel. Every Englishman or British subject has a strong feeling upon the matter. He is in favor of the one side or the other. He is a Tory or a Whig. If a Tory, he sees every incident in one way, and interprets it according to his feeling. If a Whig, he does the same. Hume was a Scotch Tory, as Walter Scott was, and his Toryism makes his history almost a fable. The great Revolution is entirely misrepresented by him. Yes; and Smyth, with the other Doctors, show how unfairly he stated facts at a much earlier date than that of the Stuarts. Hume decides and delineates according to his Tory predilections. His history is a Tory history.

But here is Macaulay. His great work is also a history of England, not from the beginning, like Hume's, but practically from the Revolution of 1645. He was peculiarly versed in that period. His best essays are those that treat of it; and he lights up whatever he touches. But Macaulay was a Whig. He no more believed the word of Charles First than



the members of the Parliament he outraged believed it. The struggle, in his view, was occasioned by the invasion of privilege by prerogative, of the rights of the people by the assumptions of the king. Macanlay's history is a Whig history. Which is right—the Whig or the Tory?

Then there are the old stock histories—Robertson, Rollin, Mitford, Gillies, Ferguson—later scholarship, with sharper eyes, sees that they were sadly at fault. New documents discovered, new principles of interpretation, more resolute investigation, supersede them all. An Englishman and a Frenchman, when they were boys, chummed together at a college on the Continent. The English boy read to the other the story of the battle of Crécy, in an English book. The French boy demurred, and read in a French book his story. The boot was on the other foot. The Mexican accounts of our war there a dozen years ago are curiously different from ours. We did not march upon the city and take it. They permitted us to advance. And the Mexicans always rebel against the old Spanish histories of their country.

Nothing is more uncertain than our historical knowledge. And why should it not be so? We have lately had an illustration of the profound contemporary misunderstanding of a whole people; and if that is true of our own time, why should we suppose posterity will be any wiser? For the last six months Great Britain has insisted that we were determined to fight her, and that we should hasten to find and to use an opportunity of insulting her. Every circumstance, every word, has been misconstrued to that end; and when Captain Wilkes stopped the *Trent* and seized the rebel agents, it seems not to have occurred to any but a few in England and France that it might be only his individual act, unauthorized by his Government. Both England and France, as nations, reasoning upon the false premises of our wish to fight England, could see in the action only a premeditated insult.

But besides this curious misapprehension, the English assume and gravely state that the population of this country is a mob, and that the President is swayed by his terror of mob law. This is so exquisitely absurd that an American can only laugh. The city of New York has a population within the police limits of nearly a million, and the police numbers fifteen hundred men. For nine months a desperate war has been waged upon the Government by a faction in the country, which, in its own section, has always mobbed the citizens of other sections who held that one man had no right to enslave another, and yet, with the exception of two or three summary suppressions of newspapers in small towns, the peace of the country has never been more secure. Yet the English, who have made themselves the close friends of those among us who notoriously rule by mobs, inform themselves by their newspapers that the mob rules in this country.

The English historian of the time who should be governed by the current reports in his own country, would tell a story sadly at variance with the truth. Fancy, for instance, Archibald Alison undertaking a history of America to follow his history of Europe. What a figure the poor United States Government would cut? Or imagine the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," who now writes an occasional paper about the United States in *Blackwood*, to write a novel in which allusion should be made to our situation, and which should be appealed to by the future historian as a sketch of contemporary manners by

an impartial foreign hand—what a wonderful performance it would be? Such a person evidently knows as much of what he is talking about as a Crim-Tartar knows of California.

No; histories are as limping as the rest.

People complain that Dickens is a caricaturist. What, then, is Hume? What are the *London Times* and *Blackwood*? And we need not look so far. We have but to read our own papers upon our own men and events. We have no soldiers and no statesmen, if you believe one side; we have great generals and wise counselors, if you believe the other. What is the truth about the Missouri summer and autumn campaign? Will you have it from a friend of Frémont's, or from a friend of the regular army?

How hard it is to know the truth when we have all the documents and live among the men and events! But when a hundred years hence any man's interpretation of them must be trusted, is it not clear that we should not be too swift to believe, until we know exactly the sympathies and character of the historian?

### Our Foreign Bureau.

WE begin where we left off. Geneva was the city, and Swiss affairs the topic. Greater topics have thrown this in the shade; but still the little mountain republic has its flow and reflow of political excitements—culminating just now in the non-election of M. Fazy, a prominent Genevese politician, who for many years past has had a controlling influence in the government of the Canton. The quays, bridges, and public grounds of the city have been mostly of his design and of his urgency. The jealousies of rival politicians have thrown him out of power. In his way he was the Cavour of the Canton; and however the votes may turn, the Cavour's are never thrown out utterly.

The Dappenthal speck of war has fairly passed into the hazy atmosphere of diplomatic discussion, in which the French representative takes position as serenely as a harvest moon, and the Swiss rights twinkle like a belt of stars. It is easy to foretell which light the poor Dappenthal will live by.

A new Swiss Atlas, which has been under course of elaboration for thirty years past, under the auspices of the Federal Council, is now understood to approach completion. A report has been recently made upon the progress of the work by M. the General Dufour, from which it appears that a million of francs has been already expended, and that the task will be brought to an end in the course of 1862.

Most maps are but the measures of a country's distances, the indications of sites of towns, of bigness of rivers, of strategic capabilities. It is different with Switzerland. Even the old road-map of Keller (how much more the new minuteness of the Federal survey!) opens always on the eye like a re-reading of some grand book of poems. This little fine line, half-blurred, that skirts Vevey and Clarens (*Sentier* they mark it) and wavers past the spur of Jaman, is no mere foot-path, but a summer madrigal, full of the rarest music of brooks and a June loveliness of green. This other, that trails zigzag around *Tête Noire*, is a brave war lyric, with banners of firs and an army of angry clouds. This broader streak, that is written "Diligence road," and that gleams along the *Via Mala*, is an epic whose every Cæsarean pause we can recall among the Imperial heights; whose pages are written over



with lichens, and dashed with the blood of Alpine roses; whose resonance is in sliding mountains of snow. There are tragedies, too; as where this frailest hair line of path stretches by the Dead House of St. Bernard, where the frozen mummies stare at you, or goes glinting along the precipices of the Gemmi, where unwary travelers have fallen and dashed their lives out on the rocks below. Then Pastorals come, with sweet, far-sounding bells, goat herds, kids feeding, hay-makers, banks of green velvet, long lines of widening valley, down which you pass into the glow and gold of Italy.

On this thread of memory we march there now, and seek for news at Turin.

THE Neapolitan difficulties, whatever the optimists may say, are not yet wholly at an end. The scattered companies of brigands still drive their trade in the fastnesses of Calabria, doing murder, and making booty in the name of the good King Francis Second. Their character, and the romantic episodes of their life, are ever made the subjects of labored apology and exposition in the ultramontane journals of Paris. It is strange and monstrous to find professed Christian organs, like *La Monde*, drawing tender pictures of the homes and habits of these impracticable robbers, and commending their predatory vigor and successes as so many illustrations of Bourbon patriotism and Papal obedience.

The new Lieutenant-Governor, Della Marmora, of Crimean fame, is showing his usual energy; but the total suppression of Southern brigandage can not reasonably be looked for until the nest of reactionary conspirators is broken up and driven away from Rome. Never more than now is the government of Victor Emmanuel feeling the necessity of a central capital. The Baron Ricasoli, in a personal letter to the Pope, urges the matter more vehemently than ever; and begs the French Government, through whose officials the document passes to its destination, to add urgency to his demands upon His Holiness. Italy (in the name of Ricasoli) asks only that Rome shall decide upon the character of its own temporal authority, and engages the complete spiritual submission of a united country to the sovereignty of the Pope.

Full revenues are promised, all existing princely titles of the Church, the right to convoke religious assemblages as heretofore; and fears are hinted that except the Holy Father yield in this matter to the wishes of Italy before it be too late his ecclesiastical authority will crumble with his temporal privileges.

The whole question of Rome as capital for the new Italy rests, as heretofore, upon the presence or absence of the French army within the gates *del Popolo*. The august Hierarchy, with all its immunities, hangs trembling upon the point of Louis Napoleon's sword. If he withdraws General Goyon, he irritates a great swarm of Church declaimers at home; he offends the religious prejudices of the Empress; he alienates the Court of Madrid; he provokes the open hostility of Austria. If he holds his ground, he stimulates the Bourbonist reaction in the South; he defeats the accomplishment of national unity, and must gradually alienate all the liberal minds of Italy. He holds in his hand the power to consolidate the nationalities of the Peninsula; he holds also, to a limited degree, the larger power to break them asunder. What will he do with it?

M. Ratazzi is spoken of as a possible successor to the Baron Ricasoli at the head of Government. He is represented to be less strongly committed than

the Baron upon the Church question, and more pliant to the views of the French Emperor. He was fêted at Paris by the journalists of that city upon the same day on which a similar fête was given by the London Society of Fishmongers to the unrecognized ambassadors of certain so-called "Confederate States." And if we may trust to M. Ratazzi's after-dinner declarations on that occasion, no more uncompromising enemy to the temporal power of the Pope, and no more earnest champion for complete and entire Italian unity is to be found at Turin.

General Cialdini, one of the most accomplished officers of the Piedmontese army, has thrown up his command. Difficulties with the Cabinet are said to be the occasion. It is certain that, while in authority at Naples, he did not pay flattering respect to certain orders of the Government. On his return the King proposed to bestow upon him the highest mark of his regard, equivalent to the honor of the Garter in England. To this the Cabinet strenuously objected; but the matter coming to the knowledge of Cialdini, he showed his disaffection by resigning. The Italian army, however, can not afford to lose him; and it is believed that the King, who has a rare talent for such delicate services, may win him back to full allegiance.

Venetian affairs are in no way of improvement. The Empress of Austria, a pretty, delicate person, whose face challenges sympathy, and whose ill health commands devotion, is passing a portion of the winter in Venice, the climate of Vienna being too severe for her. The Duchesse de Berri is there too, as usual, and her stolid son, the Duke of Bordeaux. The Duke of Modena is presently to arrive with the late Duke of Tuscany, and possibly the whole of the exiled court of Naples. In a certain sense, then, Venice will be gay. The Austrian officers and the exiled families will make up a fair house for the Fenice Theatre, and a brilliant company of promenaders for the Place St. Mark. The Venetian element, however, will be wanting in what festivities crown the winter. The Governor, Toggenberg, was never more cordially detested, or the commerce of the place on a more dreary footing. Even the famous Arsenal, which was one of the show places of the city, which carried such glorious memories of Dandolo, and Pisani, and the Morosinis, has been despoiled for the equipment of a new naval dépôt at Pola, on the Dalmatian shore. The estates on the main land, which supplied a precarious revenue to many of the old titled families, have this year given neither crops nor rental. The poor harvest, being the smallest known for years, has been expropriated by the exactions of the soldiery, and even the tenantry have been stimulated to an agrarian rebellion, and pillage has been done under the flag of Austria.

We should hardly know or hear of Venice, save that in the Florentine Exhibition, which has had so large success, one or two bits of rare painting, and as rare sculpture, tell us with a tender pathos of the lingering art-inheritance at the old home of Giovanni Gentile Bellini.

WE have said nothing of that Florentine Exhibition, though it is worth its page of record—albeit, a story of the summer past.

The building is worthy of the exhibition. Passing through a court-yard, in the centre of which stands a colossal statue of the King, you pass under a noble colonnade, surmounted by a façade bearing appropriate inscriptions and allegorical bas-reliefs, and enter the body of the structure (which was, in



fact, the old railway station), you see before you a spacious hall, one hundred and seventy yards long by forty wide, divided in the centre by a row of columns, and surrounded by a wide and commodious gallery. The walls of this building are brick, but it is lighted by a glass roof—the glare from which is admirably tempered by a covering of canvas, divided in square partitions, each bearing the name and device of a province or city of Italy. In the centre of the salle, on a marble pedestal, stands a fine statue of the Florentine political economist, Sallustio Bandini. This is the only permanent ornament, all the available space being very properly reserved for the objects exhibited. From the side doors open to different committee-rooms, post and telegraph offices, the reading-room, two excellent restaurants and cafés—in one of which there are *déjeûners* and *diner à table d'hôte* at the prices respectively of two and four francs—the police-office, secretary's rooms, and, last not least, the sanitarium (hospital), to attend to which a staff of thirty doctors is appointed. From the body of the building you enter a circular space two hundred yards in diameter, which is arranged as an open-air garden, and laid out in parterres of flowers (in pots) worthy of Florence; in the centre is a hot-house for tropical, a tent for exotic, and a fountain, rockery, and reservoir for aquatic plants. The garden is surrounded by a corridor twenty yards in width, lighted by windows that form one side, and widening at the extremity into a large semicircular room, in which is the permanent orchestra of the Exhibition.

The King opened the Exhibition upon a gala Sunday of the summer, on which the beating of drums, the movement of troops, and the rattle of carriages, broke down all Puritan remembrance of the day.

We can only epitomize some of the best things. Milan bears the palm for sculpture, and Pietro Magni is chiefest.

Piedmont is feeble in its art-show; but her machinery, and show of mechanical contrivances generally, range far beyond any thing of more Southern Italy. The war material is best represented by the founders of Turin and Brescia. There is also very remarkable Turin cabinet-work of woods in mosaic, so daintily arranged as to represent the portraits of popular Italian heroes.

Florence is remarkable for its carvings and for its well-known *pietra dura*.

The Marquis Campana shows very wonderful imitations of marble and of precious stones, so perfect as to require interpretation. The Roman photography maintains its old excellence, and is perhaps the best in Europe. Porcelain from the manufactory of the Marquis Ginori is declared equal to that of Sèvres.

One of the most interesting parts of the Exhibition, and that to which the Government has extended special encouragement, is the show of cheap wares for the poor. The articles are ticketed with their prices, and can be furnished to those wishing at a dépôt near by. If cheapness makes success, then this department certainly has achieved success. What shall we say to women's shoes ticketed at 16 cents; and infants' shoes at 6 cents; boots 84 cents; and corsets 25 cents?

When the King came to open the Exhibition the émigrés of Rome and of Venice presented an address to him, with this touch of the old romantic Italy at its close: "Sire, the garlands we have woven for the virgins of Venice and of Rome are beginning to fade. We pray that you may arrive there before

they be utterly withered, and so become King of us all."

Before we leave Italy we give a paragraphist's sketch of an eminent personage now seeing carnival at Rome. We will not vouch for the truth of it. *Se non è vero è ben restito*. "Riding a few days since in the Campagna I was passed by three equestrians—two certainly men, the third a puzzle, but seeming rather of the 'epicene' or doubtful gender. It wore a yellow Zouave jacket; a black garment beyond description clothed its lower members; and on its head was jauntily stuck a Bersaglière hat, with a great plume of yellow and black feathers. It rode like a woman—that is, very fast and recklessly—to the evident terror and suffering of its two companions, who, dressed in tight suits of black, and one at least with his feet thrust into his stirrups the wrong way, were tempting Providence in a trot. A wide ditch was before them—I have seen men turn from a smaller. It, however, went straight at it, and got well over; and turning round, and taking off her hat to her 'pounded' companions, there was the beautiful face of the ex-Queen of Naples, who stopped to light her cigar, while the men went ignominiously round to the bridge."

WE are talking of peaceful themes for these times of war; yet we can easily slip to a scene of war. By the new Ancona railway (opened with a royal fête) we glide to the Adriatic, thence it needs only to cross the gulf and the southern limb of Dalmatia, and we are in the midst of the wars of Montenegro and the Herzegovine against Turkey. Success is various, but mainly falls to the share of the mountaineers, who fight among their own homes. The money and men are enlisted for the Ottoman cause, which, besides, is contending for empire that has been acknowledged in treaty and is supported by long possession. But the Montenegrins and the Herzegovines believe in the remaking of treaties, and the renaming of the boundaries of empire when treaties and boundaries are clenched with tyranny: they have the advantage of fighting upon the defensive, and the further one of possessing the sympathy of nearly every Christian nation of Europe. Austria is understood to keep a very watchful eye upon the current of this war upon her borders; and is especially anxious to convince the Slaves who live under Mussulman rule that she is their friend, and so gain merit and approval with her Slave population at home. She is needful of such sympathy. The Magyar element of Hungary was never more thoroughly alienated than now.

As for the Sultan, who is presumed to direct this war, the hopes we had in him long since "touched ground;" and if they have not "dashed themselves to pieces," it is no fault of his. The economies of his beginning have faded into wanton indulgence. The one Sultana has grown into a gay group of concubines. Mehemet Ali, an ambitious leader of affairs (his brother-in-law), assumes virtual control. The British reporters do indeed give us hopeful accounts of the status of the Ottoman court. But all other authorities, whether German, Russian, or French, look despairingly upon the current of Turkish affairs. And we make no question but that the *dictum* of the Russian Nicholas, about the sick master living at the Dardanelles, will in a few years be confirmed. Not twenty years can pass before the sick master must make his will and die. The propagand of Oslamism is as dead as the propagand of slavery; and when a nation loses the virus by



which to propagate its special and sustaining faith, it must die too: except its faith be changed.

WE shift now our view to Paris. Swift cold, and overcoats, and the rattle of ball-bound carriages tell of winter. Great quiet at court, now come back from the long vacation at Compeigne, tell of death in royal circles—a King in Portugal, a Prince Regent in England. Death too has appeared in humbler though not less illustrious circles. At the Academy of Sciences a sitting has been made sombre by the news that M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire was dead. He was born, where he died, in the midst of the wonders of the Jardin des Plantes. His father was one of the illustrations of French science, as his life and works, edited by the son, have proved. The savant who is just now lamented interested himself specially in the acclimature of new animals; and he was at the head of the society of acclimation of the Jardin des Plantes and of the Bois de Boulogne. He has been specially known latterly by his efforts to secure the somewhat inglorious conquest over the old prejudice against horse-flesh. We have alluded repeatedly in our record to his persistency in this direction; and it may be well to say that his labors were not without avail. He had the satisfaction of knowing before his death that he had contributed largely toward furnishing cheap food for the poor.

And while in the Chamber of Science, let us mention that M. Boussingault, the eminent (perhaps most eminent) agricultural chemist, has latterly contributed certain extremely interesting discoveries in regard to the transpiration of plants. It has long been known that all vegetables gave off a certain quantity of oxygen by day, and a certain quantity of carbonic acid in the dark; but M. Boussingault finds that aquatic plants especially give off in the dark an oxide of carbon which is well known as a deadly gas. The question arises, what this transpiration of vegetable growth, on great tracts of swamp land, may have to do with the miasma (so intangible hitherto to all chemical grasp) of tropical vegetation?

Sir Humphrey Davy once taking two or three inhalations of the oxide of carbon came near his death. May it not possibly be true that the "country fever" of the South, and the fever and ague of New Yorkers and New York, may be due to a conditional inhalation of the same poison?

THE French Academy (we speak now of the Academy *par excellence*, and not of the Academy of Sciences) has just lost an associate in the Père Lacordaire. We will call him a Dominican preacher; and not a stranger in Paris, at the date of 1846 or thereabout, but, if he had a mind to any sort of preaching, struggled to hear the good Father Lacordaire, in his discourses at the old church of Notre Dame. To ourselves Notre Dame has three aspects very wide apart in character, but we can hardly tell which of the three keeps strongest in mind. First, Victor Hugo has stamped its image in our thought, with his weird poem (shall we say?) of the "Hunchback." When we think of Notre Dame we think of Gringoire and Quasimodo. Next, the miracle of the architect seizes us: the wondrous towers and wondrous sculpture, the flying buttresses that flank the quay, and the flamboyant miracles of the windows enchain us. Last—but perhaps more strongly than all—we think of Notre Dame as the parish pulpit of the Dominican Lacordaire.

What a *melée* of people thronged to hear him! And what earnestness and power in the talk of him! No little proprieties of elocution, that took away the edge of his force; no daintiness of speech, that made you forget his meaning; no transparent tricks of oratory; no suavity of tone, that made you say, What voice! No elaboration of rhetoric that made you say, What artist! But complete, entire engrossment in the full-souled earnestness of the man. Those truths he uttered were the things to live by, and, if need be, die by; nothing less, nothing more. A preacher that engulfed your thought, and bore it onward in the rush of his language, and crowned it and sealed it with a prayer. If all preachers talked as Lacordaire talked, the apostles of the world would count more than twelve.

Yet they hardly do.

Jean Baptiste Lacordaire was born in the year 1802, in Burgundy. His father died while he was quite a lad, and under the guardianship of his mother he studied at Dijon. His first ambition was to qualify himself for the stage; and it is said that he enjoyed for a time the counsels and instruction of Talma. But he soon changed the drift of his labor and studied for the bar. At one time, indeed, he was a duly qualified advocate in Paris. But religious convictions came upon him in a flood, and he left the law for theological study in the school of St. Sulpice. If he had been an actor, he would have rivaled the best; if he had been a lawyer, he would have ranked with Chaix d'Est Ange. As a pulpit orator no man came near him unless, perhaps, M. Coquerel of the Oratoire.

It was in 1828 that Lacordaire first took orders as a priest. The whirl of the revolution that brought in the Orleans family to power carried Lacordaire into association with Montalembert and Lamennais, as the editors of *L'Avenir*. It was a religious journal in sympathy with the times. It raised the banner of religious as well as civil freedom. Its editors appealed to Rome for countenance. But France was in advance of the opinions of poor Gregory. The paper was too free for its day. Lamennais broke out into open revolt—revolt that drove him to socialism, and a wild, uncurbed philanthropy that ended in stark infidelity. Montalembert shivered in the wind of Papal disapproval, and ended, as we know, in eloquent support of the Church's worst abuses. Lacordaire, alone of the three, held strongly to a simple Christian faith, lamenting the illiberalities of the Church, but not believing with Lamennais that its illiberalities were reason for its annihilation; nor yet believing with Montalembert that eloquence was well spent in defense of its sophistries or its traditions. Lacordaire, wiser than either, seized hold of the kernel of truth which made the life and the germ of the Church, and about that kernel poured the irradiating store of his knowledge and his eloquence.

The Pope feared him; Montalembert distrusted him; Lamennais tried to scorn him; but good men loved him, and strong men applauded him.

WHAT the French think in respect of the *Trent* imbroglio the papers will already have told you. They do not, with rare exceptions, favor the summary action of Captain Wilkes. Continental opinions lean, as we have always leaned hitherto, toward granting the largest liberty to neutrals. And, whatever sympathies may be, the Continental nations will not live down their traditions in a day. If the American treatment of the question be upon the basis of old American claims as regards search, it



will rally every Continental cabinet to the side of the United States as against the historical pretensions of England; but it must not be forgotten that such treatment necessarily implies utter discountenance of the summary action of Captain Wilkes. In any event, the braggart speeches of judges and governors involve serious embarrassment of the question. Throughout it must be remembered that whatever we do in the present crisis toward establishing precedents in inter-naval affairs should be, so far as possible, scrupulously in agreement with the views of the Continental nations of Europe. They are far more liberal than the views of England; and we may be sure of a sympathy in the effort to curtail her pretensions, which we wantonly and madly sacrifice in going beyond even England in arrogance of claim. We shall not win the co-operation of European cabinets, or the liberal minds of Europe, by assumption of any disputed rights. All the international rights that can be made even plausible topics of dispute, it becomes our policy to yield gracefully. We are aware that there is a sturdy American pride which is disposed to ignore any European opinion whatever, and repose simply upon its own sense of right and sense of power. Our Western politicians are sadly afflicted with this pride; but after all, we are only one of a big family of nations, and have no divine right to lay down the law for the rest. We must give some recognition to the older branches of the family. Humanity is a larger word than patriotism.

We have alluded from time to time to the increasing love for country life which is manifesting itself in France. As corroborative evidence we may mention the fact that a new semi-monthly journal, *Vie à la Campagne*, has just now been instituted with such collaborateurs as Alphonse Karr, Dumas, Gautier, etc. Fishing, hunting, horse-racing, floriculture, all come within its scope.

*Apropos*, the estate of Malmaison has just passed by purchase into the possession of the Emperor, and is undergoing thorough renovation. A few facts in its history will have present interest. It was purchased by Josephine in 1798, while Napoleon Bonaparte was in Egypt, from M. Lecoulteux de Canteleu, afterward Senator, who had bought it as national property. Before the Revolution of 1789 it was one of the most agreeable residences in the environs of Paris, notwithstanding its name of Malo Mansio. Delille, in his poem of "Les Jardins," speaks of it with admiration, and he resided there when he translated the Georgics. When Josephine became Empress she enlarged the domain, and enriched it with several foreign plants of value; she also acclimatized several species of foreign birds and animals, and particularly the black swans of New Holland. The rare plants of Malmaison were painted by Redouté, and described by Bouglard. The Empress annexed to the grounds a practical school of agriculture. All these embellishments cost enormous sums. At Malmaison, under the Consulate, splendid fêtes were given, and the place was the favorite residence of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was there also that Josephine retired after her divorce, and the Emperor, who always entertained great affection for her, went there occasionally to see her. Her Majesty piously preserved his bedchamber, his study, etc., just as they were when he occupied them. On the 26th of May, 1814, the ex-Empress was visited by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who dined with her. It was after taking a walk with him in the grounds

that she fell ill, and died three days after. In 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, the Emperor Napoleon retired to Malmaison, and it was from that place that he set out for Rochefort, whence he was conveyed to St. Helena. Malmaison was sacked by the Allied troops, and many works of art were destroyed. Prince Eugène sold the lands which Josephine had annexed to the old grounds, and what remained of the works of art he had conveyed to Munich. A Swedish banker, established at Paris, purchased Malmaison in 1826; and in 1842 Queen Christina, who had been forced to leave Spain on account of political troubles, bought the place. Her Majesty resided there at different periods, but lived very retired, receiving but few visitors. A year ago, on the occasion of her last visit to Rome, the Queen resolved to sell the property. In 1850, when the Emperor was President of the Republic, some friends of the Bonaparte family formed the project of raising a national subscription to purchase the place for him, but he refused the offer. His Majesty has now, however, bought Malmaison, and annexed it, together with some plantations, to the domain of Saint Cucuphat (also a favorite place of Josephine), which belongs to the Civil List. Malmaison as an estate is not of much importance, but its historical value is unusually great. For the Emperor personally it possesses reminiscences not only of his family, but of his own infancy.

A GREAT grief has overwhelmed the Royal family of England. The kind father and devoted husband, Prince Albert, is gone suddenly in the flower of his age. It was at Windsor; but the magnificence of the home, the imperial stretch of Park-land, all royal attentions availed nothing. The Queen wept in vain—only a woman's tears; the Princess Alice lavished all the attentions of a fond daughter; but they counted no more than the attentions of other daughters when death is in presence. A king must come like the rest to his coffin.

*Mors sola fatetur quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*

The Prince was so accomplished a gentleman that the world is apt to think of him as nothing more. But the Prince was a rare musician, a facile draughtsman, a learned connoisseur in all matters of art, a shrewd "man of affairs," possessed of courage, enterprise, and energy: he was, moreover, a devoted father and husband. In any station of life he would have won success and commanded respect. A droop to the royal standard and a crape upon the arm are no measures of the nation's loss.

ABOUT England's present engrossment with the subject of the American war, we talk only in the shape of this letter from a friend:

"C— BEKES, ENGLAND.

"MY DEAR M—: We have been near to war; God only knows how near we may be to it now. You have said, I dare say, with others of your countrymen, these staid British friends of ours are surely maddened, to forget all the ties of common origin, of common interests, and those larger bonds which unite two great Christian nations in the work of civilization—to forget these, in the saucy affront put upon the captain of a mail steamer.

"But you will be surprised to learn that even our calmest men, and most liberal minded, have sided with the swift action of the Government in this matter. Even Lord Shaftesbury has excused himself from attendance upon a peace meeting at Exeter Hall, lest it might weaken faith in the integrity of the national action.

"Do you not think, candidly, that if the case had been reversed, and if, during the progress of the Russian war, I



will say, an American mail-packet had been overhauled with ball and shell, and Russian agents bound from one neutral port to another, had been seized and carried off as prisoners—do you not think that popular feeling would have reached a boiling point, and the whole country declared as one man that reparation and restitution should be made? Have you not, upon the other side of the water, inherited a prodigious share of our testy pride? Can you name an incident which has occurred in England in connection with the affair which would not have occurred, in the case I have supposed, in your own country—even to the violent talk of the Liverpool Exchange meeting? And do you think that the quick sense of offended pride belongs—of all nations—only to you? The devil has been liberal of those gifts out of which men forge curses.

"But feeling the hope, from the latest advices, that all fear of war from the *Trent* seizure has gone by, let me talk in the tone of one whom you know to be calm, and who deprecates international war, about the estrangement of feeling (more threatening in its ulterior issues than the *Trent* affair) which has latterly grown fast between England and America.

"Why is it, and how is it?

"You object seriously, if one may judge from the tone of the late admirable letter of General Scott, that we have recognized a minority of your countrymen as belligerents. But neutrality supposes belligerents, and without neutrality we must side openly with one party or the other. There is no such thing as neutrality between piracy and a nation with whom we are on terms of amity. But if we side with the North definitely, we must count every Southern vessel piratical. We are not prepared to do this. If Scotland or Ireland were to break out in open revolt, I doubt very much (whatever you might think of the bases of the quarrel) if you would be willing to treat every Irish or Scotch skipper as a pirate.

"Neutrality, as I said, implies recognition of two belligerent parties; and do you object to our neutrality? Why meddle with quarrels among our neighbors? You would have thought it impertinent to meddle with any of those quarrels of yours which have been determined by ballots; why meddle with those other quarrels which are brought to the decision of the bayonet?

"Socially and commercially we have been brought into intimate association with both Northerners and Southerners. We hear men, whom we have learned to respect for their probity of character, declare stoutly for the Calhoun doctrine of 'right of secession'; we hear men, whom we respect as much, denounce this view as monstrous and devilish. It seems to us purely an American question, for Americans to settle. Therefore we stand on our neutrality.

"Of course we have our private opinions about Mr. Davis and Mr. Lincoln—about slavery and freedom—about *habeas corpus* and martial law—about piracy and privateering; and our journals have the confirmed habit (common to American journals) of saying what they choose.

"There can be no question that the private opinion in England of those best qualified to judge has been largely in favor of your (Northern) view of the legal points at issue. There can be no question, furthermore, that nine out of ten in England are steadfastly opposed to slavery.

"But you must remember, on the other hand, that we are just now suffering grievously in all our manufacturing interests by reason of your blockade. Remember, too, in explanation of much of the sympathy you see declared, that, looking from over seas, we clearly perceive that those friends of ours who occupy the Northern half of the house are far the stronger. We see clearly that your immediate friends are in no peril; that your homes are not threatened with devastation; that the South is by no possibility equal to any large offensive demonstrations within your borders. Therefore our sympathies are not quick for you and yours. We can not enter into your feeling for your flag, which has been dishonored. Our sympathies are personal. We perceive that those whom we have known and loved at the South are in danger—danger from a possibly riotous soldiery, danger from a maddened herd of insurrectionists.

Why should we not tremble for them, and express interest?

"Why not recognize them, you say, and, to a certain extent, relieve them from peril? But recognition is a question of state polity, which our private sympathies must not decide. We recognize the Russian clutch on Poland, but we abhor the necessity. We recognize the Austrian right to Venice, but we will rejoice if Venice works out her freedom.

"Then, again, our sympathies on this Southern American question are not full and integral in their bearing.

"We, who tremble for Southern friends, and who wish them well, and who would welcome them to these British homes of ours, *do not love slavery*. We never loved it; we have proved it over and over—proved it by money sacrificed—proved it by our best heart's-blood. We do not—can not believe in the permanence of any government which makes slavery its corner-stone.

"This stumbling-block makes hesitancy even in our sympathies. Aside from this, I do believe that the Southern Confederacy would have been recognized even at the peril of war. I do not decide the question as to whether we would have acted in good faith in so doing. I only say that our sympathies, and inclinations, and (as most Englishmen count them) our interests would have led us to such a course.

"In any event, God grant there be no war between us two.  
Very truly yours, etc."

In these times it is well for us to consider every phase of British feeling.

### Editor's Drawer.

A CLEVER writer, to whom we have been indebted for many things wise and otherwise, has told us that to be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a wonderful development, and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible. Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their vigor and put forth their virtues.

So with the country when the trial of war comes. It makes or unmakes. If it does not ruin, it will exalt and glorify.

Lundy Foot, a celebrated snuff-manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacco-shop in Limerick, in Ireland. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burned to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of his poor neighbors, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed but half-baked snuff, which they tried and found so grateful to their noses that they filled their pockets with the spoil. The poor owner, seeing what was going on, took a pinch himself, and at once perceived the superiority of the flavor acquired by the great heat to which the snuff had been exposed. Acting on the hint, or scenting his game and being up to snuff, he took another house in a place called Black Yard, and building a large oven for the purpose, he prepared the high-dried snuff which was soon widely known as Black-Yard snuff, and that term was corrupted into Blackguard, which has become a familiar but low word. Lundy Foot, taking the public by the nose and tickling it to their liking, became famous in Dublin, and ultimately made a handsome fortune by being ruined.

The Drawer tells this story for the comfort of those nervous people who think the country is to be ruined by the war. France has been ruined several times, and England several times, and we were



ruined, as the nervous people said, by the war of 1812-'14; but somehow we and they managed to find among the smouldering ruins of our poor country something to start business with again, and here we are at it again, and likely to be.

#### THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Here is a transcript of the missing leaf. If the original went out of the window, I hope the compositor did not obey the regular direction to "follow copy." If printers followed this direction exactly, there is not one man in ten who writes for the press who would not be ashamed of his article, and wish the copy had gone out of the window, followed by the too obedient compositor. Public speakers owe more to reporters and printers than they are willing to own. If their speeches were reported and printed just as they were delivered they would, in nine cases out of ten, be sad bosh; but when put into shape they look the very embodiment of wisdom and patriotism. My old friend Ross Browne—no relation to the cockney Brown, once of the *Journal of Commerce*, and at the same time an employé in the New York Custom-house, with no duties but to draw his salary, and now, as the papers say, high in station in the Southern Confederacy—much good may they have of the fellow, of whom, if I have space, I will tell you a good story:—but I was speaking of quite another man—J. Ross Browne, the author of "Crisoe Life" and the "Washoe Papers," published in your Magazine, and of that capital book "Yusef"—after "Eothen" the best book of Eastern travel published. Browne is now in Europe. I had, the other day, a characteristic letter from him of twenty pages, and a postscript of eight more, illustrated with the funniest sketches scrawled in the margin, giving an account of a trip in Norway. If he would write out an account of this trip for you, it would be one of the best papers you have ever published. But, as I was saying, Ross Browne once told me a capital story of the way in which he reported the proceedings of the California Constitutional Convention, which shows how much politicians and speakers owe to reporters and printers for their reputation.

But I have not time to write out this story now; at least not till I have replaced the lost leaf of my last notelet, which told what Professor Bush said about Dr. Cox, and gave the conundrum about the "First Record of Corporal Punishment." To begin where you broke off:

At a "Ministers' Meeting" just after the great meteoric shower, the question came up as to its cause. One suggested one thing, and another something different. At last Professor Bush said that he could not imagine how so many bright things could be flashing around, unless it had happened that *Dr. Cox's brain had broken loose*.

I accept, my dear Editor, your reprimand for the long time that it has taken me to get to this *mot*. It was very courteously worded, though not quite so polite as a reprimand administered to my old college chum, Jefferson Smith.

Jeff had been guilty of a breach of college discipline, and was sentenced to receive a public reprimand. To make this the more severely felt, it was to be administered by Monsieur Laroche, our "Professor of Modern Languages," with whose daughter Pauline every student in general, and Jeff in particular, was known to be madly in love.

Morning prayers over, Monsieur Laroche said, "Zhentcelmen, you will remain a moment. Mees-

tare Smees—Meestare Zheffairsone Smees—will please to arise."

Up rose Jeff, looking very penitential.

"Meestare Smees," began the Professor, severely, "you have been arraigned before ze Faculté wiz to commit a great impropriety: wiz to put ze—ze—*goudron*—how call you it in Anglaise, Meestare Smees, if you please?"

"Tar," interpreted Jeff.

"Yees, tar-r: thank you, Meestare Smees:—wiz ze great impropriety of to put ze tar-r upon ze—ze—*corde de cloche*—how is zat in Anglaise, Meestare Smees, if you please?"

"Bell-rope, Sir," again interpreted Jeff.

"Yees, bell-rope: thank you, Meestare Smees:—wiz ze great impropriety of to put ze tar-r on ze bell-r-rope. Ze Faculté did find you guilty; and you did make *aveu*—how is zat in Anglaise, Meestare Smees, if you please?"

"Own the corn," interpreted Jeff, gravely.

"Yees, own ze corn: thank you much, Meestare Smees:—wiz ze great impropriety of to put ze tar-r upon ze bell-r-rope, and you did own ze corn. Zat was very honorable in you, Meestare Smees, and does you great credit. But ze Faculté did sentence you to be reprimanded, and did appoint me you to reprimand.—Meestare Smees, will you have the kindness to considare yourself reprimanded? And, my dear Sir, will you come to us zis evening? Me and Madame, and Mademoiselle Pauline will be happy you to see."

Jeff went to Monsieur Laroche's that evening, and came back jubilant. He soon told me the reason. He had proposed to Pauline Laroche, who had dutifully referred him to her papa. The Professor had cordially given his consent; and Pauline Laroche is now Mrs. Jefferson Smith.

That was a polite reprimand. But I could never excuse Jeff for causing Monsieur Laroche to use the colloquial phrase "own the corn" instead of the more dignified "confess." These colloquial phrases usually have some odd origin, and a funny book might be written explaining them. If I have space in this note I will tell you the origin of this phrase, "own the corn."

Those who learn our language by Grammar and Dictionary often make curious blunders, by using vulgar colloquial phrases instead of recognized forms. We have all heard of the Frenchman who consoled with the newly-made widow because her husband had "kicked the bucket." An excellent French clergyman who a year or two ago visited this country, where he was cordially welcomed, made an error of like nature. A farewell meeting was held, at the close of which he spoke in feeling terms of the kindness which had been shown him. "I go to my own country," he said; "but I shall never forget you, my friends in America. May the Lord be gracious to you and peckle you!" The Dictionary gave him "pickle" and "preserve" as synonyms; and he unluckily chose the former term. Of course we make similar blunders in speaking French. At least one of our American clergymen once did, when speaking in Paris in behalf of a Bible Society. He exhorted his hearers to contribute liberally to send *l'eau de vie* to the heathen who were thirsting for it. Probably whisky or any other kind of fire-water would have been quite as acceptable to them as the "Water of Life" which the speaker intended, or the costly liquid which he actually designated.

It is quite natural that one who tries to converse in a language not his own should always be recog-



nized as a foreigner. But it seems strange that one can in this country always recognize an Englishman, by something in his phrases or pronunciation, even though he does not belong to the class who take such liberties with the unfortunate letter *h*. I suppose an American is equally recognizable in England. "The Howadji," who, I believe, sometimes contributes to your pages, tells a couple of good stories upon himself, which illustrate this:

After the completion of his Eastern tour he went to London. He entered a shop to procure an article to cover his head. The purchase having been made the shopman remarked:

"Beg pard'n, S'r: an Hamerican gent, I hobserve; been in Hingland long?"

"Why do you take me for an American?" asked the Howadji, who rather prided himself upon being a cosmopolitan.

"Yes's'r, beg pard'n, S'r; I hobserve that you said a *Hat*; beg pard'n, S'r, but in Lunnon we commonly say *han At*."

His speech bewrayed the American; but he thought himself safe from detection when, the day after, he visited Moscs's famous clothing mart, wearing the "tile" which he had purchased; for surely nobody but an Englishman would wear one of the shocking fabrications of the London hatters; the Duke of Newcastle's was not worse when he acted as mentor to the Prince of Wales on his American tour. In fact, the Howadji thought he might pass for the heir of a dukedom. At the entrance of the immense room, crowded with customers, he intimated to a "floor walker" of the Hebrew persuasion, attired most gorgeously to behold, that he wished that article of attire usually worn between the shirt and the coat, designating it by its this-side-of-the-Atlantic name of "vest."

"'Ere, 'Ennery!" shouted the walker at the top of his voice to a shopman at the extremity of the room, "show this Hamerican gent the *flowery veskits*!"

One word had betrayed him as an American; and the Hebrew, believing that all Americans were savages, and knowing that savages were fond of gay garments, jumped to the conclusion that "flowery veskits" must be adapted to the taste of his presumably savage customer.

Speaking of Americans in London reminds me of a capital story of how a Massachusetts clergyman, who has since been a Member of Congress, got admission to the House of Lords. If I have a corner left on this sheet I will write it out; but I must first give you another anecdote of the Howadji. I doubt if he tells this himself; but it is true, nevertheless. He is, as you know, a favorite lecturer, and was to deliver the concluding lecture of the season in a thriving New England town. The Chairman of the Committee introduced the speaker to his audience thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—This is the concluding lecture of the course. The Committee regret that, owing to the late period when the organization was formed, they have not been able to secure the services of any good lecturers. The closing lecture of the course will now be delivered by George William Curtis, Esq., whom I now introduce to you. Next year we hope to present to you better lecturers."

Speaking of lecturers, what a collection of anecdotes might be made up from their experiences! The Rev. Dr. Chapin is, upon the platform, very ornate in style and animated in delivery. After one of his brilliant bursts, the audience broke out

into loud applause. Silence was restored, and the speaker was on the point of proceeding, when a vinegar-faced dame just in front rose and said, loud enough for all to hear,

"I'm a-goin'. I didn't give my money to come to a theayter."

Quite different was a criticism upon the Rev. Dr. Storrs, who is very elegant in diction and quiet in manner.

"The Doctor may be a very larned man," said one dame to another: "I dare say he is; but he don't tear 'round enough to suit me."

Of orators, whether on the platform or in the pulpit, few can compare with the Rev. Dr. Bethune. Indeed, if I were to indicate the one most eloquent discourse which I have ever heard, I should name a sermon by Dr. Bethune some fifteen years ago in behalf of a society for the Aid of Widows. My own available funds at that time amounted to just two quarters and a dime, and I had no immediate prospect of any augmentation. I had made up my mind to contribute the dime; and as this was more than "a tithe of all I possessed," I thought this was quite sufficient. But I was so moved by the sermon that when the plate came round both quarters and the dime went in. I have always thought that the Doctor fairly owes me fifty cents, with interest from that date. What right had he so to work upon my feelings? While the Doctor was preaching in Brooklyn he received an invitation to the Collegiate Church in New York. "He won't go!" exclaimed one of the Doctor's admirers, who uses language more forcible than elegant; "he told 'em when they asked him that he wouldn't go; he said he'd see 'em in hell first, the whole pot and bilin' of 'em!"

It is needless to say that the Doctor's reply was altogether different both in substance and form from that imputed to him by his rough-spoken admirer, whose dialect resembles too much that of "our army in Flanders." Much more commendable is the scrupulousness of Deacon Spooner, of Brandon, in Vermont, my own birth-place, and that of the lamented Stephen A. Douglas. The last time I saw Douglas was at the great meeting in Jones's Woods, near New York, where he made one of his best speeches. He was followed, I remember, by Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky, who made an admirable address, replete with the soundest Union sentiments. Who would believe that in a few months this man would have been imprisoned on a charge of treason against the Union! But Douglas would never have been found in the ranks of the traitors. If ever man was heart, soul, and brain devoted to his country, he was. Some months before, both happening to be in New York, he had invited me to breakfast with him at his hotel. That breakfast lasted six hours. Douglas unfolded to me his views on the great political questions of the day. They were in effect the same which were embodied in his paper on "Popular Sovereignty"—the ablest State paper of the last thirty years—soon after published in your Magazine. He said that he believed it was his mission to settle forever the question of slavery, and that— But I can not here speak fittingly of that great man, the loss of whom was to us greater than that of a pitched battle. I must finish what I was saying about the scrupulousness of our townsman, Deacon Spooner.

Many years ago a church was being built in Brandon, and the Deacon was employed to do some part of the work—building the pulpit, if I remember. He wanted a hundred and fifty dollars, while the committee wished it done for a hundred. At



last it was settled between him and the Chairman, a shrewd lawyer, and something of a wag, that a hundred dollars should be the price; but if, on the completion of the job, the Deacon said that he had had "an all-fired hard bargain," he should be paid twenty-five dollars more.

The good Deacon found that he had lost by the job, and claimed the additional five-and-twenty dollars.

"Well, Deacon," asked the lawyer, "can you honestly say you have had an all-fired hard bargain?"

"Yes; I have had an awful hard bargain."

"But can you say you have had an all-fired hard bargain?"

"Yes; it was a *tremendous* hard bargain."

"But that is not according to agreement. Will you say you have had an *all-fired* hard bargain?"

"No, Square; I can't say that. That would be swearin'; and I won't swear for any money; but it was a *most outrageous* hard bargain."

"Then I don't see, Deacon Spooner, how we can, under the agreement, pay you the twenty-five dollars."

The Deacon left, preferring to lose the money rather than violate his conscience by saying "all-fired." But the upshot was, that, after the lawyer had enjoyed the telling of the joke for a few days, he paid the sum. So the good Deacon saved his conscience, and did not lose the money.

But I must break off at once. The mail leaves here, you know, only once a week, and it is just starting. I have not time to read over what I have written; but I believe I have kept my promise, and given you Professor Bush's *mot*, and the Conundrum on the "First Record of Corporal Punishment." If I have not, just drop me a line, and I will do so by next mail.

I am, in haste, truly yours,

H.

WE seldom hear from the "Confederates" about these times, but here are a couple of good ones:

"Some years ago, before the march of intellect had progressed so materially as to penetrate into the pine-barren region known as the Tar River country of North Carolina, a knight of the ferule from way down East (for Yankee teachers were not then contraband), who had quite a good school of urchins, was called on by a wealthy but rather illiterate planter of that vicinity, for the purpose of entering his 'hopeful seion' as a scholar. In the course of the conversation the pedagogue asked 'what branches' he wished his son to be put in. The response to this necessary inquiry was eminently characteristic of the planter, and showed that he had the interest of his son at heart.

"'Wa'al now, it don't make much difference what 'branches' you put Jake in; but for Merey's sake, mister, don't put him in Tar River, for he can't swim a lick!"

"Down South they call a creek or brook a *branch* or *run*."

"In a school way down in Dixie, whose teacher rather prided himself upon his skill in imparting to his pupils a correct knowledge of spelling, upon a certain examination-day, when the trustees and parents were in attendance upon the exercises, the whole school was put through a course of spelling. The word *Aaron* was given out by a visitor. After numerous comical attempts at it, it was correctly rendered by a little girl, who blated out:

"'Big A little a r-o-n—Aaron.'"

"In the course of a few moments all went gayly as a marriage-bell, every word being spelled correctly. At last some one gave out the word *Gallery*. This was rather a 'poser,' being out of the regular track of words spelled in the classes. Many unsuccessful attempts having been made, by-and-by a rough urchin, whose eyes fairly twinkled with the unexpected triumph, spoke out in clear, ringing accents, mindful of the previous victor:

"'Big Gal little gal e-r-y—Gallery!"

"It is needless to say that that effort closed the exercises in spelling, and literally brought down the house."

A BRAVE volunteer is introduced by the following letter from Philadelphia:

"Rev. Mr. —, a man about six feet four in his stockings, and of proportions worthy a grenadier, and whose heart is stout as his frame, a thorough Union man, and in for the war until all treason is thoroughly crushed out, was recently conducting a religious conference meeting, when a brother arose to speak, who, after alluding to his hopes and fears in a religious point of view, branched out in reference to the state of the country, saying that so great was his devotion to the Stars and Stripes that he had enlisted; and after a few further patriotic remarks, begged an interest in the prayers of the church, that he might be protected by Divine Providence on the battle-field, and that should he fall a victim to the bullets of the enemy he might be prepared for the change.

"Such a speech at any time would thrill with patriotic fervor the brave heart of our worthy minister, and he consequently spoke a few words of encouragement to the hero. When the wife of the enlisting brother volunteered her experience, in the course of which, alluding to her husband's enlistment, she expressed a willingness to give him up, even unto death, in the service of his country.

"In a few moments after the meeting came to an end, when the minister, all anxiety for the welfare of the patriot volunteer, proceeded to make some inquiries in reference to his regiment, commencing with the very natural question as to its name and number, when he received the startling reply,

"'I've joined the *Home Guard*!'"

WE cheerfully comply with the request of our Canadian correspondent to publish the following story, giving printers and proof-readers special charge to "follow copy."

#### A sketch in Canada West

In the winter of 1859 three men left The village of Consecors and bent their Course to a place among the hills known As tongamougue a place where game of All kinds abounded the first days travel Brout them to a place called marmaria And about twelve miles from there is a Small Log inn kep by one wells where We stop to git some refreshment he ware A great lover of whisky fear of wolves And indians this is description enough For the present— Calling at his inn We concluded to have an in side warmer We ask them if tha had eny Brandy and Tha sead No tha sead that tha had nothing But Whisky and our pilot walter Davies sead Let us have some ont we each took a Good whisky blazer and started with the Intention of reaching our camping ground That nite but nite fall came upon us Befor we reach it we came to an old Indian hut and J H Barrenger proPosed to stop there that nite we bilt Up a fire and prepared Super and sat About the fire injoying our selves Sudently we ware a roused By a Tremendious howling and clark being Unacquainted with such



terrifying howls He rose upon his feet and Loock over our Little hut and exclaimed Lord our Heavenly father we will be eat up as shure as the Devil And Davies sead take down your head or by the Holy ste Kevin them tanel varments will Scalp You just as shure as you live I dont Like this place that you and Barrenger has got me into oh if I could Onley see my wif once more befor I die oh my Lord And in an instant Barrenger mounted the hut And Exclaimed daveis follow me no suner Sead then don we both Levelled our rifles and Fired and two of the black cuses fell with Savage growls and while we ware engaged in So doing Clark ware down in the hut a praying For his Lord to deliver him from His enemies says Barrenger you fool Your gun is more service to you then your Praying just now but still he cep on praying for mercy on a poor sinner seventy Miles from home and Eighty miles from eny place And oh Lord what will i do to be saved from the Teeth of thes varments we remained In that position till the brake of day and then The tanel warments disappeared from our site Among the hills in the forest and wen we went Out in the morning we found five dead and Two wounded unable to follow the rest of the Wolves and wen we told Clark that tha ware Gon he shouted for joy that his good Lord had cep Him through that pillowless nite we prepared our breakfast and eat it and then started For our camping ground which ware about Twelve miles further in the forest we reached Our camping place about three o'clock that day And as it ware to Late to hunt eny that arter noon We built up a fire and prepared super and sat About enjoying our selves and Barrenger proposed That daveis should sing a song to our merement And then retire to our Bed and being fatigued and Wanting of sleep we heard nothing that nite no Doupt it was owing to our sleeping so sound Early next morning we aros and clark prepared our breakfast and wen we had eat our breakfast We sat off togather to hunt and wen we Ware out of site of the camp Davies proposed that we should separte now Barrenger sead Davies you go this way and Clark you go right up this this holler and about a quarter of a mile there is a small stream running Where deere often goes to drink and no doupt you will see some on em then we each Took our way and about ten minutes After we heard the sharp report of clark Rife and daveis noing that he ware a Stranger in the forest he made amediate Hast towards him and wen within about one hundred yards of him he stop seaing that He had shot a larg Buck the Ball went in one eye and out of the other which made him Unable to sca Clark droped his rifle and Being a very powerful man he sprang and Caught the Buck by his large antlers and Was about to plung his durk knife in his Throught wen the buck made a dash at him and threw him beneath his feet and clark Being spry and active he Recovered his feet Again and with a strong and determined hand still hung on his heavy antlers and in the struggle he Misfortunatly Lost his knife and still he hung on For Life and death and in struglin around he recovered His knife again and triping him with a sudent Jurk he feach him to the ground and in a moment He Conquered his enemy and Davies stood with the Intention of going to his assistance if it ware required As Clark being a very strong and powerful man that no help ware neaded and we had No more truble after that we shot ten deer But always made shure pop we remained In the forest four days and then made our Way for home.

"I HAVE a little five-year old girl, who said something decidedly smart a short time ago; it is this: One evening I had been singing to her some snatches from negro songs for her amusement, among the rest I sang, from Bowery Girls:

"I danced with a girl with a hole in her stocking,  
With a hole in her stocking,  
The prettiest girl in the room."

"The next evening, as she was undressing for bed, I heard her call out to her older sister: 'Annie,

Annie! I am the prettiest girl in the room—I have got a hole in my stocking!' A logical conclusion."

SOUTH CAROLINA has some smart boys. A lady in Charleston writes to the Drawer, and says:

"Charlie was not forthcoming at the breakfast hour. His parents, missing the little fellow at their social meal, inquired of the servants if he had been seen since the dressing-bell had been rung.

"'Yes, Sir—yes, ma'am,' said Pete; 'he riz very early; and he told me if he was axed for to say that he musn't be expected to breakfast, 'cause he had a 'pointment to fight another boy!'"

A CALIFORNIAN writes:

"Some cute things occasionally happen here. Every Californian is aware that our State Government levies a direct monthly tax on all foreign miners working in our gold mines, which gives employment to numerous collectors. The Chinese swarm throughout the mines in nearly all the cañons and ravines of the State. They are notorious for skulking into the mountains and chaparral while the collector is making his rounds. They can only be taken by stratagem or surprise, so anxious are they to shirk their taxes. Some three years since, on one of the tributaries of Feather River, the Chinamen got wind of the near approach of the *tax man* (as they call him), and a stampede immediately ensued. A shrewd (but untutored) digger Indian happening to be on the ground, and being acquainted with some of the head Celestials, proposed to show them a cave where they could hide secure from the search of the tax man, provided they would pay him five dollars. The offer was immediately accepted. The Indian showed them all into the cave, and received his five dollars. 'Now,' says the Indian, 'me go watch the tax man; when he gone me come tell you.' The shrewd rascal immediately came down, found the collector, and proposed, for the sum of five dollars, to show him where there were one hundred Chinamen safely coralled. The bargain was closed. The collector was shown to the mouth of the cave, and the Indian received his cash. The poor Chinamen found that they had been betrayed, and submitted with good grace to pay an exit fee of four dollars each, and receive their tax receipts for one month."

A COUPLE of Long Island stories come to the Drawer from Lynn, Massachusetts:

Forty years ago there lived in the village of Sag Harbor an aged couple, who had a son, Sam. Sam was a trifle underwitted originally, and a good deal demented latterly, and had come to be a burden to his parents. The mother was very deaf, and when "Father" came into the house one morning early, and announced that the *old cow* was dead, she didn't hear correctly. "Dead!—poor Sam! Well, he's better off, I dare say!" "The old cow, mother! the old cow!"—in a louder tone. "Poor Sam! Well, we must be reconciled, father!" "I say, mother [at the top of his voice], *the old cow is dead?*" "The old cow dead! Good Lord! what are we going to do?"

IN the same town there lived an old farmer, known for twenty miles around by the title of Uncle Josh, who was noted for adding to all his important observations—"to all intents and purposes." He owned an old black horse, whose style it was to be very steady ordinarily, but on one occasion, when



about a mile from home, with Uncle Josh on his back, he took a notion to run away. Uncle Josh was terribly frightened, and as he went through the village Jehu-like, he was yelling all the way, "Gone, gone, gone! to all intents and purposes!" The villagers ran out of their houses to see what the uproar meant, and all heard the same exclamation, "Gone, gone, gone! to all intents and purposes!" At length the old horse arrived home, and stopping suddenly at the gate, sent his master over his head half a rod into the front yard. As Uncle Josh landed on his back he groaned out, loud enough to be heard by several neighbors, "*Dead! dead! to all intents and purposes!*"

"In Natick, Massachusetts," says a new correspondent, "we have a witty and clever manufacturer, whose business often takes him into the country some twenty or thirty miles, and he always stops out there at Thompson's tavern to get his dinner. Now our Natick man, Copeland, is a great eater, and Thompson keeps a nice country tavern, and charges a quarter for dinner. But Copeland put away under his vest so many chickens and fixings that after a while Thompson got seared, and spoke to him about it. 'You see,' said he, when Copeland came to pay for his dinner, 'you see my regular charge is only a quarter; but you eat more than any two or three men I ever saw, and I think I must have about fifty cents from you to make it right.'

"Copeland took it quietly, paid the money, and said: 'Yes, I know I eat a good deal; but the fact is, I have to put myself on a low diet two or three days before I come here, where I have to eat your miserable stuff.'

"They were about square then, and Thompson never charged him but a quarter after that."

AN old correspondent from Texas sends us another specimen of legal proceedings in that State:

A couple of years ago, he says, I attended the Fall term of the District Court in one of the extreme frontier counties in this State. After the Court had been organized, and some civil suits disposed of, the Criminal Docket was taken up. The first case was that of "*The State of Texas versus Jonathan Bowers.*" The defendant was one of those backwoods-men who always live on the frontier, no matter how rapidly it may advance. He had set up a "grocery" without troubling the County Court for a license.

Now the law makes it a penal offense to sell "intoxicating liquors in quantities less than one quart" without a license. Jonathan was accordingly indicted for "selling one pint of intoxicating liquor," against the peace and dignity of the State," and he employed Colonel N—— to defend him. The counsel moved to quash the indictment on the ground that "the Court did not *judicially* know that one pint was less than one quart." The Judge, after deep deliberation, was proceeding to sustain the motion, and quash the indictment, when he was interrupted by the District Attorney:

"If your Honor pleases, allow me to make a suggestion. The 'Standard of Weights and Measures' is adopted by *law*; and therefore your Honor does know *judicially* that one pint is less than one quart."

"That is so," decided the Judge, after due deliberation. "The indictment is good."

"Will your Honor hold one moment," said the defendant's counsel. "The indictment is bad in another point. My client is charged with selling one pint of *intoxicating* liquor. Now, I submit,

your Honor can not know *judicially* that the liquor was *intoxicating*. And on this ground I move that the indictment be quashed."

This seemed to the Judge to be unanswerable; the indictment was quashed, and Jonathan was turned loose, to his great joy. The Court having been adjourned, he approached his counsel:

"Look hyar, Colonel, you're the smartest man in Ameriky!"

"I don't know about that, Jonathan. How do you make it out?"

"Yes, you are, Colonel. I've traveled all the way from the Alabam, and here's the fust place I've seed where it's 'sputed that a pint isn't less nor a quart. Darn me, I wouldn't a thort you could make the Judge b'leve it warn't. And look hyar, Colonel, what does *toxicatin* mean?"

"It means any thing that will make a person drunk."

"I thort so. Well, darn that fool of a Judge; if he'd only take a pint of my red-eye he'd find out if 'twas toxicatin. I ain't mean enough to put so much water in my lieker that a feller can't get drunk on't!"

JOSEPH MILLER mentions an Irishman who enlisted in the Seventy-Fifth Regiment so as to be near his brother, who was in the Seventy-Fourth.

BROWN was speaking of Joe H—— to a friend one day, and said of him, "Joe is a first-rate fellow, but it must be confessed he has his failings. I am sorry it is so, but I can not tell a lie for any man. I love Joe, but I love truth more."

"My dear Brown," said Joe, who overheard the remark, "I never thought you would prefer a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance."

TAKING up a new dictionary the other day, we were amused at the disposition made of a word very easily defined: "*LOVER, see LUNATIC.*"

As long ago as when King Solomon lived, or David, we forget which, there were men who darkened counsel by words without knowledge. And ever since there have been men who make a simple thing unintelligible by trying to define it. Like the Rev. Dr. Stratton, who was addressing a school, and said he would give them a summary of the subject they had been studying. The teacher asked him to explain the word *summary* to the children; whereupon he said: "I will explain to you, my dear children, what is meant by *summary*—it is an *abbreviated synopsis* of any thing."

THE great Dr. Johnson, who made *the* dictionary, was great for great words. One day Boswell was saying that it was no easy matter to write a fable, and make every animal talk in character. Johnson challenged the truth of the remark, and said it was just as easy as to write any thing else. Boswell instanced the fable of the little fishes who saw birds fly over their heads, and said "the skill consisted in making them talk like little fishes, but if Dr. Johnson were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales!"

NOAH WEBSTER was a great dictionary-maker, and a fine specimen of his aptness in using hard words to expound easy ones has been often cited: "A BOIL," he says, "is a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, characterized by a pointed pustule."



lar tumor, and suppurating with a central core; a perunctus."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH was an eminent lawyer and judge; but a man of gigantic mind, accustomed to deal with the greatest subjects, and incapable of reducing his visual focus. "If he had to write on pepper," said Sydney Smith, "he would say, 'Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit, an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition, and by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man.'"

WHERE words are of doubtful meaning, some pains must be taken to set forth the different senses in which they may be employed. The Bishop of Oxford ought to have sent a dictionary with his circular when he asked the church-wardens, "Does the conversation and the earriage of your minister become the gospel?" For one of the wardens replied, "I have not recently had any conversation with him, and he does not keep a carriage."

NOT very far from Central New Jersey lived two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Tom Hall. Both were fond of dropping in at Mr. Smith's of an evening and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening when Brown and Miss Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, and with his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave your father and mother, your pleasant home here, with all its ease and comforts, and go to the Far West with a young lawyer, who has but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him find out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she answered, "I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, in a changed tone, and straightening himself up, "there's Tom Hall is going West, and wants to get a wife. I'll just mention it to him."

THIS is a good article: just try it. A Philadelphia brother writes to us, and says, in his friendly letter:

"As you seem not inclined to refuse a joke where the brethren are concerned, I have felt moved to communicate an occurrence which took place not long since in one of our Methodist churches in this city.

"The question on the tapis, at a business meeting of some of the official members of the church, was to find a suitable man to fill a vacancy in the Board of Trustees. A gentleman in business as a wholesale grocer was named by a member present as a very suitable man for the place; but his nomination was vehemently opposed by another brother, who was very zealous in the temperance cause, on the ground that in the way of his business he sold liquor. And appealing to Brother A——, one of the oldest members present, who, from his solid and clerical look, was called 'the Bishop,' he said, 'What do you say, Brother A——?'

"Ah!" said Brother A——, looking very grave,

drawing up his cane with a view to emphasize and give point to what he had to say, 'that is not the worst of it' [solemn shake of the head], 'that is not the worst of it!'

"Why, Brother A——," said the others, crowding round and looking for some astounding developments, 'what else is there?'

"Why," said Brother A——, bringing down his cane with a rap, 'he don't keep a good article—I've tried it!'

WE are indebted to a new contributor for a new and admirable anecdote of the great Daniel, which was related to him by the distinguished statesman himself:

Some twenty years ago, or thereabouts, Daniel Webster, who was an expert in the piscatory art, sauntered forth of a morning toward a creek, not far distant from his house, where he expected to find a boat, in which he intended to cross to the opposite bank, and from thence he was to set out with his lines in quest of trout. As he reached the creek he perceived that the boat was missing. While hesitating whether to stay where he was or to wade, he discovered an old man seated on the bank looking very disconsolate, and who questioned him as to the possible means of reaching the other side without a boat.

"Do as I do, old man," said Daniel.

"How is that?" queried the aged gentleman.

"Take off your boots and wade; I am going to do so." And suiting the action to the word, he at once set about taking off his boots.

"But I can not wade," continued, in a doleful tone, the old man; "I am too old."

"Well, then, my boy!"—cheerily responded Mr. Webster—"Well, then, jump upon my back, and I will carry you over."

The old man's face brightened, and he at once assented to being carried "a pie-a-back." When they arrived safely at the opposite bank, he said to his obliging friend,

"Well, when I get home, I shall have it to tell how a fine Boston gentleman carried me over a creek on his back. I declare I think it's good enough to tell to Daniel Webster himself."

"Then tell it to me, my good man."

#### TO THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

On! holy Mother, mild!  
Calm Virgin, bending o'er thy sinless one—  
The pure, the undefiled—  
God's stainless Son!

Sweet Mary! pardon me  
That, while in worship here I seem to pray  
On lowly bended knee,  
My thoughts will stray.

When gazing on thy child—  
His golden hair, dark eyes, and lips apart  
With infancy's glad smile—  
Love fills my heart.

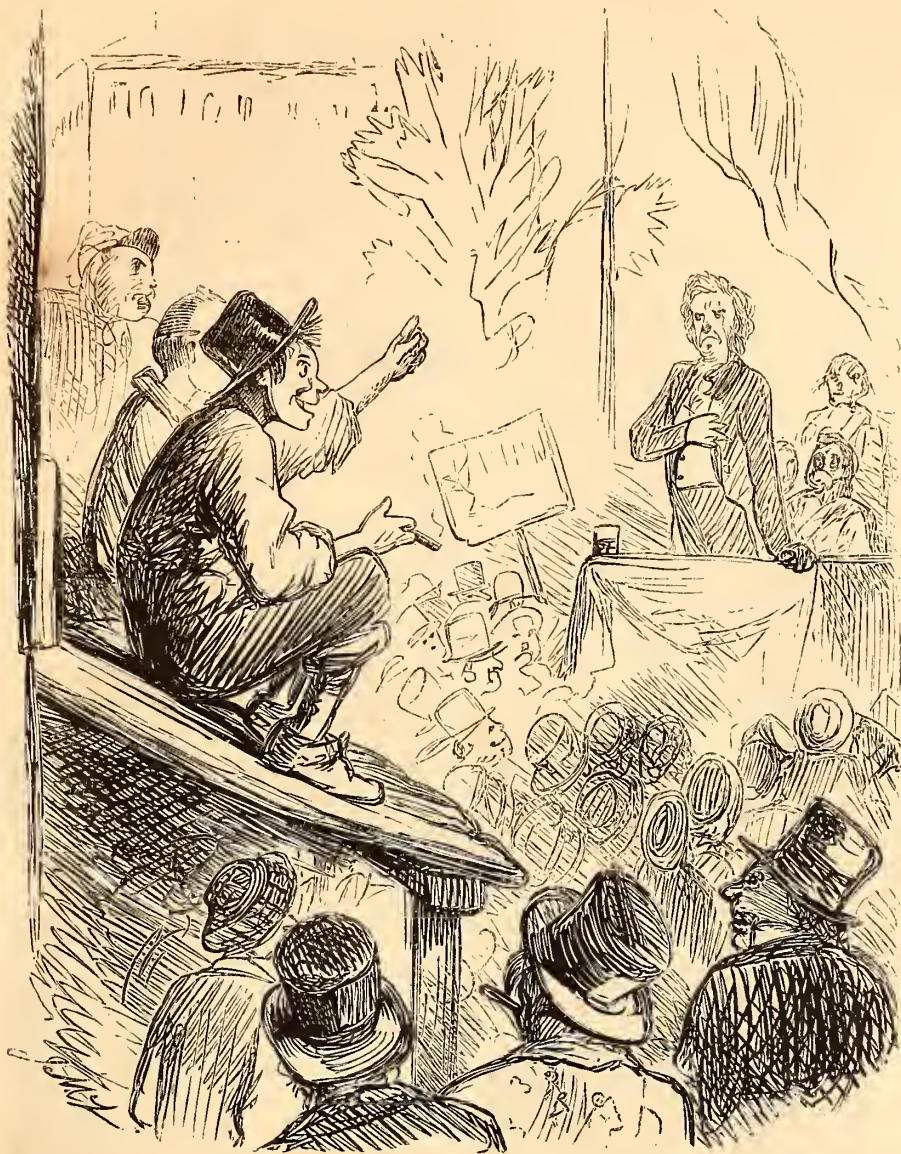
Not that he came to bless,  
And guide our wandering souls from earth to heaven  
And on this wilderness  
Shine, light God-given!

Ah, Mother! do not frown,  
Nor veil those eyes serene from my rapt sight!  
But, pitying, look down  
From thy pure height!

For, 'tis that in his eye,  
His lips, white brow, and cheek press'd close to thee,  
Round which the soft curls lie,  
My babe I see!

JENNIE.





"Our city," writes a patriotic correspondent, "you must know, is a great place for Union people, Union speeches, Union flag-raising, etc. The boys are even more vociferous in cheering for the Union than their parents, and when the 'stars and stripes' are to be unfurled to the breeze, specimens of Young America may always be seen honoring the occasion with their presence. Lately, at one of these gatherings, where, with the above described concourse, were assembled the stanch Union men of our city, one among the latter class was chosen to address the assembly. Accordingly, he arose upon the platform, and amidst the deep silence of the audience began, 'slowly, but surely,' as follows:

"'Countrymen! — friends! — fellow-citizens! — why are we here assembled this evening?"

"Scarcely had this question been put to the listening crowd when an impatient juvenile patriot, indignant at the very thought that the man selected to address the people should be ignorant of the reason why they had there assembled, answered, in a drawling, whining, but perfectly audible voice,

"'To raise that flag, ye big fool ye!"

"This information was applauded by a general laugh; and I can assure you the orator asked no more such provoking questions during that address."

"Who in Mississippi has not heard of the good, yet wonderfully eccentric Rev. Mr. L——? His preaching is unique, yet strangely simple and useful. As

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a specimen of his style we give the following. The first time we ever saw him was at a quarterly meeting in — County. When we drove up he was preaching on the subject of pride: "You don't know how far pride will lead folks. Listen, and I'll tell you. When I was a young man I traveled one of the circuits contiguous to the sea-shore. The people didn't wear fine silks and calicoes like they do now. No, they thought themselves very fine if they could get calico to wear on Sunday; but the people were just as vain in calico as some are now in silk. It is not the stuff we wear that makes the sin; 'tis the degree of homage we pay to it. In that circuit there was an old woman. Her wealth consisted in a spot of land, a churn, and a cow. But she got proud. Oh ho! Yes; and she thought she must have a calico frock to hear the young man in next Sunday. And so to get it she sold her cow and bought it. Ah ha! Bought a frock? Yes, and bless God, while she was making it she saw the churn, and she said to herself that she'd have no use for the churn without the cow; so she sold the churn, and with the money bought a bonnet. And, bless God, when I went to church next day who should come in, big as life, but Mrs. — with the cow on her back and the churn on her head!"

SENATOR TAPPAN, of Ohio, had an infinite amount of dry, terse humor that was wont to convulse the hearers with laughter. With a single remark he



sometimes annihilated his opponent. To make the effect more complete, it seemed to well up and flow out without an effort. He was engaged in a case at court, which was managed on the opposite side by two lawyers, one of whom was a young, vain, florid fledgeling, dressed as an exquisite, who always had his cane and pet dog with him. After Tappan had concluded his argument he sat down in a large arm-chair, rested his head on his hand, closed his eyes, and soon seemed asleep. Florid followed in his inflated style of speech. Growing warm as he progressed, and referring to Tappan's argument, his language was rather personal, and his gesticulation violent and pointed. Bringing down his arm, with

his finger extended, directly toward the sleeping giant, he vaped at him a moment, when the dog, attracted by the loud and seemingly angry words of his master, and seeing the extended finger directed to the Senator, rushed at him with furious barking. Tappan, without the movement of a muscle of his face, and without raising his head, waved his hand to both master and dog, and in his blandest manner said, "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; one at a time!" The effect may easily be imagined. The whole house burst into laughter, in which bench and bar joined, and the labored effort of the young counsel was dead beyond the possibility of a resurrection.



"You could not be in camp here long without knowing Duffy—every body knows him. He is the Drawer of our troop, and makes half the fun we have. One day some of his comrades were talking about the punishment of deserters.

"Any man that deserts will be shot," said one.

"Shot, will he?" said Duffy. "Then, be-gorra, I'll never desert widout orders; an' then I won't be shot, sure."

"THE day that brought the last *Harper* to our house was a bright one, and although at that particular time there was another 'Richmond in the field.'

"Still 'dear old picturesque *Harper*'—as our little

girl calls it, since the cuts were added to the Drawer—drew the crowd. But I was going to relate a conversation I overheard in the New York and Erie Railroad cars, where they have hanging berths for passengers. Two children, a boy and girl, evidently twins, were attentively examining the card in the sleeping car, which reads thus—'No Berths Secured till Paid for.' The little girl did not understand the matter, and her brother explained it in this manner: 'Why, ye see, Fan, some folks are mean, and try to get along without pay, and the hooks that hold up the berths are so fixed that, if a man don't pay, as fast as he gets in he rolls out; but if he pays, then the berth is *secured*. Don't ye see?'

"Fanny 'saw.'"





"PERHAPS some of your 'traveled' readers, who have both read of and seen the celebrated *Portland Vase*, in the British Museum, which was 'bought in' by one of the members of the Portland family for the moderate sum of something over one thousand pounds sterling, will see just where the laugh comes in while perusing the following:

"A lady who had seen the original vase was looking over the ornamental department of a large crockery establishment in the city of Buffalo, and seeing an imitation of it, inquired the price, remarking, 'I see that it is an *imitation* of the Portland Vase.' 'Yes,' said the clerk; 'the *real* thing comes very high!'"

"BEING a constant reader of your excellent Magazine, and seeing but few contributions to the Editor's Drawer from this City of Churches, we would add our mite, that your many readers may be edified by the knowledge that the smart children are not all out West, but that the East contains a few:

"Know then that we have in our possession a bright, black-eyed little girl of two and a half years, who has a decided literary taste. A few days ago her mother took her in the parlor. The little one sat a few moments looking around, as if selecting something to amuse herself with; refusing her playthings, and casting her eyes on a volume on the centre-table, she said, with all gravity, 'Mamma, may I have *John Milton* to read?'"

HERE is an old-time letter that reads as if it might have been written in our day:

"GERMAN FLATTS, August 2, 1776.

"SIR,—You are to proceed with all convenient speed to Fort Stanwix. As soon after your arrival as you conveniently can, you are to send down Captain Paterson and Corporal Ross to this place, together with such witnesses, if any there be at Fort Stanwix, who can give any information to a general court-martial respecting the effects said to be taken out of the house of Sir John Johnson, at Johnstown. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

"PH. SCHUYLER."

A CLERICAL correspondent says:

"A short time ago, while making parochial visits, I was conversing with a friend concerning a gentleman who was a few months before bereft of his wife, the mother of a little boy whom she had left. Little Jeannie Watts, not five years old, was an attentive and apparently very interested listener, for she had undoubtedly heard our conversation. At length she said, 'Oh, little Georgie is going to have a new mother!'"

"'Oh no,' said the mother of Jeannie, 'Georgie's mother is dead! how can he have another?'"

"Jeannie hesitated for a moment, not a little puzzled; and, as if struck by a new thought abundant for the solution of the difficulty, with eyes gleaming with satisfaction, she exclaimed, 'Oh, well, the new one will be a *stair*-mother!'"





THE following boarding-school anecdote comes from Tennessee:

"Monsieur D——, our French teacher, is small of stature, but has a temper that will count 'nineteen to the dozen.' One day, owing to the carelessness or stupidity of his pupils, he became very irate, and after giving them a seething lecture, concluded his exordium with these impressive words:

"'Young Ladees, I am in earnest! [Here an emphatic stamp of the foot marked a sforzando movement.] I tell you I sall be a LION to this class! but, my dear—[with a bland bow to Carrie P——, who had proved the exception that marked the general rule of dullness]—my dear, I sall be like a *mut-ton* to you!'

"*Exit* Monsieur D—— and his class in 'various moods of mind.'"

"OF late Vermont seems to be neglected in the Drawer; but that does not signify that *all* the good things have been told which have happened in that land of patriotism and Morgan horses: and as an evidence of the fact, here is my contribution. As the parties are living, I will designate them by initials:

"A minister of the Universalist denomination was on trial, before a council convened for the purpose, for unministerial conduct. These councils were com-

posed of ministers and lay members; and when any church failed to appoint a delegation, it was the custom to invite any member happening to be present from that church to a seat in the council. The offending brother took advantage of this custom to secure the services of the eminent lawyer F——. The case was opened by Parson S——, who was more severe, perhaps, than the circumstances seemed to justify. When he had concluded, Squire F—— arose and said, that inasmuch as the brother had admitted his fault, and expressed penitence, it was their 'duty as Christians to apply the parable of the Prodigal Son and receive him back.' Parson S—— replied, 'This case is not exactly parallel; for if I remember rightly (and here he looked Squire F—— full in the face) the Prodigal Son didn't take a lawyer along with him to plead his case.' 'But,' retorted the Squire, 'in another point it is parallel, for it does appear that the Prodigal had a brother there who wouldn't receive him.'"

A WESTERN lawyer writes to the Drawer: "On my slate I found written to-day the following:

"'Yu welle by im de Geschewerer offese att tu okloke.'

"Lest your readers may not know what was meant, I would say that I have a German client who meant to say, 'You will be in the Squire's office at two o'clock.'"





"BEFORE the war began, and when our busy streets were blockaded by merchandise, I was walking along the levee with a friend. In front of us was a large mass of dry-goods, distended by an enormous hoop frame, swaying from side to side, occupying and sweeping the whole available space along the sidewalk.

"A tall countryman was coming in the opposite direction. As he approached the moving mass he evidently was embarrassed as to how he should get by it—who has not been? However, he watched his opportunity, and seeing a small clear space on one side made a dash for it, but when he put his foot on it it wasn't there. Instead, he stepped upon a mass of the moving drapery. There was a *lady* inside of it, and of course it brought her up '*all stannin*'—nothing tore—and as she straightened up she exclaimed, energetically,

"'Well, one thing is certain—there is no politeness in this town!'

"'No, mom,' was the emphatic reply, as he marched off, '*not for animals that drags their tails on the ground!*'"

MR. M—, of Moline, Illinois, has been a kind of a preacher for several years. He at length got the notion that it was wrong to make any preparation for his sermon, believing that his duty required that he should trust to the inspiration of the moment.

One Sunday, when he was to preach at Moline, he walked into the pulpit and opened the Bible, as was his custom, at random. He happened to open at the first chapter of Matthew, and began to read, and read the second verse as follows: "Abraham forgot Isaac; and Isaac forgot Jacob; and Jacob forgot Judas and his brethren."

The old man seemed somewhat puzzled to find any application for this Scripture, but at length started ahead. "My friends," said he, "this passage of Scripture is meant to teach us the shortness of human memory, and it does seem to me that them old patreacks was mighty forgetfull."

A BOSTONIAN writes to the Drawer:

"The Rev. Dr. —, of our city, was to supply the pulpit of the Rev. Orville Dewey, whilom of your city. Taking the Sound boat on Saturday night, he did not arrive at the pier, in consequence of a dense fog, until long after the bells had ceased to call the people to church. He immediately jumped into a cab and drove with all haste to the church, jumped out, whispered to the sexton to pay the driver, and walked with ministerial dignity up the aisle. When about to ascend the steps of the pulpit a hand was laid on his shoulder, and you may judge his surprise on turning to behold cabby with outstretched hand for his fare! This must be true, for he told it himself."



WE take the following, just as it stands, word for word, letter for letter, from a Georgia newspaper :

### TO THE PUBLIC.

WE ARE VERY SORY to learn that there is a base calumnious report, and slandrous relative to T. MORE HARMON, Prof. of practical Penmanship, and there has been some very harsh and unjust strictures passed relative to the said T. MORE HARMON as regards his reputation, and we take occasion to say to the Public, that we are truly sory to have to say, that, there are many for the want of firm stability, and social sobriety, could assert such base unfounded calumnious reports without cause or foundation relative to said T. MORE HARMON, Prof. of practical Penmanship, for we think Prof. HARMON, is a gentleman of high talent and sound veracity, and worthy of the office that he occupies, and gives general satisfaction.

### MANY CITIZENS.

I take great pleasure in eulogising the citizens by way of commendation, relative to T. MORE HARMON, per-se. In advance of the charges in relation to me per-se, as being confined in the walls of prison or common Jail of the county of Milton in the town of Alpharetta, for debt, of which it is a town and county, that I never possessed an opportunity of visiting in all the days of my life. I, also, take occasion to specify to the respectable citizens of the surrounding country, that these reports madam rumor, indulges a desire, at my expense, that I was married to a lady in the neighborhood of Alpharetta; this is without foundation in truth.

Now throwing off my reserve, and extricating myself from this catastropheous incumbent report and critical position, as being presumed by my competitors, or false reporters, I emphatically state to the PUBLIC that these slanderous and calumnious reports are false in the highest degree. I take the occasion to say by way of remark, that not by any means do I presume to avail myself, so far as my capacity and stability is concerned, to predict for the character or capacity of said lady, for I have never formed any acquaintance with said lady in my life, but, I entertain the most pleasant thoughts to said lady, not doubting in the least but what she is a lady of refinement and respectability, and sufficiently worthy of the address or respect of any gentleman, but, my whole desire is to substantiate a fact that it is a fathomless unfounded presumption palmed off upon me per-se. Although I respect the feminine gender, in every instance, and desire to treat them with gentility, but, I only publish these things in self defense, as a just perusal derogatory to my character, that the truth might forever stand.

N. B. Whereas, to all whom it may concern, permit me to say to you, by way of reference as regards my character and reputation, just refer to the respectable citizens of Oglethorpe, and Elbert counties, where I have been born and raised from my earliest infancy up to the presant period, and hear the conclusive sentiment of the respectable citizens of the above specified counties, now in short conclusion, I leave the subject discretionary with the most fastidious to inspect or locate.

T. MORE HARMON.



"OUR own 'Topsy' was playing with the little daughter when a poor, emaciated beggar-boy stopped and asked for food. 'Lillie, run up stairs and tell

you' mam there's a little boy down yere wants some-thin' to eat; poo' little feller! *looks like he didn't had nothin' to eat sin' he was bo'n!*"



# Fashions for February.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by  
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—MORNING NEGLIGÉE.





FIGURE 2.—ZOUAVE JACKET.

THE elegant design for a MORNING NEGLIGÉE is designed for merino, of which any favorite hue may be employed. Our illustration is for one in mouse-color. The ornament is wrought in needlework upon the corners, with corded and braided *passanteries*. It is warmly quilted. The *gilet* may be independent, or, as in our illustration, may have the fronts inserted.

The ZOUAVE JACKET is made of fine crimson flannel, with *bouillonnées* of wide silk ribbon, edged with silk braids, or, if preferred, with beads or bugles. Zouave Jackets are now much in favor, and any fancy in relation to their form or material may be safely indulged. Apropos of beads, we have seen a collar of white pearl beads, worn over an azurine blue robe. For a morning undress it was very becoming. Ladies may thus, from their own resources, add a very desirable article to their toilet.

The CAP which we give is *en suite* with the morning toilet. It is composed of sea-green watered ribbon and silk, with a white bead at each reticulation, ornamented with a shell and sprays of seaweed.



FIGURE 3.—CAP.



FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *February*, 1862.

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# THE EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN.

“EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.”

VOL. II.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1862.

[No. V.]

## Willson's Series of School and Family Readers.

In the January Number of the *Bulletin* we occupied two entire pages, of small type, with recent recommendations of these books from prominent teachers and school officers, many of whom had tested their merits in the school-room. In the present Number we continue these, after giving a few extracts—not before published by us—from Notices which we find in the Public Press. These recommendations and notices have a value far beyond the immediate interests connected with the books themselves, as they are the indexes of an enlightened public opinion upon important educational *principles*, which we believe are destined to work a great revolution in the schools of this country. The following notices will well repay perusal for the valuable educational views which they present.

### Additional Notices from the Public Press.

*From the Farmer's Advocate (Chicago).*

In the compilation of this series of Readers, the author, by that happy appreciation of an educational system which appeals to the brain through the sense of sight, and which develops through the perceptive, those strongest of all human faculties, a knowledge of the world, while it teaches at the same time good reading and a correct use of language, has placed himself foremost in the ranks of the educators and benefactors of the race. The Reader under notice is the *Fifth* of a series, which combine in themselves more of value to their object than any other that ever appeared in the English language. The valuable qualities of the Fifth Reader are, profuse illustration of animate and inanimate nature, done in the highest style of the engraver's art, a very happy appreciation of the quality and arrangement of literary matter, perfection in typography and printing, and, foremost and above all, a perfect conception of the wants of the child's mind through the successive stages of its growth. This peculiar gift of Prof. Willson seems to be intuitive. No other author, in this country at least, has so fastened on the popular educational pulse, and no other has so fully comprehended the inordinate perceptive powers that have made us a famous people, and which our form of government, our political economy, our experience as a nation, and the almost unlimited extent and variety of American scenery have tended to develop.

We stop to comment on the above, because the writer shows a just appreciation of those principles which lie at the basis of the only correct system of Primary Education—an early development and cultivation of the *perceptive* faculties of children. If these faculties are early trained aright in that course which Nature develops in *her* teachings, and which children intuitively delight in, not only will mental development be the most rapid, and the most safe, but the only true and proper foundation will be laid for the cultivation of all the other powers also—for all that contributes to nice discrimination and sound judgment, correct taste, varied knowledge,—and, indeed, for all that goes to make up the complete man—the finished scholar. The vagaries of eccentric prodigies—of those “one-idea” men who disturb the very foundations of society—are attributable, we believe, more to faults of education than to freaks of nature—to a want of that kind of early culture which harmoniously develops *all* the faculties. But we now see, in the early favor shown to the system on which the Readers in question are constructed, and in the carrying out of the same principles by the mode of “Object Lesson” instruction, the growing prevalence of more correct views of Education.

The following extract, presenting similar views of the educational tendencies of these Readers, commends, in like terms, the *principles* on which they are based:

*From the United States Journal (N. Y.).*

It is not too much to claim for Mr. Willson's Series of Readers, that they must prove one step, and an important one, toward the introduction of the *New Era* which certainly awaits our Common School Education. We have had, indeed, a succession of Readers, one series with one set of merits, another with another, almost to tediousness, and until many teachers and parents are ready to look upon all such as mainly got up for the benefit of their author and publisher. But in the series before us we recognize what is, for our country, a new principle, although it is one that has long been proved and valued in the schools of Germany and Holland. The principle we speak of is that of introducing into the Reading-Books proper a large amount of positively useful knowledge, drawn from those growing and grand sciences of which our children, in this age of intellectual work, all *ought* to know much, but of which, from the sheer pressure of the common routine of Penmanship, Arithmetic, Geography, &c., they now find time to learn so little.

In the perusal of these volumes the learner will find much information that will help to prepare him or her for the avocations of after life, or for society—best of all, that will impart larger views of nature and of human knowledge. *But these books are by no means uninteresting or dry.* The subjects are chosen for, or simplified to, the ages of the readers for whom they are intended; and narration, sentiment, and humor still find a place. A happy skill and tact are manifest throughout the whole. The cuts are very numerous, and exceedingly beautiful. In all considered, these are fascinating books, a credit of which the author, the publishers, and the engraver, alike come in for a share.

We can recommend these Readers to the working and thinking classes of our country, to farmers, to mechanics, and to teachers, as being, for beauty, interest, and information, the best they can obtain in the language.

We notice, in the foregoing, an allusion to the schools of Germany and Holland. We once saw—some fifteen years ago—a series of Prussian Reading-Books, which were constructed upon the principle of teaching *Science* in the reading lessons: but science was there treated didactically, the same as in our common scientific text-books, and hence the works were just as poorly adapted to answer the purposes of Reading-Books as would be any of our technical scientific treatises. They contained no illustrations, nor poetry, nor anecdote, nor descriptive incidents—nothing to give variety—nothing addressed to the fancy and the imagination. Entirely ignoring the truth that “Nature is full of poetry,” they stripped science of its *natural* embellishments, and presented her only in the form of barren facts, dry statistics, and repulsive technicalities. In the series of “National School Books,” usually called the “Irish Series,” because published under the auspices of the “Commissioners of National Education in Ireland,” and which are the authorized Reading-Books in the Canadian Schools, Science is presented in a similar form. In what is called “The McCulloch Series,” recently published in Edinburgh, scientific selections also occupy a large space; but here, as in the other works alluded to, they are the mere *didactics* of science, all of them differ widely in character, design, and execution, from the materials embraced in the “Willson Series,” and making no approach to the attractive variety presented in the latter. Yet the favor which even *such* works have met with, and the adoption, by authority, of an entire series of them in the schools of Canada, show the prevailing educational tendencies of the age.

*From the Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

So obviously correct are the principles on which these Readers are constructed, that we wonder no one ever thought of the plan before. These books contain the us-



ual *Reader* apparatus—the lessons on rhetoric, &c.—but their peculiarity consists in making them really scientific text-books, designed to teach, with the reading exercises, step by step, the great sciences of the age. Yet these branches are not treated didactically and formally, but in a series of lessons illustrated by pictures and anecdotes, and these lessons are unsurpassed as mere reading exercises. The system and graduation are excellent.

*From the Bethlehem Advocate (Pa.).*

We consider it an act of justice to the publishers, and a debt which we owe to the cause of Education, to notice these Readers.

What first struck us in looking over them was the peculiar manner in which they are illustrated, so as to render them as attractive and interesting as possible to the youthful mind. From the Primer to the end of the last Reader they are adorned with the finest wood-cuts. They are really *illustrations*, and not *pictures* put in, as in other Readers, merely to fill up place,—and oftentimes quite out of place. Even in the Primer, every picture illustrates the reading lesson. These pictures are executed in the highest style of art, and we never saw any other school-books presenting as great attractions in these respects. \* \* \*

The pieces which these Readers contain are not merely such as are only remarkable for their style, and therefore dull and uninteresting to the young, as in the generality of Readers. They treat of subjects highly interesting to the youthful mind, such as the young have the greatest curiosity to understand; and, moreover, they are such as to exert not only a moral but a Christian influence \* \* \* We consider these Readers greatly superior to all others.

*From the West Jersey Press (Camden, N. J.).*

These are the most pleasing, instructive, and comprehensive books of study that we have ever met with. The youthful student can not fail to become fascinated with them, and to drink with a greedy thirst of the knowledge which is contained within their pages. These books should find a place in every school and in every household.

*From the Christian Guardian (Toronto, C. W.).*

In our humble judgment, no series of school-books that we have ever seen equals that now under review. They rise in regular gradation from the alphabet to all those branches of learning that are embraced in a sound education. The entire series is worthy of adoption in every school and family in the land; and both author and publishers are deserving of public gratitude for the service they have rendered to the cause of education.

*From the Fort Wayne Times (Ind.).*

We wish once again to call the attention of the School Trustees and Teachers of Northern Indiana to this beautiful and instructive series of school-books. We hazard nothing in saying they surpass all other Readers in use. We do not wish to derogate in the least from the labors of Sargeant and McGuffie, but Willson's Readers as far surpass these, as they surpass those read twenty years ago.

*From the Hartford Press (Conn.).*

Mr. Willson's admirable Readers are too well known, and too generally used in our schools, to need any commendation from us. We regard them as by far the best of their kind ever published. These books make one regret that his school days are over.

*From the Athens Messenger (O.).*

The announcement of the fact that the author of the popular School Histories, with which many of our readers have become acquainted, has gotten up a series of Reading-Books, will be sufficient with many to insure them a hearty welcome. We have taught reading under circumstances that made our labor irksome. We have become sick of and disgusted with the old text-books, and have resorted to various means to rid our school-room of their pressure. Were we now engaged in the business of teaching, we would have WILLSON'S Series of Readers in our school, even if it should be at our own expense. We have examined them with real pleasure, and do not hesitate to pronounce them the best Reading-Books we have ever seen. We know that every teacher who examines them, and who has his heart in his work, will give them a trial.

*From the Northwestern Home and School Journal, Chicago. (The Organ of the County Superintendent of Cook Co.)*

We have only had time to glance at the contents of Willson's Fifth Reader, but are convinced that it appropriately fills its place in this most attractive series. In the

territory of our supervision we have found no set of Readers that pleased teachers and pupils so well as the first few numbers of Willson's. The copious and beautiful illustrations attract and delight the young learner, while the useful information the lessons impart seem to be well memorized—as we have found on examination. When we have given the Fifth Reader a more critical examination, we shall speak of it again. Under any circumstances, every teacher ought to possess a copy of this series of Readers.

*From the People's Press (Fall River, Mass.).*

We heartily add our approval to the long list of testimonials in favor of this Series of Readers. This new feature of introducing useful and valuable information into the reading lessons, so as to interest and instruct the learner at the same time, has been very ably and successfully carried out. These Readers will do more to develop the young mind, and prepare the way for a highly finished education, than any text-books that have previously been published in this country.

*From the Indiana School Journal.*

This Series of School and Family Readers has met with so cordial a reception from the public that its success is demonstrated beyond question. And why should not these books meet with favor? There is every thing to recommend them—simplicity, natural and accurate gradations, cheapness, and complete adaptation to any condition or sphere, which can not fail to secure for them a place in the best schools.

*From the Maine Teacher.*

We noticed last year the publication, by the Harpers, of a new Series of Readers, by Marcius Willson, so peculiar in their character as to attract particular attention. The Fifth of the Series is recently published, and carries forward the plan of the author. It contains fourteen sections of Natural History, with several sections of Miscellaneous Reading—all finely illustrated. The whole is an admirable combination of instruction in the Art of Reading, with a large amount of classified knowledge upon many important topics. The taste of children must be at once gratified and cultivated by the study of these illustrations; as, for example, those of Gray's Elegy. No other publishers have expended half so much in illustrating a Series of Readers.

*From the Exeter News Letter (N. H.).*

Among the multitude of school-books that have been issued of late years we have seen none equal to Willson's Series of School and Family Readers. The peculiarity of these Readers is that the reading lessons TEACH something, and convey instruction upon the leading facts and principles of science, with such illustrations as can not fail to convey a deep and lasting impression. They are not merely and exclusively elegant extracts which show the skill and taste of the writers, although such are not wanting in the course of the work. We think the author is deserving of great credit for what he has done to promote the cause of popular education.

*From the Free Nation (Cincinnati, O.).*

We have examined the Fifth Reader critically, and the others somewhat carefully, and we are free to say that, in our judgment, they are just the thing that was needed. They should be introduced into every school and every family. When the series is completed (judging from the Numbers already published), it will be a *Family Encyclopedia*, where the elements of a scientific education will be brought within the reach of all classes. The Miscellaneous Departments themselves are superior to the generality of Readers made up exclusively of such exercises. We most heartily recommend the series as worthy of universal patronage.

*From the Oxford Democrat (Maine).*

Among the great number of authors who, during the past ten years, have given their attention to this branch of primary literature, and placed before the public their series of Common School Readers, none have succeeded in the plan and execution of such a work as well as the author of this series. It is what it promises to be—instructive, entertaining, and progressive. It devotes great attention to Natural History and the Natural Sciences, and relates facts and anecdotes which can not fail to interest the old as well as the young. And the Bible stories and others, are told in simple and concise language, always conveying a simple moral, easily understood. The whole series must become favorites among teachers, scholars, and committees.



### Selections from Additional Recommendations not before Published.

This is now the Fifteenth Number of the *Educational Bulletin*: and although the preceding Numbers have been in great part filled with Commendatory Notices of the "School and Family Readers," selected from the Public Press, and from a very large correspondence, to which these books have given rise, we are still pleased to find these commendations accumulating on our hands. We shall continue to offer them to the public as far as our limits will permit, believing that they are valuable exponents of an enlightened public opinion—not merely of these particular books themselves, but, what is of still greater value, of the *important principles* which these books help to elucidate. We believe teachers will regard these commendations in this light, and will be disposed to give all due consideration to the various educational hints and suggestions which they embody.

From EDMUND S. HOYT, *Principal of North Yarmouth Academy, Maine*, December 4, 1861.

I have been examining Willson's Series of Readers, and herewith send for a supply of the Fifth Reader for our institution.

In their Elocutionary and Miscellaneous Departments, these works combine all the excellencies of our *best* Readers; but, in addition to their other merits, they impart to science that poetic charm which at once secures the attention and interest of scholars of all grades. They can not fail of doing much to elevate science to its true place in morals and religion.

From REV. R. CRUIKSHANK, *Principal of Cottage Seminary, Pottstown, Pa., and County Superintendent*, December 9, 1861.

I have examined some of the lower Numbers of your Series, and am delighted with them. If the higher Numbers prove to be equal to the lower in their respective places, the series will, in my judgment, stand unrivaled, so far as the wants of our Public Schools are concerned. The time allotted to most of the pupils attending these schools is so limited that without some such series they must remain ignorant of much of the valuable information which these books contain. The same remarks are applicable to many who attend our academies and seminaries. The illustrations in these Readers are admirable in design and excellent in execution.

*Extracts from a Private Letter to the Author of the Readers, from one of New England's Veterans in the cause of Education.*

\*\*\* I received your books with impressions most decidedly in their favor, and now a very careful examination of them enables me to say that in the preparation of them you have accomplished a most important work, and one that goes far toward placing the system of education on a new and durable basis. They are just the thing—got up in just the way that the circumstances of the age require. You have divested science of its repulsive technology, brought it to the comprehension of childhood and youth, made it instructive and interesting to persons of every age, and at the same time you have preserved its dignity of language, and set forth its true moral and Christian influences. You have conferred a benefit on the rising generation that very many will (would that all might!) appreciate, by giving them the most instructive and perfect system of reading-books ever known in the schools of any land. Their influence, wherever they are introduced, will open a new era in the lives of scholars—unfolding new beauties in the world around them, and giving to science new and devoted admirers. Would that we could so impress all interested in the cause of education with the merits of these works as to cause their introduction into every school and every family in the land!

From H. C. COON, *Professor of Natural Sciences in Hopkinton Academy, R. I.*, December 10, 1862.

We partially introduced Willson's Series of Readers into our school last term, and finish their introduction this. They have received the *unqualified* approbation of all who have examined them.

I have felt the need of some method by which the teachings of Nature could be brought home to the masses, and am satisfied that this Series of Readers will do more to popularize the study of the Natural Sciences than any other means. Most heartily do I commend these books to parents and teachers, as calculated to interest and instruct in a high degree.

From A. McMASTER, *Principal of Gilbertsville Academy, N. Y.*, December 3, 1861.

I have just closed your Fifth Reader. Its examination has been highly satisfactory, and I herewith send for a supply for our academy.

I am gratified that so useful a book can be obtained to aid in awakening in the young a love for the study of Natural History; while, in a *superior* degree, it is adapted to make *good readers*. Containing, as it does, a fund of useful knowledge, it should find a place in every library; and as a text-book, its great variety and peculiar adaptation to the purposes of instruction in reading, enable it to challenge competition.

From J. T. CLARK, *Principal of English and Classical School, Walpole, Mass.*, November 29, 1861.

At the commencement of last term I introduced into my school Willson's Series of Readers. I am sure they are superior to any series I have ever before used. My pupils have made *more progress in reading* during one term than they did in three terms with the old books.

From JAMES K. LOMBARD, *Principal of Worcester High School, Mass.*, December 7, 1861.

We are highly pleased with Willson's Readers in *every* respect. The children who are so favored as to read from these books will surprise their parents by the variety and extent of their information, and perhaps become wiser than their teachers. The Fifth Reader is a library of valuable information, most happily popularized. If the series is completed as it has been thus far conducted, it will be indispensable to every family.

From JOSEPH W. MORTON, *Principal of Hopkinton Academy, R. I.*, December 11, 1861.

We have recently introduced the Fourth and Fifth Readers of your admirable series, and are highly pleased with them. Their superiority is so manifest that we have found no difficulty whatever in inducing our pupils to lay aside the old books. I hope you will persevere, and bring out the remaining Numbers of the Series as soon, at least, as we shall need them.

From J. A. LAMPREY, *Principal of Chester Female Seminary, Maryland*, December 9, 1861.

The Willson's Readers which you sent me I have carefully examined in three particulars, viz.: *Mechanical Execution, Subject-Matter, and Price*. With regard to the first particular, I am *highly pleased*; with the second, I am *perfectly delighted*; and with the third, I am *satisfied*. It is therefore altogether needless for me to say that I shall introduce them as fast as possible.

From JASON DOWNING, *Member of Board of Education, New Madrid, Ohio*, December 11, 1861.

I regard Willson's Readers as being far superior to any thing of the kind I have ever before seen. We have introduced them into our school, to the exclusion of every thing else in the shape of School Readers. I have no doubt that ere long they will take the place of all other Readers in this section of the country.

From WILLIAM McGEORGE, *Principal of Duchess County Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*, December 11, 1861.

The idea is a most admirable one, and I hope the people will adopt these books extensively, and thus bring knowledge of the most practical and pleasing character to many a youthful mind, which would never, otherwise, have been turned to subjects so interesting and so useful. I have requested our teachers to use these books as *text-books* as well as reading-books; and from this plan I anticipate the most satisfactory results. I look upon the author of these books as a public benefactor.

From THOMAS C. RODGERS, *Principal of Lockhaven Academy, Pa.*, December 16, 1861.

I am pleased with Willson's Readers, and shall use them and recommend them to others.

From J. M. COYNER, *Principal of Lebanon Academy, Ind.*, December 12, 1861.

I have been using Willson's Readers in our Academy ever since last spring, and am highly pleased with them. *They stand the test of the school-room.*

From Professor I. B. PARKER, *Marshallton, Iowa*, December 18, 1861.

Willson's Readers are now fairly introduced into our Public Union School. We (*teachers, scholars, and parents*) are highly pleased with them. In *every respect*, they excel any others I have ever seen. They have a *permanent* place in our schools.



From A. P. WHITE, *Commissioner of Schools, Chautauque County, N. Y.*, December 25, 1861.

I have examined Willson's Readers, and with continued and increasing gratification to the end of the Fifth Volume. I think they surpass all others as manuals for our schools. Setting aside the *excellence of their plan of teaching the Art of Reading*, I consider the introduction of Natural History and Physical Science into a Series of School Readers, for the education of the masses, and in the manner here carried out, one of the *greatest educational improvements of the age*.

From S. M. WHITE, *Principal of Waukesha Seminary, Wis.*, December 25, 1861.

If possible, Willson's Fifth Reader, which I have just had the pleasure of examining, is superior in matter and manner to the preceding Numbers. I have in my school the Third and Fourth of the Series, and shall take steps to introduce, immediately, the Fifth, in place of other Readers now used by my advanced reading-class.

Pupils must be under immense gratitude to Mr. Willson for conceiving so appropriate matter to be put into their hands at school; and coming generations will praise him as a benefactor of his race for thus making the ordinarily dry and tedious exercise of reading interesting, amusing, and entertaining.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," may be very beautifully and appropriately said of Willson's Readers.

From HENRY W. SIGLAR, *Principal of Easton Academy, Bridgeport, Conn.*, December 31, 1861.

The plan of your Readers is so feasible that its mere suggestion is a triumph, and causes me to wonder that it was not hit upon by some one before you. I was very much struck with the "*Higher Principles of Elocution*" in your Fifth Reader, as illustrated by a "series of conversations." It brings the Art of Reading more within the compass of young minds, and gives it the reality of life. In a word, I regard your Series of Readers as much superior to any others in use as Sanders's was to the old English Reader. I inclose an order for one dozen of the Fourth Reader to supply a class in a District School in this vicinity.

From New Milford, Conn.

"At a special meeting held by the Board of Education, November 30, 1861, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the Board of Education for the town of New Milford, Conn., having examined Willson's Series of School and Family Readers, and duly considered their superiority as reading-books, do hereby recommend them and adopt them, to be introduced into all the Common Schools in said town of New Milford, as soon as possible, and to be used in place of Sanders's Series, or any other Readers now used in the schools."

From Professor ISAAC F. BANGS, *Principal of Ohio State Normal School*, January 3, 1862.

Having thoroughly examined Willson's Series of Readers, I am free to say that the author has succeeded even beyond my expectations, in bringing these difficult subjects within the *capacity and interests* of children. Of all above the First Reader I am so favorably impressed that I shall give them my influence wherever it shall be in my power.

## Calkins's Object-Lessons.

Notwithstanding the turmoils of war and the consequent excitements, the loyal portion of our country has seldom, if ever, witnessed a deeper interest in education, especially in the department of elementary instruction, than has been manifested throughout the Northern States during the past autumn and the present winter. Since the Primary School is the true place to commence a thorough course of training, it is a favorable indication for the future welfare of a free government—one that is controlled by the people themselves—that its foundations are to rest upon the *intelligence of a thinking people*.

The most prominent feature of this interest in education is the attention given to that system of instruction in Primary Schools known as *Object-Teaching*.

We had designed to appropriate considerable space in the present Number of the *Bulletin* to this subject, and to Commendatory Notices of the book in question, but our limits forbid. We can quote but briefly from the abundant materials on hand.

From Prof. SAMUEL A. DUNCAN, *Dartmouth College, and School Com. for Grafton County, N. H.*, Nov. 2, 1861.

The friends of popular education may well rejoice that the much-needed reform in our methods of instruction, which it is the object of this work on *Object Lessons* to facilitate, has found so able a champion as Mr. Calkins.

I would that every teacher in our land might be made familiar with its theory and its methods. "Ideas before words"—the key-note of this work—as it is the order of Nature, and based on correct psychological principles, ought also to be made the great fundamental principle of all attempts of education—of juvenile mind especially.

No one can fail to be convinced of the correctness of the *method*, or of the utility of such a work as the *Object Lessons* in inculcating a knowledge of its practical application.

Now Nearly Ready,

## The School and Family Charts,

Accompanied by a Manual of Object-Lesson and Elementary Instruction.

By MARCIUS WILLSON AND N. A. CALKINS.

It is obvious to every one that, although "Object" teaching begins with the natural objects themselves, and employs them continually, so far as those which are suitable can be obtained, yet ILLUSTRATIONS are needed to supply the place of others, and a MANUAL to give system to the whole—to designate *what* natural objects are most suitable for the purpose in view—to arrange proper lessons, adapted to the different grades of pupils—and, furthermore, to furnish the teacher such *information* as he needs to carry out the system, and such as he would otherwise be compelled to seek for in numerous books not easily accessible. The above-mentioned CHARTS and MANUAL, now nearly completed, are designed to afford the teacher all requisite aids in this system of Elementary Instruction. The Charts are 22 in number, each about 24 by 30 inches, abounding in colored illustrations. We can here allude but briefly to only a few of them, reserving a more full description for a subsequent Number.

Chart No. 1, introductory to the First Reading Lessons, contains sixty familiar words—beginning with such as cap, cat, rat, &c.—each with its appropriate illustration—the whole being designed to aid in teaching the elements of reading upon the "Object" method. (See *Calkins's Object Lessons*, page 278.) Several Reading-Charts succeed this—also a Chart of Phonetics—Charts of Lines and Measures—of Forms—and Solids—and a Chart of Colors, giving the Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary Colors, Tints, Hues, and Shades, &c., and illustrating the principles of the Harmony of Colors in Nature, in Dress, &c. The Colored Charts of Beasts, Birds, Fishes, and Reptiles, not only give faithful representations of particular animals, but also present the general principles of the Classification of the Animal Kingdom. The Chart of Leaves, Stems, Roots, and Flowers, will not only be found admirably adapted for a series of lessons on the *Forms* of the most common natural objects, but will lead children unconsciously to a knowledge of the leading principles of Botany. The Charts on the "Economical Uses" of Plants and Animals will furnish many practical "Object" Lessons, abounding in useful information. The Charts and the Manual will also furnish the teacher abundant materials for familiar and instructive "*talks*" with his pupils in the form of "Lessons on Common Things."

The MANUAL, which may be used separately from the Charts, but to most advantage with them, is designed for a full development of the system, the *first steps* of which are given in "Calkins's Object-Lessons."

We are not yet able to announce the prices at which the Charts can be furnished.

## Prices of Willson's Readers.

The Primer (Introductory), 15 cents; The First Reader, 20 cents; The Second Reader, 30 cents; The Third Reader, 50 cents; The Fourth Reader, 66 cents; The Fifth Reader, \$1 00. Single copies sent to Teachers, at half price, for examination.

Object Lessons sent for \$1 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



# HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Price Twenty-five Cents.

No Magazine in Europe or America is so well known; none has half as many readers; and we may safely say, none has received so large a tribute of admiration from the cultivated classes, that delight in a healthy, diversified, elevating periodical literature. It is the foremost Magazine of the day. The fireside never had a more delightful companion, nor the million a more enterprising friend, than Harper's Magazine.—*Methodist Protestant*.

## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Price Six Cents.

The BEST, CHEAPEST, and MOST SUCCESSFUL ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL ever published on this Continent. It presents a COMPLETE AND EXHAUSTIVE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WAR, and no one who wishes to be kept informed of the progress of events in these momentous times can afford to dispense with it. It has already contained

Nearly 600 Illustrations of the Southern Rebellion.

From the PHILADELPHIA CITY ITEM, November 30, 1861.

### HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Readers and correspondents have often asked our opinion and advice upon the subject of Magazine—What is the best Family Magazine? What the most attractive, readable, and useful? What answers the greatest variety of purposes, intellectual, economic, ornamental, combining solid interest and permanent value with the largest diversity of elegance, humor, and illustration?—and we have invariably answered, "HARPER." Indeed, Harper is the People's and the World's Magazine, supplying the greatest range of taste and readers. Like our own great Republic, it gives the largest good to the largest number—at once a Novelist, a Biographer, Poet, Artist, Literateur, Traveler, Engineer, Antiquarian, Naturalist, Journalist, Humorist, Modist, Historian, Essayist, Adviser—a Cyclopedia of Universal Learning and Amusement—a Wonder of Cheapness and Worth. It may be new to some of our readers to state that Harper has not an equal or a rival in the world. It is the only magazine of a great kind, and it answers the widest popular demand, governing all its great variety with a pure literary taste and high moral tone. We do not know to what class of readers it could not be recommended with benefit. To those of cosmopolitan tastes it is always invaluable; and to the historical student, the patriot, the war reader, it is more than ever necessary as a strict and faithful chronicle of the times. We can cheerfully recommend Harper to everybody everywhere.

### HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A few words about HARPER'S WEEKLY. Like the Magazine, this brilliant paper deserves the highest praise and support. American Artists, American Engravers, American Writers, have made HARPER'S WEEKLY the best Illustrated Paper in the World. Even the *London Illustrated News* is inferior to it in artistic excellence and universal interest, and never before had it

so many claims upon the public. It is a living, picturesque chronicle of the great war, and a brilliant, faithful, and ever-moving panorama of great battles, marches, and victories. There is not a scene from Missouri to South Carolina that the War has made famous, which is not truthfully pictured upon the pages of Harper. There is not a man, whether notorious as a rebel or famous as a defender of his country, whose portrait Harper has not preserved for the honor or detestation of posterity. Consider the paper in any we please, we find it a mirror of the times, and as such, every man who would understand the stirring age in which we live should have it in his house and preserve it for his children's children.

We speak thus of HARPER'S WEEKLY because we owe it a debt which we can pay in no better way than by speaking sincerely of its merits. The paper has ever been to us a source of valuable information, and putting aside the literary interest of its contents, its illustrations of the war alone have made it an intellectual necessity. We have often had occasion to copy articles upon the present crisis into *The City Item*, and our readers have had an opportunity to admire its high patriotism and worth.

As a Family Paper, it has no superior—as an Illustrated Family Paper, it has no equal. All of its articles are pure and unexceptionable in morality and taste. It has certainly the best story-writers in America among its contributors. Its humorous illustrations are equal to the best thing in *Punch*, and we presume that its pictures of the ridiculous elements of the rebellion have earned it the hearty hatred of every rebel who has intelligence to know when he is really hit.

Take it all in all, whether for information or amusement, HARPER'S WEEKLY deserves every success and all praise. It has a great work to do, and a great people to support. We shall not say that we wish it to be better than it is, for we are almost sure that it could not be changed but for the worse.



FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *February 1, 1862.*

## **A New Novel, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."**

### *Harper's Magazine.—February, 1862.*

In the present Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is commenced "*The Mistress and the Maid*," a New Novel, by Miss MULOCK, the Author of "*John Halifax, Gentleman*." It will be continued through the year, and, by special arrangement with the Author, will be furnished to the Magazine in advance of its publication in England.

During the present year HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE will contain Three Serial Tales, by the foremost Novelists of the day:

#### **"THE MISTRESS AND THE MAID."**

By DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

#### **"ORLEY FARM."**

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

#### **"THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP."**

By WM. M. THACKERAY.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains nearly twice the amount of matter of the "*Cornhill*," "*Blackwood*," "*Fraser*," "*Macmillan*," and other leading English Magazines. It contains from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. more than any other American periodical of similar class. In addition to the above Serial Novels, all of which occupy scarcely one-fourth of the space in each Number, HARPER'S MAGAZINE will furnish a larger amount of Original American matter, written by the ablest writers and thinkers, than is contained in any other Magazine.

A complete Set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. Nearly Two Hundred Papers, illustrated by more than Two Thousand Engravings, have been devoted to American History, Biography, Industry, Character, and Scenery. Each of our great Agricultural Staples has been made the subject of elaborate articles. The results of the explorations of travelers in regions heretofore undescribed have been carefully epitomized. The "*Literary Notices*" embody impartial estimates of more than two thousand books, comprising almost every work of any value which has been issued from the American press during the last eleven years. The "*Monthly Record of Current Events*," though filling a small space in each Number, contains matter sufficient to fill several volumes. Every event of historical importance is here noted; it furnishes a more complete history of the last eleven years than can be found in any other accessible shape, and will contain a resumé of the stirring events of the time.

Any Number will be sent by Mail, post-paid, for Twenty-five Cents. Any Volume, comprising Six Numbers, neatly bound in Cloth, will be sent by Mail, to any part of the United States within 3000 miles of New York, post-paid, for Two Dollars per Volume. Complete Sets will be sent by Express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, at a discount of Twenty-five per Cent. from the above rate. Twenty-Three Volumes, bound uniformly, extending from June, 1850, to November, 1861, are now ready.

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Clergymen and Teachers supplied at Two DOLLARS a year. The Semi-Annual Volumes bound in Cloth, \$2 00 per volume. Muslin Covers, 25 cents each. The Postage upon HARPER'S MAGAZINE must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year, or Nine Cents for three months.*

The DEMAND NOTES of the United States will be received for Subscriptions. Our distant friends are requested to remit them in preference to Bank Notes.